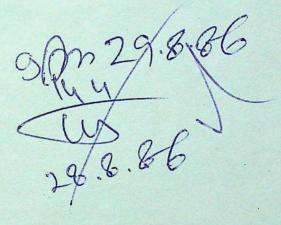




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Edinburgh went to Malta, where he contracted Maltese fever.* Are we to understand our legal authorities to assert that, had private advice been given to the Duke of Edinburgh on this subject for which he had paid a moderate fee, and which would have d saved him from an attack of fever, as well as a doctor's bill, that hetific

would have been doing an illegal act in paying, and palthe Editor of Zadkiel's Almanack in receiving, the small fee which would have enabled him to avoid both? It is recorded, and to the best of my knowledge the statement has never been contradicted, that before the late Franco-German war, Prince Bismarck took steps to consult an English astrologer as to the most favourable moment for declaring war. The story goes on to state that, when the victorious German troops had entered Paris, the astrologer received a cheque for se £100 in remuneration for his services, "with the thanks of Gerad. many." Apparently, the Prince was one of the numerouble men of note and fame who ought, in the judgment of Mr. Justinde Denman, to have been consigned to the lunatic asylum.

I gave a case of another prediction in one of the earliestr issues of this magazine, the financial value of which was equally apparent. A relative of my own, who was in need of readin money at the time, came up to London to consult his solicitoin in the hope of being able to sell at a reasonable price a reversioal of £5,000. The terms offered were so unsatisfactory that Iteris decided to refuse them. Being in town for the day, and having the consult a clairvoyan ble of a_Madame Voyer by name—whose address he had seen in u uthe Cpaper. He explained to her that he had only one question the less desired to be a life within desired to be a life within the less desired to be a life within the less desired to be a life withing desired to be a life within the less desired to be a life within the life within the less desired to be a life within the less desired to be a life within the life within the less desired to be a life within the less desired to be a life within the less desired to be a life within the life within the life within the life within the life within a_Madame Voyer by name-whose address he had seen in ti put, and stating that he was in financial difficulties, desired typerbe informed whether he would come into money from any sour anyrew in the immediate future. He carefully avoided mentioning taracfact that he had any interest in a reversion. After some of saracthe clairvoyante told him in reply that he would come jud espesum of money during the second week of the following tree We can He resolved to wait, and on the 13th of the month in the back as the death occurred of the gentleman from whom he was the reversion. I should perhaps add, what is, however, i name for the reversion. I should perhaps add, what is, however, i name for the reversion. from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context, that my relative had no knowled open ment from the context of the context open ment from the context open ment fro illness at the date of the inquiry. I ask again, was not of modern cheap guinea's worth? Would the legal authori h of modern country consider themselves justified in prosecuting h caprice and

* Attention was drawn to the extraordinary accurace J. S. Johnstor diction at the time in the St. Stephen's Review.

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they not admit, if they had a vestige of common sense in their composition, that few guineas had been better earned? I can myself bear witness to the financial value of astrological knowledge, but it seems to me that this knowledge has never so far been utilized as a financial asset to anything like its fullest extent. Those who have devoted their lives to its study have not had the qualifications to realize this financial value, nor perhaps have they possessed the facilities which would have enabled them to put in practice schemes where its value would have been apparent. A smattering of astrological knowledge may often be a hindrance rather than a help, especially to those who, without adequate research, are over-confident in their own judgment.

I would add that my own view is pretty definite that Mr. ustice Denman's doubt on the legal point as to whether it is cessary to prove intent to deceive was well justified. I do t think a careful reading of the Act in question, which is dated june 21, 1824, being the fifth year of the reign of King George IV, and which is entitled "An Act for the punishment of idle and lisorderly persons and rogues and vagabonds in that part of reat Britain called England," can be open to any other conruction than that it was directed against persons who told rtunes with a deliberately fraudulent intent. The people who e to be punishable under this Act are specifically defined "Every person pretending or professing to tell fortunes, or

using any subtle craft, means or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive and impose on any of His IS THE Majesty's subjects." I have been very careful to NTENT TO reproduce the punctuation marks correctly, as, DECEIVE had there been a longer stop, say a semi-colon, SENTIAL ? "fortunes," there would be some plausibility in the conon that the mere fact of anyone professing to tell fortunes render him liable under the Act; but it is perfectly obvious he context and punctuation, that what is meant to be l is not that every person professing to tell fortunes, ry person pretending or professing to tell fortunes by or otherwise to deceive and impose upon any of His subjects" is here intended and singled out for punishthe Act. In fact, the real object of the Act is to deal th vagrancy, and the list of persons liable under it very person wandering abroad and lodging in any iouse or any deserted or unoccupied building," etc.

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cross her hand with a piece of silver is the type of person obviously intended. To include well conducted citizens and persons who are pursuing astrological research as the work of a lifetime, and thereby rendering no small service to contemporary scientific knowledge, is, in my opinion, neither more nor less than a palpable absurdity. I cannot indeed help thinking that it is stretching a point in the interpretation of the law, which would not be upheld, at any rate, on final appeal. In spite of previous decisions, the obvious violence which such an interpretation does both to the spirit and the letter of the Act could hardly fail to carry weight with the judges. Unfortunately, the erroneous idea that the mere fact of making predictions for money is contrary to law has got hold of the magisterial mind, and some dramatic test case will probably have to be fought out before it is finally eradicated.

I am well aware that the question, whether it is accirables that the future should be predicted, is an arguable point, and whatever views I may personally hold, I feel that I should be

quite in a position to state a plausible case for THE LAW either side. But the people who merely remark AND ITS "Serve him right" or "Serve her right" when INTERPREan unfortunate palmist is convicted, should bear in TATION. mind the fact that an illegal conviction is an illegal

n conviction, and that the reason that many astrologers, palmistrataic and others have suffered under the magisterial displeasure is simp his it is due to the fact that they are not in a financial position to carrourma) their case to a higher court of law. The law, it is true, is fole not, all, but justice is still, alas! too often for those only who caoutr of afford to pay for it. I trust one day that an adequately finance ine the Occultists' Defence League will see to the fighting out to thallyule. bitter end of a test case under the most favourable conditio an iper-Until then it is to be feared that the law will continue to be of tebrew interpreted in accordance with the prepossessions of the of tharacauthorities. fousos con-

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It has been my intention for some time past to deal of the We can rather abstruse subject in Christian doctrine, which yethe ir back as from the mystical as well as the theological point of vievnilo- a name for

considerable importance. I allude to thansforeme merit THE of the Logos. The fact will doubtless xandosophy this DOCTRINE to the minds of my readers that, larg on of modern OF THE doctrine bulks in Christian theology, ide ofh caprice and LOGOS. alluded to by Jesus Christ himself, northe sc J. S. Johnstor

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so important did the doctrine eventually appear to the Christian Church that no dogma came to be regarded as more vital by the orthodox theologian than the identification of the Logos, or Word of God, with the Founder of Christianity. whole conception is, of course, based on the prologue to the Fourth Gospel. Had this chapter been omitted or destroyed, I think I am justified in saying that it would never have formed part of the Christian religion. There are, indeed, *two less definite references to the same idea, one in the first Epistle of St. John and the second in Revelation xix. 13. But apart from these, the doctrine, at least in its clear-cut orthodox form, finds absolutely no place in the whole Bible. What, then, is the essence of this all-important dogma, the belief in which rests specifically on one chapter of one book of the New Testament? It may be stated in a single brief sentence. The purport of the Chrisian doctrine of the Logos is to give a cosmological significance to an historical person. It is designed to identify the itinerant u preacher of Palestine, the author of the Sermon on the Mount, of with the Second Person of the Divine Trinity, and to create a link between Greek metaphysics and Christian faith. Paul, who d transformed Christianity into a world-religion, nowhere mentions o the Logos. At the date of his missionary activities, such a con-d eption had not entered into the scheme of Christian doctrine. e are still left in doubt and uncertainty as to when it first y lade its appearance as an integral part of the new Faith.

We do not know at what date the Fourth Gospel was written, o lough there seems to be no question that it was subsequent to it other three. We do not know who was its author. The uthorship of St. John himself still obtains support in certain urters, but it is manifestly most unlikely. Again, we do not wif this amazing doctrine was first sprung upon the Christian church in the prologue to this Gospel. If this was our the country so, it may be regarded as the most astounding piece.

of literary audacity that the world has ever witnessed. With truth St. Augustine says, "the Fourth Gospel opens with a peal of thunder." It is very difficult the belief that this stupendous assertion was first pon the world in the form of a preface to the Fourth think we must rather assume that in this Gospel literary shape. We may, if we like, adopt the

noticed that all the references to the Logos appear in ted to St. John, an argument, so far as it goes, in favour orship.

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iew that the writer was a philosophical preacher and lecturer in the early Church; that he had familiarized his pupils with the conception that the Logos, the idea of which Philo had rendered so familiar to the Alexandrian Greeks, was in reality but a half truth; that, in fact, this mysterious Creative Power which emanated from the Supreme God had taken bodily shape in the person of Jesus of Nazareth; that, in short, the Word was no Principle merely, but a personal God, co-existent with the eternal Unmanifested Divine Essence, and capable of assuming human attributes and limitations in time and space, for the specific purpose of restoring its birthright to fallen humanity.

The prelude to the Gospel commences indeed with a metaphysical disquisition worthy of Philo, but the Greek student who might be attracted by so apparently philosophical an opening was destined to be brought up sharp with a rude shock at the

phrase: "The Word became flesh." Certainly the nothing was further removed from earlier Greek om" conceptions of the Logos than such a possibility.er, as It must have sounded, indeed, a veritable contradic-sticus

tion in terms to the Greek ear. Still, the introductory words had a metaphysical ring, and might serve as a means of intro-e two ducing the new religion to communities steeped in Greek thoughtession and Greek philosophy. The writer says in effect: "Thisamaic Logos, with the idea of which you are all so familiar in your is it is theological speculations, is true enough in its basic principlegama) but we Christians are here to teach you something more about not, it which you have never yet suspected. It is not merely a Divine of agency, the Creator and Renewer of the worlds; it has actually is the itself taken on a corporeal form like one of yourselves, and rule. appeared on earth among mankind for the redemption of t imperrace, though it has now once more returned to the bosom of Hebrew Eternal Father, in whose presence it has been since the found charaction of the world." The new religion thus strove to introogos conitself by presenting its religious tenets in the garb of th and espe-Philosophy. If we say, then, that the author of the a. We can Gospel borrowed his conception of the Logos from Philo- ar back as we must add that, in borrowing, he completely transfoly a name for character. He filled the old bottles of the Alexand upreme merit philosophy this with the new wine of Christianity.

We have seen the use which the Evangelist made of tion of modern physical idea which was already so popular in the schich caprice and phristianity first made its appearance. It remains. I. S. Johnston

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8 whence this conception originated; what was its pedigree We are apt to assume that it was Greek in origin, and we are stian doubtless mainly right, but a brief investigation will serve to vital show that we are not entirely so. It had, indeed, a double the parentage. Early races have ordinarily adopted tribal deities of a purely anthropomorphic character. The tribal god is near akin to the chieftains of the tribe over which he presides. Such a tribal god originally was, doubtless, Yahveh (Jehovah), the god of the Israelites. But by degrees, EVOLUTION as civilization advances, the rude conceptions of an earlier day give place to higher ones. The tribal OF THE deity becomes transformed into the Creator of the TRIBAL worlds, the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the Dispenser of all good, and the final Judge of the human race. Such a transformation meets, naturally, with fewer difficulties, in the case of a nation like the Israelites, where the god is, in the words of Scripture, "a jealous god," who brooks no rivals, and, therefore, cannot take his place alongside the deities of other nations in a sort of general Pantheon. With him it is a case of aut Cæsar aut nullus. He must be recognized as supreme or nothing. Hence, the transition to the conception of the one God and Father of all, slow and gradual as it must be in any case, is greatly facilitated. In the instance of the Roman religion the reverse was the case. Not only had the Roman many gods to commence with (though one, indeed, was supreme), but from the religious standpoint ne was essentially a hospitable person. All other gods, from Egypt, from Persia, from the East generally, were welcome, and in the early days of the Empire their cults flourished exceedingly. It was only when the Christian God was introduced, who claimed rivileges antagonistic to the Roman conceptions of the duties a citizen, that trouble arose. Hence, it came about that tribal deity of the Hebrews, the jealous god who would k no rival, eventually became recognized as the one Supreme of all, and the Jewish religion set an example of monotheism, finally triumphed over the Pantheons of the Gentile races. proportion, however, as the Jewish conception of God 1 of became higher and more metaphysical, it followed to that he was farther and farther removed from;t os human ken. The Jehovah of an earlier day might h talk face to face with Abraham, "as a man talksel to his friend," but long before the Christian era, thele

of the Supreme Father of all had taken its place, in more intellectual classes, especially those who were ur

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permeated with the Greek culture and the Greek philosoph conceptions. In proportion as the deity came to be loo. upon as an impersonal transcendent power, the S Spirit and Primal Cause of all things, it became mor more impossible to conceive of in any definite form. removal from immediate contact with the material v necessitated the conception of some intermediary agent should serve as a link between divine transcendence and hur imperfection. Hence, by degrees the Jewish writers began personify the "word" or the "wisdom" of God, first poetica. and allegorically and later, almost definitely, as a separate being Thus, while the Psalmist states, "By the Word of the Lord wer the heavens made," when we come to the Targums, or Aramaic paraphrases of the Old Testament, we read of Adam and Eve listening to "the voice of the Word of the Lord walking in the Garden" Even more noticeable than this daring use of the expression "The Word," is the curious way in which "Wisdom" elsewhere becomes personified as a conscious divine Power, as for instance, in Job and in the Apochryphal books of Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon.

It is noteworthy that in Aramaic as in Greek there are two different terms translatable as "the word." The expression "Memra" corresponds to the Greek Logos, just as the Aramaic "pithgama" corresponds to the Greek "rema" ($\hat{\rho}\hat{\eta}\mu\alpha$). Thus it is stated in the Targum version of Genesis: "The word (pithgama) of the Lord came to Abraham in prophecy, saying, 'Fear not, Abraham, my Memra shall be thy strength.'" As the author of The Philosophy of the Fourth Gospel* remarks, the Memra is the executive of a Divine Monarch, who reigns, but does not rule. It must be admitted, however, that these tendencies to imper-

of Hera-CLEITUS. sonate the Word or the Wisdom of God in Hebrew literature are far less marked and striking in character than the bold developments of the Logos conception in Greek philosophical writings, and especially in the

cially in the theological treatises of Philo of Alexandria. We can trace the Logos conception in a rudimentary form as far back as the philosopher Heracleitus, with whom it was merely a name for the unifying principle of the world-process. The supreme merit of Heracleitus was that he emphasized in his philosophy this doctrine, so essential a part of the general conception of modern science (as opposed to the popular notion in which caprice and

* The Philosophy of the Fourth Gospel. By the Rev. J. S. Johnstor S.P.C.K., London, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

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whe vidual action reign supreme), that the universe is One, and Wet all its varying phenomena are governed by rational and doubtleging law. To him this law of nature was the Logos. It show is which gave permanence and unity to the universe, the parene reason pantheistically immanent, alike in its conscious of a inconscious manifestations. The same conception reappears akinlato, to whose philosophy Philo owed the greatest acknowment. It is true that in Plato the expression used is Nous Eys), Mind, rather than Logos, Reason; but the implied meaning essentially the same. To Plato the world itself is a living and tional organism, "the only begotten son of God." The Stoic hilcsophers, amplifying the same idea, reverted to the expression Logos. The Logos with them was the Divine Reason inherent alike in the physical world, and in the soul of man, but in man alone, in its highest sense. The Stoic distinguished between the Logos as indwelling reason or unspoken thought, and the Logos, as an active and executive agency—a distinction which again plays a part in Christian dialectics.

Finally we come to the employment of this historical word in the philosophy of Philo-Judæus. In Philo the Jewish theological and Hellenic metaphysical conceptions converge. He translates, in fact, the Hebrew books of the law in terms of Greek metaphysics. Herbert Spencer himself would not have complained of some of the definitions of the Supreme Being for which Philo was responsible. He has become, indeed, a metaphysical abstraction whose nature can only be described in negative terms. This removal of the Supreme from the ken of the human mind led, inevitably to the peopling of the interspace

between God and his world with a hierarchy of spiritual beings. Chiefest among these was the Logos. Chiefest among these was the Logos. The Logos is described by Philo as a "son of god," as "a second god," as a "first born son," and as "the archetypal man." He is the Supreme Idea of Ideas who sums up in concrete form the divine thought, and at the same time he is the Royal Architect and Charioteer of the angels. Over and beyond this he is Mediator between God and man and Creator of the world.

It cannot be doubted that the principal obstacle in the way of the acceptance of Christianity by the intellectual world of that by, whose language was the language of Greece, and whose pital was Alexandria, lay in the doctrine of the Incarnation,

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of the removal of the cortex appeared to me to be brought about when the automatist left her hand passive; that action was only the outer expression of the consciousness withdrawing itself from at least one of the sub-cortical centres, and making a gap between it and the cortex. At any moment, as I noted, the use of the hand for a conscious purpose disturbed the automatic action so severely that it could only be resumed after some difficulty had been overcome along the line of communication. So, too, by a simple act of her own will she could stop the automatic action. Thus the automatic action could only come about vhen there was no interference from the cortex with the subortical centre; this was thrown out of gear, and left free to be operated upon by some power extraneous to the cortex of the automatist. So far as I could judge, there was no indication that the hand was operated from the outside, in the same way as a teacher might guide the hand of a child learning to write. My observations lead me to believe that the operator, whoever and whatever it was, performed the operation by establishing control over the free motor centre of the automatist.

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The assumption of a connection between an extraneous consciousness and a free sub-cortical centre is no more miraculous than the actual connection between our own conscious processes and nerve process. Science stands baulked at the gulf between psychological phenomena and physiological phenomena. When it has succeeded in bridging the gulf, and explained what it now simply labels, "psycho-physical parallelism," it will probably have explained also some of the phenomena of automatism.

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from her own, thwarts hers, and carries out its own purpose a clearly and as finally as if it was embodied in flesh beside her I do not overlook the common experience of contrary desires in the mind, formulating I will and I won't. In such cases there is always the unitary self looking on at the conflict. But here is a single will set towards a single end; and at the finger-tipsthere is an utterly opposed and triumphant will.

I admit that these considerations go no further than to show that this "automatic" will is different from the will of dream of somnambulic trance, and of mental conflict; and do r invalidate the explanation of some oblique action of the large. consciousness. I confess, however, that my philosophy (with its laws of continuity from cause to effect, making an unbreakable bond from the action of this moment through every past action to infinity), shrinks from the anarchical notion of two or more quite discrete wills making a "house divided"; and would prefer to be assured that the other will was that of an extraneous

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I am not competent to deal with this question with the scholarship and close thinking that it deserves; but I should like to suggest that the hypothesis that the operation of automatism is directed by a will outside the consciousness of the automatist receives some countenance from the findings of physiology with regard to brain function. The brain is a mass of white matter, with nuclei of grey matter embedded in it, and with a thin sheet of grey matter covering it. This covering is called the cortex, and it has been demonstrated to be the seat or instrument of conscious process. Below the cortex are the nuclei of grey matter. These, called sub-cortical centres, are connected by the nerve fibres of the white matter, with one another, and with the cortex. They are also connected, by way of the spine, with the surface nerves of the body. These subcortical centres perform a two-fold function in relation to the cortex; they carry out the will expressed by the cortex-such as the lifting of an object; and they convey to the cortex the information gathered by the peripheral nerves as to, say, the weight of the object. But, besides this function, which links the senses with the consciousness, the sub-cortical centres perform the function of reflex action entirely independently of the cortex. It has been demonstrated that, in the absence of the cortex and hence in the absence of the instrument of consciou of the ac interference, every function of the body can be elicited-bu only by appropriate external stimuli. A state of things analagor

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both as regards the ...ture of the communications he visible phenomena of the writing. Our Mexican and gian frien's sought help from us, and gave us details of own life. Our high-sphere friends sought to help us and o metaphysics; and he of the Apochryphal name dealt ith mythology. The writings showed no difference in but so different were they in size and speed, and in some accompaniment which I can only term "atmosphere," en at a distance from the automatist I could tell the

ay be objected that the mind of the automatist unconassociated the name of the operator with a particular communication, and adapted the dramatic personification gly. But there is a difficulty in the way of this apparaple and reasonable explanation. It might easily apply ase of fragmentary communications; but the writing thy, unpremeditated communication, closely reasoned ssed in excellent English, which would be a remarkable ce for a practised writer, becomes rather miraculous n who composed with difficulty, and used a restricted

the process of writing I noted several curious suggesxtraneousness. Once there was a pause for a word. natist suggested one, I suggested another, the operator

taking a rather dull piece of writing, the automatist t' This is very bad." The writing stopped, and nothing sot through. It was a case of transcendental huff, Coto stand a lecture on the subject later on.

mr occasions, when the correct word could not be got ford all our suggestions failed, the operator resorted obeynonyms or parallels. For example, in writing a sacrf a Celtic goddess, there came the sentence: "She Not of silver cloth and sandals of ____ " Then came contrious attempts were made to supply the word. At conte our amusement, the word oysters was written, and beliefher-of-pearl was suggested and confirmed.

of dente using the planchette, with any amount of vigour the povexpectedly commanded the automatist to put it momen the pencil in her hand. Then it stopped, and "the soe, despite the will of the automatist. On taking that noti went off at a rapid rate and wrote a long combidding, c

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While taking a commund cation on the symbolic of Celtic mythology, the sentence is written: "The strain of Celtic mythology, the sentence is written: "The strain of Celtic mythology, the sentence is written: "No more we are somewhat disconcerted. Then comes "No more night," signed by Mexican, "bad spirit here." The planter of the bad refuses to move. After a long pause we ask if the bad has gone. Answer: "No more to-night." We ask, we more? Answer: "Another spirit wants to write, but we to go on? An emphatic No! is written.

This phenomenon of self-will on the part of the seems to me to be one of the most significant compositivations as I observed it. Time after time, when all of the automatist was set on continuing a communication her mind was full of thought and inspiration on the the operator has written "No more now"; the plant the pencil has described circles of diminishing size an and ceased moving; and nothing that we could do another stir out of it. In certain instances further continuous another stir out of it. In certain instances further the tion on a particular subject was refused; and the audit emptied her mind, so to speak, in her own writing, the abreach between the substance of our experiments the method.

Again, there was no hard and fast connection be mental or physical condition of the automatist and munications. I have noted good communications whe is in bad form; and bad, interrupted, or abortive sitt or she was in good form. I have seen her begin fres the fatigued; and I have seen her begin tired and end for are

We may, if we are so minded, lay this self-will, and one ence of mundane circumstance, on that very useff way "what not," the subliminal consciousness. Beari subthe vagaries of dream, we cannot evade the fact somewhere inside our heads a something that can as well as the wise man, and set a score of diverse in supreme scorn of time and space. But, while the recognize this dramatic multiplicity, we have also links the fact that underlying the multiplicity there is consciousness, the dreamer, who survives and if the dream. But in the instances of automatism if the mentioned, there is no shifting of the threshold of the cognitive subject as in somilable. The automatist is in full consciousness; yet alagor.

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ALGERIAN MAGIC

BY VERE D. SHORTT

SINCE the far-off days when Moses and the magicians of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, showed the strength of their respective powers in opposition to each other, and from before then, the East has beer and the home of magic. Now Algeria, though partly of the East, isisal not wholly so. As becomes a part of the East it has its conjurors, ers diviners, and magicians, but mixed with the rites and ceremonies of those, which for the most part are purely Oriental, and come from Asia, the home of the Arab race, are other and more primitive ones which were old when the world was young, which during the years have penetrated north up the great caravan routes from Central and West Africa.

Though of the East, Algeria and Northern Africa generally are still African, and Africa is still primitive in all essentials. The ordinary magic of the East is not as a rule malignant, while that of the magicians of Northern Africa is.

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When I say "malignant," I mean that the dawat, or magic, of India aims more at impressing the onlooker than anything else, and-in most cases at least-does not require any blood The magic of Africa generally, North as well as Central and West, requires above all else that before the ceremonies begin blood shall be shed-generally that of a white fowl or goat. This is curious, as in the rites of the West African obeah and the West Indian voudou worship exactly the same sacrifice is insisted on to appease the Snake God of those cults. Not that the Algerian magician is a snake worshipper. On the contrary, he is a devout son of the Prophet, with a most edifying contempt for all infidels and idolaters. But stronger than his belief in Mohammed and his paradise is his belief and fear in a legion of demons which he believes that he himself only holds at bay by the power of his art, and which, if that art fails him, may at any moment turn and rend him. He will state quite frankly that "the sons of Eblis" desire the smell of newly shed blood, and that nothing else will cause them to come so quickly to do his bidding, or render them so tractable when they have come.

Algerian professors of magic are divided into three classes. The dervish, who is solely a religious magician, and claims to

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hold his powers direct from Allah; the white magician, who is very often little more than a hakim, or doctor, with a considerable knowledge of the properties of herbs, and whose stock in trade consists of this knowledge and a few inconsiderable tricks designed to impress the ignorant; and the black magician, who claims to hold his power solely from his own personal mastery over the evil forces of Nature.

Of these three classes the first and third are the ones which present most interest. The hakim sometimes performs cures in cases where the resources of Western Science have failed, but these cures have been solely due to natural causes, and indeed, the successful practitioner himself scarcely claims otherwise, except to the vulgar herd; but both the other classes can and do produce effects which are sometimes sufficiently startling and inexplicable. Some examples may not be without interest to the

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The dervish, as has already been stated, is a magician in a reader. strictly religious sense; that is to say, that anything which he performs by a power which he claims to be (for want of a better word) supernatural, is done solely for the glory of Allah, whether to convince infidels or to attract offerings, and the performer of these feats makes no profession of doing them by any latent power in himself over the forces of Nature, whether these forces be good or evil. Powers of some kind, which are at present unknown to the Western world, these men certainly have. For instance, a santon, or dervish, can render either himself or any one else, if not exactly invulnerable, at any rate almost so. The writer has seen a dervish from the desert transfix his cheeks and tongue with red-hot skewers without showing any signs whatever of pain. There was no possibility of trickery. The man was close enough for the burning flesh to be smelt as the hot iron entered. A dervish will throw a heavy axe or knife into the air and catch it, blade first, on his shaven head not once, but many times in succession, until his whole head is a mass of blood. before attempting these feats he will dance and whirl himself into a state of semi-insanity and, to all appearance, during the actual performance will be completely possessed by some bey power entirely outside himself; but this does not alter the fact that although the fire burns and the steel wounds, still, within twelve hours the wounds are almost healed and within twentyfour quite so. The East never changes. Three thousand years ago in a land not so very far from Algeria the priests of Baal cut themselves with knives "after their manner" to please their

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god, and to-day men do the same thing in the name of Allah "the Almighty, the All-merciful."

Many dervishes live alone in the desert, leading practically the same life as the hermits of the early Christian Church, and subsisting on offerings from the faithful. The desert is not a hospitable place, and its inhabitants are not celebrated for the mildness of their manners, but the boldest desert raider, be he Bedouin of the North or Tuareg from the South, will not interfere with a holy santon. Setting aside that the holy man as a rule is possessed of a strong arm and a scarifying tongue, he is also credited by popular belief with as efficacious means of reprisal as his prototype-the Hebrew prophet displayed to the soldiers whom the king sent to arrest him.

In the Kantera Pass, north of Ain Sefra in Southern Algeria, is a certain narrow defile known as the Gully of the Hand, which no Arab will pass through. The story concerning it runs as follows:—

More than eighty years ago, near Ain Sefra lived a santon named Sidi (or Saint) Noureddin. He was an extremely holy man who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca three times, and at the time this occurred was passing his last years in a cave near the mouth of the Kantera Pass where it opens out on the desert. A party of Kabyle tribesmen had been raiding south of their own country, and at the close of the day passed through the Kantera on their way north. Flushed with victory and loot, as they passed the mouth of the cave where Noureddin sat absorbed in meditation, they mocked the old man. One of their number rebuked them, saying that he was a saint, and that no good would come of such impiety, but the others persisted. Then the holy man rose in his wrath and cursed them. He devoted them to Satar body and soul, and raising his lean arms to heaven called on Allah and the Prophet to avenge him, and to see to it that none of the band except the man who had rebuked the others ever got home again. However, the daring raiders, seeing that nothing happened, only laughed the more and rode off.

About two miles further on is the defile which is now known as the Gully of the Hand. It is a narrow passage between dark rocks, and even in broad daylight under the Algerian sun is a dark and sinister-looking place. However, it cuts off almost two miles of road, and the raiders decided to traverse it, and to camp at its northern end. They entered the gully and proceeded to ride along it. However, the gully, always narrow, seemed suddenly to have become more and more so, until at last

as they turned a corner they found that the rocks had met in front of them and that there was no passage. In great fear they turned their camels to ride back the way they had come, but to their horror found that the rocks behind them had closed to as well, and that there was no passage either backward or forward. Then a great black hand came out of the rock wall and picking man after man from his camel drew them struggling and screaming into the living rock, which when the last man had gone closed behind them. The man who had rebuked the others alone was spared, but a great voice came to him from behind the rock telling him to go home to his tribe and tell them what happened to those who made a mock of holy men.

It will be easily understood that a man, even one who has been brought up from early childhood in an atmosphere of battle, murder and sudden death, does not care to interfere with those whom he believes have the whole hierarchy of Heaven and Hell

at their command.

However, beyond using their real or supposed powers as a means of extracting alms from the faithful, the dervish, as a rule,

does not abuse them.

Far different is the case of the ordinary magician. In many cases this latter is a conscienceless scoundrel, who uses his powers entirely for his own gain. Some men of this class most certainly can do things for which no natural explanation will account, but in many cases they are simply vulgar cheats. It must be remembered that in all countries, and at all times, those who really practise high magic never do so for pecuniary gain, which these men do. A magician may, and very often will, use his powers to benefit, or to avenge himself on an enemy, but when a practitioner of magic arrives beyond a certain stage, there seems to be some sort of law by which he may not sell his art for money.

Now in all magic, white as well as black, it is an understood thing that thought is force, and under certain circumstances is capable of creating an entity or entities. According to Eastern belief, a practitioner of magic can by following prescribed rules, and by concentrating his thought in a certain way, actually either liberate from another sphere, or even actually create an entity which, under strictly regulated rules and within certain limits, will do his bidding. This entity may be either good or bad, its malevolence or otherwise depends entirely on its creator, but if used for malignant purposes, and if set to do a task beyond its powers, or especially if used against any one in the possession of a stronger spirit, it will infallibly return to and destroy its

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nce. The French Government as a rule leaves these men alone, inless they use the influence which their reputation gives them to preach a *Jehad*, or holy war. In that case the government akes stern action, and deports the too enthusiastic magician.

I have spoken above of the ghouls and afrites. Though this is not an article, strictly speaking, on the folklore of Algeria, an explanation of the nature of these demons may not be out of place. The ghoul is a cannibal spirit which inhabits waste places and cemeteries where it disinters and feeds on the bodies of the dead. However, the ghoul is just as partial to fresh meat, and by appearing in the shape of a lovely woman will often seek to induce men to follow her to a lonely spot, where she will suddenly assume her own hideous shape, and tear in pieces and devour the adventurous mortal. Ghouls are of both sexes, and are supposed to marry and to propagate their species. afrite is a male demon, and is really more in the nature of an evil jinn, or genie, but with considerably less power than the jinn proper. The jinn has large powers over the forces of nature and can only be brought under subjection by a very powerful magician, whereas every little magician is supposed to have one or more afrites at his command. It was from these demons that the famous bodyguard of Sulieman-ben-Daoudthe Solomon of the Bible-was composed, according to Eastern legends.

About ten years ago there was a curious case which occurred at Sidi-bel-Abbes in Algeria. A man was seen to enter the house of a local practitioner of magic, with whom he was known to be on rather bad terms, in the morning. The same evening the man reported himself at the gendarmerie station of Douargala, nearly two hundred miles away, and which could not possibly be reached by train. His account of what happened was this:-He said he entered the house of the magician, and after some time a somewhat warm argument took place between them. Then the magician clapped his hands and suddenly a hideous black man appeared, who, at a word from his master, swelled to gigantic proportions and, seizing the other man, carried him to an enormous height in the air. However, the man retained enough presence of mind to call on Allah and the Prophet, when he found himself in the desert outside Douargala unhurt, having been transported nearly two hundred miles in the twinkling of an eye. Of course, the officials laughed at the man's story, but it was quite obvious that he personally was quite convinced of its truth, and that he

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master, afterwards becoming free, and one of the host of afrites, or evil spirits, which, according to Eastern belief, are everywhere.

This being the case, human nature in Algeria being much the same as anywhere else, the more powerful the familiar, or familiars, of a magician are supposed to be, the more fear he inspires and the more blackmail he can levy by threats of unpleasant consequences if his demands are not acceded to. Sometimes, however, when two magicians are supposed to have just about the same amount of power, one of them, owing to some slight success, will succeed in detaching some of the dupes of the other. Then, as a rule, the aggrieved practitioner, disdaining the use of his art against a fellow-professional, has resource to the old-fashioned but sure knife or poison, with the result that the French Government steps in, and the wizard who has probably been directly or indirectly responsible for the death of several innocent persons, is executed for the murder of a wretch as culpable as himself.

These men, however, can hardly, except in the very lowest meaning of the word, be termed "magicians." Something they know, but not much, and what little power they have occasions them as much, if not more, fear than it does their dupes. It is an unnerving thing for a man to play with deadly machinery which he does not understand, and which may at any moment destroy him.

However, there are many men who have a very high reputation indeed among natives, who under no circumstances whatever will take money for the exercise of their art. They will take food or a night's shelter occasionally (they are almost invariably nomads), in return for which they will show some tricks, somewhat after the fashion of the Indian jugglers; but for the most part they seem to practise their art for its own sake and for the sake of acquiring more and more power in it.

The powers ascribed by natives to some of these men are almost limitless. For instance, it is firmly believed that a magician can render himself invisible at will, and transport himself by supernatural agency over immense distances in a moment of time. Also many of these men claim—and their claim is implicitly believed—to be absolute masters of ghouls and afrites, and to have those exceedingly unpleasant demons at their command. It will be easily understood that in a country where, according to popular belief, the very wildest story from the Arabian Nights would, under certain circumstances, be not only possible but quite probable, a magician who has established a reputation is

At least, it is sufficiently curious how the man contrived to cove. two hundred miles in less than twelve hours. Even if there had been any railway to Douargala—which there was no according to the usual pace of Algerian trains the journey would have taken at least twenty hours.

One case only of native magic came under the writer's own observation, and that to all intents was a variation of the familiar Indian basket trick, with considerable detail added. A wandering magician arrived at a place named El Rasa, on the borders of the Sahara, and announced his intention of giving a display of his art in return for a night's lodging. He borrowed a boy from a villager (the man's only son), and after making two men swear that they would guard him (the wizard) with their life proceeded to give his exhibition. He borrowed a sword from another man, and after the preliminary sacrifice of a white cock, absolutely to all appearance in full view of the audience, decapitated the boy. The writer was present, and would be prepared to swear that, according to all the evidences of his senses, the decapitation took place. This was too much for the boy's father. Rushing at the wizard he stabbed him to the heart, being cut down himself while doing so by one of the magician's guards. After the resultant excitement had died down, however, the boy, whom all present had seen decapitated before their eyes, was discovered asleep under a cloak!

The only explanation which can be given is that of thraldom

of the senses of the onlookers.

Curiously enough, one of the onlookers, who was a Russian Finn, and therefore, according to tradition, possessed of occult powers by right of birth, stoutly maintained that he had seen

nothing until the final tragedy.

The magic of Algeria is much the same as magic always has been and always will be. That is to say, that it rests on conditions natural in themselves, but which are not understood except by initiates, and any attempted explanation by any one except an initiate is more than likely to fall lamentably short of the truth.

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BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B,Sc.

NO poet, I think, has suffered greater indignities at the hands of editors than William Blake. They have none of them been slow to mete out to his poetry words of the highest praise, yet all with a single exception have taken upon themselves the task of improving it, or (to accuse them of what is perhaps the lesser crime) have done their work so carelessly that the divergences between their respective editions and the original MSS, or books are extremely numerous. Whether or not the many alleged improvements are really improvements, I am not prepared to say; Blake's education was not of an orthodox kind and his knowledge of English seems to have been erratic, his method of engraving afforded little opportunity for correction, and he was sometimes careless, so perhaps certain of the editorial emendations are in the nature of improvements, considering his poetry from a technical point of view. But, speaking for myself, when I want to read what Blake wrote I want to read what Blake wrote, and not what his editors (be their names ever so great in the annals of English literature) thought he ought to have written.

The verbatim edition of The Poetical Works of William Blake edited by Mr. Sampson and published by The Clarendon Press in 1905, is an exception to the above. It suffers, however, under three disadvantages: (i) it is expensive, (ii) the book is too big for the pocket, and (iii) the choice of contents is rather pedantic. It contains everything of a lyrical nature Blake wrote, even when such lyrics have to be torn from their context. A smaller sized edition without annotations appeared in the next year, but this may be regarded as superseded by a further edition, which is mainly the occasion of these remarks.* This last not only contains the whole of the lyrics incorporated in the former editions, but also the complete text of the minor prophetic works, selections from The Four Zoas, Milton and Jerusalem, etc.; and in addition,

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^{*} The Poetical Works of William Blake (Oxford Edition). Edited with an Introduction and Textual Notes by John Sampson, Hon.D.Litt. (Oxon.). 7\frac{1}{2} in. \times 4\frac{3}{4} in., pp. lvi + 453 + 16 plates. Oxford University Press Humphrey Milford). Price 1s. 6d. net. The plates include excellent productions of Phillips' portrait of Blake, and the title-pages of his books. ot only is this one of the least expensive of the various editions of Blake's ems, but it is far and away the best.

A FOOTNOTE TO BLAKE'S POETRY

The French Revolution (Book I), now for the first time printed from a proof recently discovered in the collection of the late Mr. John Linnell. This valuable find will no doubt be eagerly read by all Blake students. The poem does not readily lend itself to quotation, but the following passage may serve as a sample of its quality. It is a speech of the Duke of Orleans.

. . O Princes of fire, whose flames are for growth, not consuming, Fear not dreams, fear not visions, nor be you dismay'd with sorrows which

flee at the morning!

Can the fires of Nobility ever be quench'd, or the stars by a stormy night? Is the body diseas'd when the members are healthful? can the man be bound in sorrow

Whose ev'ry function is fill'd with its fiery desire? can the soul, whose

brain and heart

Cast their rivers in equal tides thro' the great Paradise, languish because the feet.

Hands, head, bosom, and parts of love follow their high breathing joy? And can Nobles be bound when the people are free, or God weep when his children are happy? Have you never seen Fayette's forehead, or Mirabeau's eyes, or the

shoulders of Target,

Or Bailly the strong foot of France, or Clermont the terrible voice, and your robes

Still retain their own crimson ?-Mine never yet faded, for fire delights in

But go, merciless man, enter into the infinite labyrinth of another's brain Ere thou measure the circle that he shall run. Go, thou cold recluse, into the fires

Of another's high flaming rich bosom, and return unconsum'd, and write

If thou can'st not do this, doubt thy theories, learn to consider all men as thy equals,

Thy brethren, and not as thy foot or thy hand, unless thou first fearest to hurt them.

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Upon words as fine as these, no comment is needed.

The fact that Blake claimed to write from inspiration has given rise to the opinion that what he had once written he never tou corrected. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth, sting so that no justification for the editorial emendations referred to she n above can be based on this score. As Mr. Sampson points out, riesan examination of Blake's MSS. shows that he worked over his is sai poems considerably, altering a word here, deleting another there wice. rearranging stanzas, and so forth. Of course, it would not be far av in I to compare him in this respect with Poe, to whom typographic t accuracy was a fetish. Poe aimed at producing a certain effective on his readers as much by the sound of his words as by tha meaning; whereas Blake was essentially a didactic poet.

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had a message to deliver to humanity, and he gave it with no faltering voice, though in symbolic language whose meaning is not always obvious.

To summarize Blake's message in a few words is no easy task, but I will attempt something of the sort. He had to proclaim the reality of the world of Imagination and the worth of Love. He had a message of indignation which he hoped would show the futility of that reason which, whilst usurping all things to itself, never raises its head from earth to heaven—a message to destroy belief in that form of hypocrisy which, calling itself modesty and decency, claims to be a virtue; to destroy belief in the formal and mawkish morality, the cold and lifeless religion, and materialistic and sordid aims and motives of his day. He had a message which he hoped would enlighten the world, making visible to those who had eyes to see the things of higher worth, and rendering possible a wider outlook and a freer, happier life. Hear his denunciation of the shamefaced morality of the world into which he was born:—

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.*

And again :-

Are not the joys of morning sweeter
Than the joys of night?
And are the vigorous joys of youth
Ashamed of the light?

Let age and sickness silent rob
The vineyards in the night;
But those who burn with vigorous youth
Pluck fruits before the light." †

In his poetry Blake fully carried out his own maxims, "The id of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," and "Exuberance

* "The Garden of Love," from Songs of Experience.
† "Are not the Joys of Morning Sweeter?" from the Rossetti MS.

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is beauty," * and, through expressing great truths in a manner too exuberant and excessive for some minds, he has frequently been misunderstood. Thus some commentators (including Swinburne), forgetting that as Blake was an honest man he would himself live the life he advocated, have supposed that he taught the ethical doctrine technically known as "free love." But Blake knew that true love is spiritual and eternal, and that true marriage is a holy and everlasting sacrament. What he did most emphatically teach, however, was that that act which is the consummation of passionate desire, is justified and rendered beautiful when it is the manifestation on the physical plane of a love which is spiritual and unselfish—and by that alone.

No doubt Blake had his faults as a poet and was deficient in technique, but his poetry is the most refreshing I know. Perhaps it owes something of this quality to the fact that Blake remained a child throughout all his days. What man, with heart less sweet than that of a child, could have written those beautiful lines?—

> Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life, and bid thee feed, By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee clothing of delight, Softest clothing, woolly, bright; Gave thee such a tender voice, Making all the vales rejoice? Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee, Little Lamb, I'll tell thee: He is called by thy name, For He calls Himself a Lamb. He is meek, and He is mild; He became a little child. I a child and thou a lamb We are called by His name. Little Lamb, God bless thee! Little Lamb, God bless thee ! †

Blake's faults are the faults of a child, and we love hi is sai the better for them. Give us, then, his poetry as he wrote wice. This Mr. Sampson has done, and those who ask for the r ay in I Blake will be correspondingly grateful. Dr.

† "The Lamb," from Songs of Innocence.

^{* &}quot;Proverbs of Hell," from The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED FORM OF HUMAN RADIATION

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

FROM time to time in the past, indications have been forth-coming that the human body emits some form of radiation, as yet unrecognized by science. It would be only natural to suppose that radiations of *some* sort do exist—when we take into consideration the innumerable and complicated chemical and electrical changes which are taking place in the body all the time, and the fact that nearly all forms of matter are more or less radioactive, as Le Bon and others have shown. Further, we must remember the phosphorescence so often observed in decomposing organic bodies; the as yet unknown characters of the life-force itself, and the recent researches of Dr. Kilner, seeming to prove the existence of a human "aura" atmosphere, around the body—doubtless a form of radiation of one character or another.

However this may be, proof of the actual existence of these subtle forms of human radiation has been difficult to obtain. Dr. Paul Joire, it is true, has invented a little instrument—"the sthenometer"—by means of which he claims to prove, beyond question, the existence of some form of externalized motor power. Prof. Alrutz, of the University of Upsala, has also invented an instrument which, he contends, proves the same thing; while many scientific men of the first standing in Europe have asserted that they have observed phenomena of a like character.

Among the most interesting of these we may mention the recent series of experiments conducted by Dr. Ochorowicz, of Warsaw, Poland, and M. Darget, of Paris. Both these experimenters worked with photographic plates, and seem to have eccived absolute proof of the existence of some form of human diation, as yet unknown to science. Dr. Ochorowicz's experients were publicly endorsed by two separate Committees of lish scientists; while M. Darget's results were presented to Paris Academy of Sciences.

We must not forget, also, the remarkable results obtained Dr. Imoda, assistant to the eminent physiologist Mosso, who, e result of many experiments made with the electroscope, to the conclusion that the human rays "are able of themsto become a conductor of electricity, and that, in conse-

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quence, the radiations of radium, the Cathodic radiations of the Crooke's tube, and mediumistic radiations, are fundamentally the same."

All these facts are significant, and certainly point to the existence of a form of human radiation of a nature yet unknown. The most recent and dramatic experiments of this character, however, are those conducted by Drs. L. Clarac and B. Llaguet, of Bordeaux, France, with a subject whom they designate as "Mme X." Their report is signed and dated July 24, 1912, and summarizes their researches covering a period of several years. The facts they present are most startling; and the conclusions they are driven to accept remarkable. Life, they say, may be preserved in animals and plants, and they may be prevented from decomposing in the regular manner, by means of the human "fluid," which is said to exist in all of us in a more or less marked degree. This emanation or "fluid," passing out of the body of some peculiarly constituted individuals, enters the object treated, and has the effect of causing the latter to dry up or desiccate, instead of decomposing in the usual manner. In other words, decomposition has been prevented—a fact of extreme scientific interest, if true.

The doctors who issue this Report are well-known and cautious observers, who have only published the results of their experiments after months of patient work. The subject, Mme X, is a private person, a lady, living in Bordeaux, who has discovered this peculiar power within herself, as the result of several years'

experimenting.

For four years Mme X had kept in her house several dead and formerly organic objects-plants, little animals, etc.-without their having shown the least tendency to decompose. These jor objects were not treated in any way chemically, and nothing was injected into them of a preservative nature, such as would have a tendency to embalm or mummify them. In fact, nothing was done to them beyond placing the hands in contact with the objects-or sometimes just above them, without any contact- sting and, after "treating" them a few times in this manner, the he n objects in question dried up, desiccated, instead of decomposing,lesand would then remain in her house indefinitely without showin is sai the slightest tendency to putrefy. Under the action of thwice mysterious power, which emanated from her, the liquefaction ay in I tissues ceased; colour was restored to hair and feathers; to micro-organisms of destruction, which could be seen at we by means of a microscope, rapidly died and disappeared, a

in short, decomposition, as we know it, accompanying all dead organic things, ceased, and never again set in! Here, surely, is a striking phenomenon, of supreme and far-reaching importance—particularly to those making a study of death and its varied accompaniments and manifestations.

In order to test this matter, and place her observations and discoveries on a scientific basis, Drs. Clarac and Llaguet arranged with Mme X to try a number of tests in their laboratory, under proper scientific supervision. She agreed. Before each trial, the hands of Mme X were carefully examined, and she was not allowed to touch the objects, except under the closest scrutiny. The various objects were provided by the physicians, and, immediately after each trial, were placed under lock and key, in a cupboard of the laboratory, until the next day. Everything was done in full light and under perfect conditions of control. The experiments began in October, 1911, and continued for several months.

Mme X usually placed her hands in contact with the objects to be treated, but sometimes held them at some distance from them. The duration of each treatment was about twenty minutes, and she asserted that, once thoroughly treated in this manner, they would never decay. The following are some of the most important results attained—arranged in gradually progressive order:—

I. Plants and Flowers.—A rose and a small bunch of snap-dragon. Treated in the manner above described. Desiccated very rapidly, and in ten days the process was complete. The colour was completely preserved.

2. Wine.—Desiccation progressive. It was treated for eleven days, without showing any signs of acid fermentation. Another specimen of the same wine, left without treatment (this is what is scientifically known as a "control" experiment) acidified on the third day.

3. Molluscs.—Oysters: Desiccation progressive, and continued for thirteen days. There was no putrefaction. Other oysters (kept as "controls") putrefied in nine days, with liquelaction and a strong and disagreeable odour.

Some of these oysters were taken, when partially decomposed, id treated by Mme X in the usual manner. The bacteria were on killed under the influence; putrefaction was arrested, and central mass, which had not yet decomposed, began to desicte, and continued until completely dried-up, as the first oysters

been.

4. Fish.—Two dead fish were tried. They were tried without being "emptied" in any way-that is, just as they had died. In three days desiccation had taken place, and they continued to preserve a good colour and form. Their eyes continued bright. At the end of several months, no traces of decomposition.

5. Birds.—A goldfinch, found dead in its cage, was treated. Its insides were not removed. Desiccation was rapid, and in three days was almost complete. Rigidity was progressive. The colours of the plumage (yellow in the wings and red in the head)

did not fade, but, on the contrary, became more intense.

A canary, found dead in its cage. Left "unemptied." It was first of all left undisturbed for two days. Evident signs of decomposition showed themselves. Treatment was then begun. Immediate arrest of putrefaction was noted. A progressive diminution of the odour. Desiccation complete at the end of five days. The colour of the plumage was not only preserved but increased. The feeble yellow was changed to a vivid canary vellow.

Similarly the blood of a rabbit was collected. A portion was placed in a glass vessel. It soon coagulated. At the end of the third day, it again liquefied, and was preserved in this condition, without noticeable change, for twenty-one days. It remained a beautiful red colour, but became gradually less and less fluid, as it was absorbed by the air. On the twenty-eighth day, it had become a solid red mass, and remained in that condition thence-

forward.

Microscopic examination of the blood revealed the following remarkable facts: On the third day, the globules in the blood e were in perfect preservation. On the twenty-eighth day, just e before the blood had become quite solid, it was possible to la nthin layer of the semi-fluid blood on the slide, and see tha do globules were still sound and in perfect condition. They f VII became solid, dried and split-up, remaining in that cond f the permanently. - Al

These results are assuredly noteworthy. The little tou th as to the liquefaction of the blood is particularly interesting he since it serves to throw a curious side-light on one of the nre, r irion spectacular and well-preserved of the Catholic miraclesthe liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which is saicann take place within a hermetically sealed glass vessel twice hifes year, at Naples (September 19, and the first Saturday in he

These experiments are not without precedent. Dr. bjec Dites

Favre had previously made a number of tests with Mme Agnes Schlæmer for the same purpose. He had found that the imposition of her hands tended to destroy bacteria, and even the bacillus subtilis, and the bacillus anthracis, which are considered two of the most resistant of all bacilli. Dr. H. Durville has also obtained some results with the bacillus of typhoid fever, and has published his results in the Bulletin of the General Psychological Institute, of Paris. But none of these early experiments were as prolonged or as carefully conducted as these newer researches of Drs. Clarac and Llaguet. What are we to think of them?

Orthodox science cannot explain such facts—if facts they be. We know that when an organic body decomposes, several sets of micro-organisms exist in turn within the body, and gradually reduce the body to "the dust of the earth." Nothing can hinder this action, save certain strong toxic substances injected into the tissues. But even these are more or less transitory in their action. The art of mummification, as employed by the Egyptians, is a lost art. Embalming preserves the body a short time only. Even then, the body does not desiccate, as it did in these experiments.

For many years past, those who have interested themselves in psychic investigation have come to the conclusion that there is a subtle "fluid" or fluidic-substance connected with the material organism, which can be, at times, detached from it, or projected beyond its boundary, and in this way may produce certain remarkable phenomena, which are, as yet, ill-understood or even denied altogether. The older "mesmerists" believed in the existence of this "fluid"; and it was only with the acceptance

the modern school of "suggestion" that the belief in a "fluid" ame extinct. But there are many who still believe that spa "fluid" exists, and that mesmerism and hypnotism are is stinct things—instead of one and the same, as most modern the the same believe. The recent experiments upon the human "ra," by means of specially prepared chemical screens, seem accentuate the belief in the existence of this human "fluidic dy"; and many other facts could be cited in its support if the permitted.

t is this "fluid" which many healers claim to employ in ing disease. It is said to pass from one body to the other—g it, if beneficial; harming it, if the reverse. It is upon elief that the practice of the "laying on of hands" is based, nany of the so-called "miraculous cures." When Jesus *eived that virtue had gone out of him," it doubtless meant

o that He had lost a portion of His vital fluid-which He employed to effect His marvellous cures. These newer experiments certainly serve to throw a flood of light on the older beliefs and theories. Is there a vital fluid within the body, preserving it during life, as that of Mme X seemed to preserve inanimate objects? Is it because of this that we do not disintegrate during life? It would seem so. Indeed, we know that it is the presence of life which differentiates the living and the non-living. And what is life? We do not know! It dwells within the body and animates it. Can it be abstracted? Those who have treated by the "laying on of hands" say that it can. Can it be imparted or added to a body? These experiments, in which Mme X preserved the form of organic objects, seem to point strongly in that direction. And if decomposition can be prevented, who shall say why the flood of life might not again flow back into a body but lately animated? We know, in fact, that certain animals and even human beings, have been re-animated -after they have been pronounced "dead"; and long after heart-action and circulation have ceased. Are we nearing the scientific discovery of the re-infusion of life, of the re-animation of the dead body-of bringing the dead to life? It would seem that we are very near that goal; and that before many of us. still living, have passed into the Great Beyond, the scientific revivification of human beings may well be an accomplished fact!

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THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

WHY THE ONE BECAME MANY

BY LEONARD BOSMAN

THE idea of an attempt to express the Inexpressible, itself a paradox, takes us into the Land of Paradoxes, but if we remember the true purpose of metaphysic, from an occult point of view, we need not go far astray. The purpose of all true metaphysical speculation is that we may so train our brain consciousness as to enable it perfectly to answer the vibrations of the Higher Consciousness and reflect clearly the Wisdom which is beyond the body and brain, beyond form and manifestation. In this way we are doing a work for the benefit of future generations by bringing to a more evolved condition the matter used by the brain consciousness, purifying, and perfecting it. But we are also serving the humanity of our own time by giving clearly to them through the medium of the brain consciousness that knowledge which otherwise would not reach the world, for it is beyond the brain, "beyond the reach of eye and hand."

All this is an answer to those who are content with the idea of "just trying to be good," and who do not therefore concern themselves with what they term "mental gymnastics." There is a purpose in life, and that purpose is to blend the different forces in nature and in man. The mystic who seeks at-one-ment with God cares not for intellectual discussion, and is not anxious to know the how and why of things; on the other hand, the man of intellect is apt to lose patience with his devotional brother rand to regard him rather as emotional. And thus we have a seeming "pair of opposites." On the one hand the devotee, r. Bhakta, as he is called in the East, and on the other the mani, the man of intellect, each thinking that his own line is right. ley are, as it were, opposites at the base of a triangle, wide rt but yet linked by the base. As each progresses on his own towards perfection, towards the apex of the triangle of life, e is a blending of the forces, the Bhakta adds intellect to his tion and the Gnani realizes the use of true emotion and in adds to his knowledge the great power of Bhakta, or Devo-*e The two thus blended are symbolized by the apex of

the triangle; they find that they are no longer opposed and unite without antagonism, thus becoming the beam of the Scales of Manifestation instead of the pans of the Scales, the Merchants and not the merchandise.

It is therefore useful for the devotional type to study the beginnings of life, the growth of Cosmos, whether universal or human, so that by understanding the cosmic becoming and manifestation he may realize more fully the Purpose of Life and add Wisdom to his Devotion and let both shine forth in his Activities. It is said that God works in three ways, showing forth Will, Wisdom and Activity, and man has to reflect God in himself and therefore must follow Him.

The Gnani, likewise, has to learn to use his emotion, to develop the power of Bhakta latent in him and add to his Knowledge the power of Devotion, so that he too may blend in himself the three great powers of Nature and do the will of the Father who

sent him.

Having thus put forward this excuse for an attempt to express the Inexpressible, we may proceed to the study of Cosmic

Becoming.

Everywhere we read and hear amongst Occult students of the "One becoming many," the Absolute All becoming the manifested finite worlds of appearances. We do not understand or rather truly realize the Idea, though we may think that we have

an intellectual grasp of it.

We seek to understand life as a whole; to know the how of manifestation, even though we may never know the Absolute Why. We realize why we are here on earth and know that we have to build up a self-conscious centre within a Cosmic Consciousness that we may know ourselves as Individuals; we do not know and we cannot know the Purpose of the Absolute All/ for That which is beyond purpose can have no purpose. Her commences the paradox, for whilst realizing our ignorance of the Purpose of the Purposeless All we yet feel that the Absolute Al appears as Opposites, as Spirit and Matter, that by contrast th Self may be fully realized, for if we and all that is remain togethe as One Perfect Whole, then there is no second and, therefore, n resulting realization of our actuality and individuality.

We cannot, then, think of the Absolute in terms, we cann realize "One without a second." We look upon the manifes universe and quickly realize its Duality, whether as Life / Form, Spirit and Matter, Noumenon and Phenomenon, Subject and Objective, but as soon as we think of these "opposites

not opposites, as soon as we meditate upon "One without a second," One Eternal Substance or Space, Boundless and Infinite, then we are in the Absolute and cannot function, for Duality is merged in Unity. It is feeble, therefore, to dwell long in thought upon the Absolute, for it is said of the Highest, the First Logos, "perchance He knoweth not" what is behind the veil of Substance. In their ultimate nature, Spirit and Matter are One, but if the attempt be made to define that One, to explain life, then we leave the One and enter into Many-festation or manyness which necessarily commences with "opposites" or contrasts. Hence to commence with our explanation of Cosmic Becoming, we describe the All as we see it, that is, as Duality, as Spirit and Matter, and this is the One which has become many—or rather should we say is many? for the parts constitute the Whole which does not become but ever is.

All this talk of "pairs of opposites" may become a great puzzle for the Occult student if he allows himself to be bound in chains the links of which are "words, words, words." It will be then a puzzle over which he may ponder day after day and life after life. But if he meditate on "the One," he may come to realize that despite all the words written and the things said concerning the "pairs of opposites," yet in very truth there are no opposites, for all is One. The idea of difference, of "opposîtes," is, after all, a Mâyâ, an illusion of the finite mind and senses, a bond which binds us whilst yet we are apprenticed to the Master. But as we take the proper steps upon Life's Pavement of Opposites under the guidance of the Director or Higher Self (known to Freemasons as the J.W.), who stands beside us ever, so gradually do we come to realize the innate truth of things and see the Light shining in the Darkness and learn to comprehend it. Thus we may realize the illusory nature of the very "opposites" themselves which make up the Pavement of Life. All this may be learned in a world of illusion and change, which nevertheless is real whilst it lasts, but miasmic and illusionary, as it is never the same, always changing and finite in its very nature, but "I am the Self (Jehovah so-called), I change not," s God says through the mouth of the prophet.

Truly to the "opened eye of Dangma," to the Seer of Reality, ere are no opposites, for opposites are illusions, mere tones and mi-tones of One Great Cosmic Note which cannot perfectly be ard amidst the distractions of earth, amidst the sobs and tears

ing from a world's great agony.

What, then, is the purpose of this Great Illusion, this appear-

ance as of opposites? The answer is simple when stated in words, though the Idea may be itself more difficult of realization.

We ex-ist, that is to say, we view ourselves as parts out of, or separate from, the One, that thereby under the sway of the "pairs of opposites" we may learn to realize and appreciate truly our per-sistence, to know that the Self is "One without a second." Existence is a mere sign-post, the reading and understanding of which should lead us to the Way, the true realization of the Ever Is, the Aum, the Tao, the One Syllabled All.

Much explanation and definition is sought by the mental man who endeavours to make concrete the indefinable. But the true student of life, of intuitive mind, who has, if only for a moment, contacted the Buddhic or Cosmic Consciousness, knows that nothing more can be said. Truly, "the rest is Silence" and that Silence is only to be found in the Cave of Viveka or Discrimination between the Real and the unreal. He who dwells therein may not nay, cannot, tell the Secrets of his initiation.

HOPE

BY MEREDITH STARR

Song flutters at her lips,
A dove with broken wings;
A pale moon in eclipse,—
And still she sings.

Madonna-like she stands,
Facing the bitter blast,
Fragile, with folded hands,—
A poor outcast.

So young, so sad and fair,
A lute with broken strings,
Type of the world's despair,—
And still she sings.

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SOME INVESTIGATIONS IN AUTOMATISM

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

MY first personal acquaintance with automatism was made on June 5, 1904, when a planchette moved, apparently of its own will, under the fingers of a lady to whom I shall refer in this paper as the automatist.

My object in then entering upon a long series of experiments in my own home, and among my own kith and kin, was to obtain, if possible, some demonstration of the existence of a super-physical world, and of the persistence of the real person through and beyond the change called death.

I was compelled to accept the position of a spectator, by the early discovery of the fact that I had not the slightest gift of automatism, but rather had the effect of stopping by my touch any automatic phenomenon, despite my most ardent wish to the contrary.

My first experiment was a pronounced success. It will explain itself. Question: "Will J.'s article be accepted by the Weekly What-not? (I suppress the name). Answer: "Yes, yes." This was good, for a start, though hardly free from the suggestion that the wish was father to the Yes. However, by way of confirmation (and as an example, I now see, of a quaint notion of a test which I have since found to prevail among tiros of psychical research), I asked, "Will the W. W. reject my article?" The answer came, "No." To make assurance trebly sure, the question was put in another way: "What paper will accept J.'s article?" Answer: "The Weekly What-not." If you dream the isame dream three times it will, it is said, come true. Surely a prophecy thrice diversely given should also come true—and it did, at 7s. 6d. a column.

s But one prophetic swallow does not make a summer of certainty. The temptation to let well enough alone with an undeniple 100 per cent. success might have been strong; but, fortungly, the spirit of inquisitiveness was stronger, and in due time in to those chastening contradictions and absurdities through ich one proceeds to some glimmering of truth. Hence another ation: "Will A. B. C. (a famous actor) accept J.'s play?"

No." If the wish was father to the previous Yes, it

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accertainly was not the parent of this No. The question of its parentage is part of the mystery of the phenomenon of automatism, to which we shall address ourselves later. Again, by way of attempt to catch something or somebody napping. Question: "Who will accept J.'s play?" Answer: "Nobody; nobody." From the strictly personal point of view (for the play, although I say it, was a good one), I regret to have to admit that the prophecy up to date has come perfectly true. Our percentage of success is still 100.

Third experiment: Question: "Will J.'s play [another one] win the prize?" Answer: "Yes, yes." "How many times will it be performed?" "Four." "How much money will it bring?" "f13."—A most unlucky figure, though I have yet to meet the person who would refuse the amount. The point, however, is that somebody or something—certainly not the automatist or I—had made a calculation; for on referring to the entry for the prize, I found that in addition to the prize of £5, there was to be a fee of £2 for each performance of the winning play: four performances at £2, gave £8, which, added to the £5, gave £13. Could anything be more convincing to an amateur psychical researcher, or more encouraging to an amateur playwright? Next day I received—the play rejected. Our percentage of success drops, and the figuring of it assumes such complexity that I leave it. Anyhow, I was fairly launched now as a researcher, and came at once upon one of those thought-provoking circumstances that are of more true value, in their inferences, than a hundred Yes's and No's of even true prophecy.

In the middle of a communication there is an interruption, a cessation of writing, then scrawls indicating a change in the operator—which is the term I shall apply to whatsoever may be the active something that works through the passive automatist. The question is asked: "Who are you?" A name is announced the name of a living person, not a ghost! Here the operating centre is thrown quite out of the normal consciousness of either the auto- ie matist or myself, for we had hitherto thought only of communications coming from departed spirits. Further, I was asked to of meet the operator on his arrival at a station in Dublin at an hour he when I knew no train came from the place where he was statedwa' to be, the place also being the last thought that would have comehuinto my mind if I had been asked where he was. We postponctu-

And now comes a Mexican, chief of a tribe of 1,100, a gent man who describes himself as 8 feet high; who lived B.c. by hur

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ing creatures like monkeys with a marronth, a wooden spear; and who died from dining "not wisely but too well" on lopees—an insect caught by nets, and valued as an article of diet by his tribe. His name was Mollus. With him was his wife, Velnestunts—and I resign these names, and the marronth and lopees, to the etymologists among you. For a long time we have visits from these two, and from them we learn much of the manners and customs of B.C. Mexico, which, if they cannot be proved, cannot be disproved.

In our companionship with these simple folk—I am for the present assuming their objective personality—we became quite expert at detecting who was operating, simply by the consistent differentiation of feeling which they induced in the automatist, and the difference in beginning operations. Indeed, so 'cute did we become that Mollus had to abandon a habit of personating others and inserting irrelevant matter in long communications later.

We learned too that the education of our friends was undertaken by teachers from higher spheres, whom they called angels and whom they could only describe as being very bright. Hints were dropped that some of these teachers would communicate through the automatist. In a short time they came, and immediately the tone of the communications undergoes a marked change. Now, instead of clinging simplicity, appeals for our love and forgiveness, and interesting but negative reminiscence, fragmentary and helped out by the Yes and No process, we have a sense of intellectual mastery and strong initiative. Practical advice on diet is given; warnings are uttered against too great use of the planchette; and a series of long communications begins on abstract topics.

At times we have prophecies, some of which come true, some of which don't; with the insistent statement that we shall give up the planchette. Occasionally, we ask information about matters of fact, and receive the reply—written with a feeling of peevishness—"Ask us about spiritual matters." We are counselled always to scrutinize the communications by the light of reason, remembering that the written words were the automatist's own "translation," so to say, of the pure ideas which they put into her mind.

At this juncture I became interested in the writing of a canta libretto. Our high-sphere friends endeavour to improve the casion by suggesting, and ultimately commanding, how theing is to be done: they plot the story in accordance with a very consistent spiritual interpretation. That was all right. when, night after night, they insisted on wearying the automatist, and worrying me, by putting the story into the most atrocious doggerel, the matter got beyond patience, and I rebelled.

Here I must make a digression in order to note a striking collateral development. It had frequently been stated in the communications that the automatist would in time discard intermediaries of person and instrument, and get in direct touch with spiritual verities through her own consciousness. end her dream-faculty began to develop, and I select the follow-

ing out of a number of examples of direct dream.

At this time we were interested in reading everything that we could lay hands on of a philosophical nature. The more we read the more interrogative we became; and our horizon grew thick with volumes that either were or ought to be written in answer to our questions. Amongst our discoveries were the writings of a lady who will be known to some of you by the initials H. P. B. One night the automatist dreamt she was one of a company that was being addressed by H. P. B., and she-the automatist-was told by H. P. B. that she would have to learn a lot from "Charlie Johnston." Who this person was, neither the automatist nor I had any idea. Next evening we happened to be in the house of a Russian lady, and in the course of conversation I casually asked her if she had ever met H. P. B. She replied that she had not, but that she had had H. P. B.'s niece in her own home, and, she added, the niece had married an Irishman-Charlie Johnston.

To return to our subject proper. The automatist now began to take short communications in automatic writing. our several friends on the other side took their turn at operating, and always spoke in terms of their being learners of the new method, rather than the automatist. At first she held the pencil very loosely, and kept her arm perfectly free. The result was very large writing of an uneconomic and undecipherable character. At the suggestion of the Norwegian fisherman, she rested the finger of the writing-hand on the paper. The friction thus set up acted as a brake on the force behind the hand, and small decipherable writing resulted.

New spirits are now introduced to us. An old school-chum of mine asked me to take a message to his wife in Belfast. The next time I visited that city I called on her. She told me she was expecting me, and felt I had something to tell her about her hud band. I then gave the message, and she received it as an actu-

message, and derived great consolation from it.

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One day I expressed mentally a strong wish to have a message from a certain lady friend of my youth. I made no mention of my wish to the automatist. In a couple of days the name was announced, and with it a rebuke to me for having called her into the atmosphere of the earth. We were counselled not to call up the dead, but to send out helpful thoughts to them, and to lay ourselves open rather to interior illumination on spiritual matters. To this end it was suggested that she should seek to develop clairaudience; and it was pointed out that the beginnings of such development were observable in her power of hearing sentences in advance of her pencil in autoscript.

And now a new operator is announced. To him the teachers of the Mexicans, bright as they were, confess inferiority. In his presence every possibility of interruption dies away. He announces himself by a name almost the highest in old Celtic mythology, but gives us another, absolutely new to us, as one of several aliases. His purpose, he informed us, in coming to us, was to expound the spiritual teachings which he declared were concealed

in the ancient myth-tales of Ireland.

In addition to interpretative comments on known myths, the outlines were given of several myths which were stated to be still undiscovered in the mass of untranslated Irish MSS. I was told to let my mind play round them, and to put them into poetry. There seemed, at the time, no prospect of my doing so. The work, from a purely literary standpoint, was far beyond my ability; still, the notion of making a poem out of a subject which had come into my hands in so unusual a way gradually dominated my mind, and in due time the volume called The Quest appeared, with two such poems, "The Going Forth of Dana," which expresses the outgoing of the Soul of the Universe from its original metaphysical union with the spirit of the Universe; and "The Marriage of Lir and Niav," which expresses the return of the soul to its original state.

In connection with the latter poem, I shall mention some circumstances which, though not directly bearing on automatism, illustrate some side developments which reflect by implication on the topic. During the composition of the poem I reached a point when inspiration failed me. I was up against a mental stone wall, and in consequence was much depressed. I took a walk along the ea-wall at Sandymount. I leaned over the wall thinking what n ass I was to go on worrying over a useless piece of writing which, ven if I could do it well, would benefit nobody. Then it occurred me that after all any attempt to discover or express a truth of

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arse was its own justification; whereupon I sent out ish for help to whatever power ruled the sea, whether 7 or Neptune or otherwise. Then a curious thing haphe night was clear, and there was not a ripple on the 4h was in to the wall. Suddenly a splash of salt water my face and clothes. I looked for its cause, but sawn I went home, showed the spots on my hat, and kept or in my face—and wrote forty of the best lines in the min

to ther occasion I again arrived at an *impasse*. I said albe ut it to the automatist. After some days, while sitofter, she fell into an abstracted condition, and on recovera pld a scene she had just witnessed. This, she informed the pe put into my poem, with regard to which she then felt of louble. The scene was exactly what I wanted to begin fair se, and its similarity to a passage in a book which I

croul seen has been pointed out by a reviewer.

his while engaged in putting down a passage in which a ruby ot, He iad come to my mind as fitting gems for Lir, the god of ne. him1 Niav, his bride, the automatist was in what we termed tus martic sleep" in another part of the house. When she yet they normal consciousness it was my custom to record in nile cleiture impressions which she had received during this sleep era-Philo her mind, though vividly conscious, was withdrawn d of pointidy. On this occasion, amongst other things, she in- andof Chthat Niav had come to her and shown her a casket, erest voicecwo gems, a ruby, which was for Lir, and a pearl, which idea find trself; an exact replica of what I had written, and n we a cund proudly regarded as my own invention. er as sions raid that this mythological phase in our experience as nclutempler by an operator calling himself by a name what conand et us had previously heard. Some considerable time, ral sufferiI became possessed for the first time of an Apochry-ric's place estament. Reading in it one day I got cold shivers little flesh avn my spine on coming across the very name of our ame personiven as an alias for the person who in the history of cate Philo hi of Israel performed the same office of recovering the and in a pon as our operator claimed to be doing for the Celticeven anythii

It is of months after commencing our experiments, the than one ecame interested in the subject of astrology, an more metaphydy the rudiments. This diversion of interest, which is a theologico consume time, did not please the operators frepecial

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the high spheres. They urged the automatist to postage study, and introduced a new operator who declared of Persian student of astrology of 1,700 years ago, and prwas dictate the horoscope of the automatist. He first gainto mathematical directions in autoscript, and these when dup wormed a square Zodiacal map, quite different from thay maps with which the automatist had become acquainteers. data apparently of his own, the astrologer placed herelop their houses, and then delineated her character and forsuch thing of her future. When complete, I thought it woules in put the matter before a well-known modern astrolog its accuracy. Some months later he published the vhers in full as a remarkably accurate delineation. This h his satisfactory, bearing in mind the fact that the auto anonly touched the merest rudiments of a complicated stihobetter was to follow, for another astrologer pointed our ral method used was an ancient eastern one, almost certain; to and applying it to the horoscope of the late King Edwled clearly showed the illness and postponement of his cord

About three months after commencing our experithe out automatist and I found ourselves in a country house till und! time to spare, with a planchette, but no suitable writing old to le attempt to extemporize such a base only led to wortry. Ther were on the point of abandoning the sitting when the The work. still to wrote, "You will find a card in the drawer of the sidebity; into my had never been in the house before. We knew nothiome and in details. It was a country cottage of a very unconvenind, such pe and there was no sideboard visible in the room. outgoin lifting the covering of an affair which was loaded withe union wknacks, it was found to be an ancient sideboard withical and Niaand in one of the drawers we found twelve pieces of Lir -table-mats, a complete anomaly in the house.

In cabandon our sitting.
cumstance In the course of time the power of clairaudience, which illustrate romised, became so developed that the planchette wm, the topidiscarded, and automatic writing only resorted to as a on when inspeans of record. Since then we have accumulated pilcint and in cocript; but I do not purpose dealing further with tiall, lea-wall air experiments. Instead, we shall turn to the consider it ass I wame points in the process of automatism, as I observant ten if I capear to me to bear on the question of the source of thich, me thattions and the efficiency of the phenomenon.

A complete differentiation in the characters 1 of

and the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed God. To the THE INCAR- philosophical Greek the mere advancing of such claim put the new religion entirely out of court. I NATION AND GREEK was with a view to bridging this gulf which separated the early Church from the intellectual standpoint of META-Greek thought that the Fourth Gospel was written, PHYSICS. and its prologue was an effort as bold as it was original to render the new gospel palatable to the intellectual mind of the Pagan world, by employing language with regard to the personality of Jesus with which every Greek was familiar, albeit in a totally different context. Thus into the idyllic story of the life and teaching of the Prophet of Nazareth was introduced a philosophic conception that had been voiced continuously in the pages of Greek philosophy and metaphysics from the days of Heracleitus to those of Philo. It is clear, then, that whatever faint justification the author of the Fourth Gospel may have wunum nis own Scriptures and sacred writers for such a concept, his main source of inspiration came from Greece and Greece alone. He comes near to borrowing the very phraseology of Heracleitus himself, who wrote that "The Logos existeth from all time, yet mankind are unaware of it, both before they hear it and while they listen to it." And where he has not borrowed from Heracleitus, he has deliberately adopted the language of Plato and of Philo, not for the purpose of expressing their philosophical standpoint, but rather to transmogrify their teaching in the interest of Christianity. We must not, then, look to find the same idea voiced by the Evangelist as was expressed by Philo, even when we find the same language. The language is, indeed, used rather as a cunning device to lure on the unsuspecting Gentile to conclusions which otherwise he would never have been prepared to contemplate. The whole conception of St. John's prologue is moral and ethical. That of Philo is metaphysical. Naturally, vicarious suffering and atonement, in its Christian sense, can have as little place in the Alexandrian's philosophy as the God "who became flesh and dwelt among us." How far we are entitled to predicate personality of Philo's Logos is, indeed, a matter in dispute, and Philo himself wavers too much in his definitions for us to be even in a position to say that he himself realized his own idea with, anything approaching full lucidity.

It is a curious point that has been drawn attention to more than once that whereas the prologue to the Gospel of St. John is a metaphysical disquisition on the Logos, this Logos, in its special theological sense, is nowhere else alluded to throughout the

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whole Gospel. This fact has inevitably been used as an argument to show that the prologue was written by a different hand. If it was written at all by the author of WERE the Gospel, it was probably written after and not PROLOGUE before the book itself, and was in the nature of a AIND GOSPEL covering letter and summary of the writer's own BY THE theological standpoint. It will be noticed that little SAME as such metaphysical subtleties find their place in the HAND? Gospel itself, the whole position of the writer is very far removed from that of the authors of the other Gospels. We have left the idyllic life of Galilee for a realm of miracle and mystery, and the Son of Man has been transformed into the Son of God. It has thus been argued that what is implicit in the Gospel is explicit in the prologue. The hiatus between the two is indeed enormous, although it is impossible to deny that this hiatus is inevitable in the very nature of things where an attempt is made at the juxtaposition of a metaphysical conception and a record of writt at least claims to be sober historical fact. It is just this consideration that suggests that after all the Prologue and Gospel may possibly be by the same hand. But the question cannot be answered with any confidence in the affirmative.

Mr. de Kerlor's quaint and old-fashioned little Club at r Piccadilly Place seems destined to become a popular resort of students of occultism. As Mr. de Kerlor observes, the aura of the THE OCCULT reading-room, with its astrologically stained glass windows and its studious atmosphere, is peculiar to itself, and the same may be said of the aura of CLUB. the Club as a whole. There is, indeed, something in the oldworld atmosphere of the premises well calculated to induce a fitting frame of mind in which to approach a study of the occult. We are taken away from the twentieth century to mediæval conceptions of life and thought, which the presence of the bustling and business-like newer world around tends to transmute into a more practical and more coldly scientific shape. Mr. de Kerlor's latest watchword is: "Every one his own Chirologist." Those who want to learn how to predict their neighbours' fortunes and their own by the "subtle device" of Palmistry are invited to interview the enterprising Proprietor of the Occult Book Store.

In reply to inquiries, I am asked to state that the *Hidden Church of the Holy Graal*, by A. E. Waite, can be obtained from rank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, London, W.C., price 7s. 6d., stage extra.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW .- ED.]

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

Sir,—In your interesting Notes of the Month you invite your readers to give any experiences they may have had in the art of Crystal-Gazing, and as I have had a little experience in the matter I will send you a brief account of a prophetic vision which occurred to a

friend of mine in my presence.

Some years ago I had a small divining crystal given me, and though I was unable to see anything in it myself (not having that phase of clairvoyance) I carried it about in my wanderings with the hope that I might find some one who possessed the gift of seeing in the crystal. Of the many people I tried, I only found three genuine seers-all three ladies, unknown to one another, and living in different parts of England. These seers knew nothing about Spiritualism and had never heard of crystal-gazing, but all three had exactly the same experiences, and with regard to two of the visions relating to myself all saw exactly the same. The one vision I consider it worth while recording happened in this wise. I was staying at a farm house in Hampshire where paying guests were received, and met there a young widow lady, a Mrs. Sand her parents, Major and Mrs. K---. One afternoon I produced my crystal and asked Mrs. S--- to look into it and see if she could descry anything uncanny. She laughed and said she did not believe in such rubbish, but took the crystal in her hands and whilst she was talking and laughing casually looked into it. Suddenly she became silent and her gaze on the crystal became fixed, then she exclaimed: "There's something moving about like wreaths of smoke or mist. What does that mean?" "It means that you have the gift of 'seeing,'" I replied, as the "clouding over" of the crystal invariably happens before a picture or vision appears. I admonished her to keep quite still and not take her eyes off the crystal, and something would appear.

After a considerable time of complete silence, she rose quickly from her chair, and laid the crystal down. She had become very pale and looked at me apprehensively. "I don't like it at all. I've seen something awful. But then there can't be anything in it. I don't believe in it." "What did you see?" I asked, and then she told me

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who hat the in wior of a room (strange to her) had appeared, and in a bed at one and lay her little son, apparently very ill. By the bedside was a hos lital nurse and a man who was evidently a doctor, and sitting near by was her mother, crying and apparently in great grief. This picture had then faded and another one appeared: a churchyard and herself standing in mourning by a little grave, on the tombstone of which was her boy's name.

I was naturally much distressed that she should have seen such an unpleasant vision and tried to persuade her that there was nothing in it and that it was all imagination. At that very moment her little boy was playing in the garden, and we could hear his merry laughter. The child continued in excellent health for weeks after, and the vision was forgotten. Then one day the child and his grandmother went to Southsea, on a visit. A few days later Mrs. S—— heard that the little boy was not very well, then next day there came a telegram urging her to come at once, as the child was dangerously ill. Mrs. S—— went with all speed, but arrived too late. The child had died just as she entered

She recognized the room as the one she had seen in the crystal and the nurse and doctor by the bedside (both strangers to her) were also the same she had seen in the vision, and there was her mother, sitting near by, weeping bitterly. This occurred about six weeks after the vision. Such a vision proves conclusively that the Future can be foreseen, and that crystal-gazing is not all hallucination or imagination. I may also state that certain visions with regard to myself have, so far, not come to pass, but they may do so yet, as such things are not bound by Time. Many years may elapse between a vision and its fulfilment. Some visions may even refer to past incarnations, or possibly a future one.

Yours sincerely,

EASTBOURNE.

REGINALD B. SPAN.

DREAMS AND THEIR UTILITY.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

SIR,—Mr. A. Leonard Summer's article in the June issue of your journal is, I think, of considerable interest. I wonder, however, whether any standard interpretation could be put on 'dreams which could be relied upon, say, up to 75 per cent.? As a reader who functions consciously out of the physical body about twice a week, I wish to differentiate between such experiences and dreams, as if you see in the more subtle world a scene or happening which you come across the next day, it follows that one has been either visiting the place astrally or has seen the thought-creation of some person or persons previous to its precipitation in physical matter. What would be of interest would be an authentic explanation as to why, say, a friendly dog when dreamt of means a male friend, and a cat an unpleasant experience with a female.

The Irish are very dogmatic in respect to these, and I have always found my fellow-countrymen correct. There is surely, in addition, an explanation as to why a relatively pleasant dream experience results in an unpleasant physical happening? It is quite possible that the dog and cat dreams are symbols created as the result of ages of thought which has long since become somewhat materialized to certain standards.

I would like to add that I consider a good many of the "dreams" which Mr. Summers mentions are simply clear physical memories of astral experiences, e.g. the lady finding the key and the barrister his cheque. I remember that while contributing a series of illustrated articles to a motor paper which was somewhat unreliable as to the dates upon which it published matter in hand, I frequently found the contents of the publication quite stale when I opened it in the morning as I had seen it while out of the body, as it was either being published or dispatched, or even while on its way to me through the mail. Further, I have frequently foretold roughly the events of a day by a similar means.

A possible explanation of Mr. Edison's "inspiration" through dreams may be found in Letters of a Living Dead Man, which I may perhaps presume so far to recommend to your readers—especially as it endorses to a great extent my own pet teaching about choosing

an incarnation.

Yours faithfully, A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

COINCIDENCE OR HUMAN TELEGRAPHY?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,-Replying to the very interesting letter by Miss Draycott in your June ssue under the above heading, I am afraid that the "coincidences" she enumerates, remarkable though they be, can only be classed as coincidence. Coincidence is often so astounding and wonderful in it's seeming significance that those unaccustomed to the experience are naturally inclined to regard it seriously; but to one like myself to whom strangely significant coincidences occur almost daily, no importance can be attached to them. I could quote thousands of such coincidences and fill a volume with instances. proving by the lack of sequel or result that these were but mere (or queer?) coincidences. Where nothing noteworthy happens resulting from or directly traceable to chance meetings such as Miss Draycott quotes, she may rest assured they were only coincidences.

I frequently experience equally strange chance meetings in a far more congested area than Calcutta-London, to wit (which Miss Draycott will admit is also an "enormous" city), where I had not visited

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much during the past three years until about two months ago, when I ran right into an old friend whom I had lost sight of for years—and in the busy Strand too. Twice within a day on one recent visit a similar coincidence has happened. I stepped from an omnibus in Ludgate Circus one morning about twelve o'clock, and came face to face with a nephew of mine, quite accidentally; and within an hour found myself lunching at the same restaurant as his father in quite a different part of the City! Strange I should meet these among all London's millions? Yes, but mere coincidence all the same.

I often pick up a directory and open it directly at the very page required. Three times within a week I opened thus that amazing book, the London Directory—in one case my finger was on the actual name I wanted. Still nothing happened, so what could it be but

coincidence?

One of the most remarkable, weird and thrilling coincidences I ever remember was experienced by one of my sisters, Mrs. —, in 1911, at Putney. Talking with a lady friend in the twilight one evening, conversation turned on a brother-in-law, who died some years previously. Suddenly the visitors' bell rang and, her maid being out, Mrs. — went to open the door. Out in the hall (not yet lighted) she met with a severe shock, which might have proved fatal, for through the stained glass she saw a face peering at her—the face of her dead brother-in-law! Utterly staggered and almost paralysed, Mrs. — returned and briefly explained what she had seen to her friend. The bell rang again, and together they summoned courage to turn up the light and open the door, when to their agreeable surprise the visitor proved to be the dead man's son, grown exactly like his father!

A. LEONARD SUMMERS.

" HILLCREST," BRIGHTON.

Ilt seems to me that Mr. Summers has hardly done justice to the most striking point in Miss Draycott's list of coincidences. The remarkable thing about these was not that in the course of ten days our correspondent met a large number of acquaintances in a great city of whose presence she was unaware, but rather that she met with a large number of people, in this city and within this period, all of whom hailed from a very small and out-of-the-way locality in the North of India, and that all these people apparently happened to be in Calcutta at the same time by what appeared on the face of it to be pure accident. Surely the mathematical odds against such a long series of coincident happenings must be enormous. I would suggest that the fact of something happening in consequence has nothing whatever to do with these being coincidences or otherwise. There may be a drawing power or mental attraction which operates in these cases, of which we know nothing. Who would suggest that a person who claimed to have seen a ghost had not seen one, because nothing happened afterwards? The proper attitude of mind would be to maintain that the person in question saw a ghost because there was a ghost there to be seen.—ED.]

MENTAL HEALING.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

'DEAR SIR,-The report of the Joint Clerical and Medical Committee on faith and mental healing is certain to arouse universal interest, for the conclusions at which this influential and representative body of men have arrived mark one more step in the progress of the science of therapeutics. Despite infallible proofs produced, the possibilities of mental healing have for many years been regarded with much distrust and scepticism, just as people looked upon electricity, wireless telegraphy, telephony, aeronautics, and even gas lighting, as things belonging to either the world of mythology or black magic. The British Medical Council now allow general practitioners to take up the study and practice of psycho-therapeutics, and the work of Dr. Ash, and many other eminent medical men, has testified to its importance. The recommendation of the Joint Clerical and Medical Committee urging clergymen and doctors "to advance knowledge in this direction" shows that tradition and prejudice is at last being broken down by irrefutable facts. I have practised psycho-therapeutics for almost a decade. It has been hard uphill work all the time, but I have been instrumental in making so many cures of functional disorders that I have lived through it all. As to these cures, I need only refer to the case of Gertrude Yates, a little nine-year-old Nunhead girl who had been afflicted with blindness from birth. She was brought to me by another patient-who holds a prominent public post in Camberwell-and I succeeded, through the medium of mental suggestion, in enabling her to see. As this cure was effected twelve months ago, and the little girl retains her sight, it will be seen that the cure is a lasting one. Many specialists have seen and interrogated this child, and I should be pleased to arrange for anybody interested to see her and see for themselves what can be done by "mental healing." Other cures that I have effected through this curative agency include another case of blindness, many cases of paralysis, and cases of rheumatoid arthritis, rheumatism, deafness, and other nervous and functional disorders.

I may add that I intend supplying the Joint Committee with all

the particulars of these cases.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, ALEX. ERSKINE.

41 GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.

[Further correspondence is unavoidably held over.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal offers considerable opportunity to those who are concerned with doctrinal and other difficulties current in the Protestant Churches. The Very Rev. H. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, writes on the Kikuyu controversy, which has presented from the beginning not only a crux but a likely pitfall for Anglican Catholicism, as by law established. It has revealed, in Dean Henson's opinion, "a startling dualism within the National Church." On the bare point of logic we are in accord with the Bishop of Oxford that the "open communion" which took place at Kikuyu, on an occasion which has become historical, is "totally subversive of Catholic order and doctrine"; but we are concerned with the issue in no other sense. Dean Henson affirms justly that the attitude of Bishop Gore would cut the last link of fellowship with "the other Protestant Churches." Logic is, however, pitiless. The Eucharist is (a) some kind of ceremonial service commemorative of the Paschal Supper which preceded the Passion of Christ, and this only, or (b) it is additionally a sacrament in which, under veils of bread and wine, Christ is communicated to the recipient—whether in virtue of transubstantiation of elements, consubstantiation, spiritual presence, or what not. Those who accept the second alternative, in one or other of its forms, cannot logically communicate with those who adhere to the first, for they are at the poles asunder as to what they are doing and sharing. This is only the beginning of the Kikuyu difficulty, out of which have emerged all the vexed questions of episcopal ordination, virgin birth, miracles and physical resurrection. On these and on other issues, Dean Henson tells us that the Protestant bodies are "much divided in opinion and exercised in mind." So far, therefore, in one department of debate. But elsewhere in The Hibbert Journal, the Rev. R. H. Coates, who is the minister of a Birmingham Baptist church, affirms that the sects and the churches are "drifting farther and farther apart" on sacramental doctrine, "over the whole subject of which nothing but confusion reigns." Yet otherwhere in the number before us, the Rev. B. H. Streeter, Fellow and Dean of Queen's College, Oxford, remarks that Athanasius won his cause against Arius, and so the Christian Creed acknowledges but one quality of Godhead. Christian "imagination," notwithstanding, has come to worship two-or the unchangeable, impassible Father side by side with that Son

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of Whom it is said, passus et sepultus est. Now, the Apostles Creed recites that "Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord . . . sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty," so that the "imagination" is orthodox doctrine. Yet this, in the view of Dean Streeter, is "Arianism, routed in the field of intellectual definition, triumphing in the more important sphere of the imaginative presentation of the object of the belief." We do not affirm or deny; but surely the "plain man," in the face of such pronouncements, must wonder what has become of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and what—in the name of all the categories—that faith ever was.

There is nothing better than The Seeker, within its modest measures. That which our admirable contemporary The Quest is on the side of intellectual learning and critical scholarship The Seeker is on the side of devotion, truly a journal of exposition and interpretation. The mind-light of the one is very beautifully and efficaciously supplemented by the spiritual illumination which shines in the pages of the other. In the hands of Mr. Wilmshurst it has been reborn rather than continued. With all our affectionate regard for the memory of its first editor, the Rev. G. W. Allen, it is instructive to compare such a posthumous article as "The Pursuit of Truth" with Mr. Wilmshurst's essay on "Mystical Experience." They are side by side, as it happens, in the present issue. The experiences in question are adumbrated only; they are modern instances, not actually recited, the design being to indicate the fact of their presence among us, with something of what it imports. Mr. Wilmshurst is saying in effect what was said in the seventeenth century by the author of A New Light of Alchemy: "Many men, both of high and low condition, in these last years past, have to my knowledge seen Diana unveiled." There is controversial matter in the article—which is written from a particular point of view but even when it spéaks somewhat from a seat of authority and seems to challenge the advancement of alternative views, the manner of expression lifts it out of the common arena of debate. Controversial too, is another excellent article, by the Rev. F. W. Orde-Ward, on "Vicars of Christ." Recognizing as we do that the principles of vicarious atonement obtain through all animate creation, we cannot be otherwise than in agreement with the rootstandpoint; but even when concurrence is fullest it is not apart from a feeling that, again, alternatives are possible and should not be ruled out of court. The pages devoted to reviews are excellent, as usual.

We must perforce be content with a mere note on Bedrock, since the last issue lies entirely outside our particular fieldsthe discussions on thought-transference, psychical research, etc., having reached their term without the personalities joined in the debate being exactly satisfied with one another or left on a common ground of agreement. That writer who veils his identity as the "Hermit of Prague" is at issue with Dr. Archdall Reid on the use of biological terms-or their root-meaning according to philology and their use in an unmeaning sense. An infinite distance of debate seems to open out from every quarter of such a subject, once granting that the question obtains at all. We can record only that the offence of Dr. Reid in the opinion of the "Hermit of Prague" is one of tinkering with abstractions, and that the class-words of biological science are devoid of fixed and definite dictionary meanings. Dr. Reid is astonished and awed at such a contention, and through many pages defends the terms, but especially their use by himself. One does not presume to decide between them; but it is a very pretty debate, the chief interest lying in the fact that it has arisen-otherwise, in the fact that it should be possible to suggest uncertainties in the word-book of biological science. It may be useful to remember this, should we happen on our own part to dispute about terms in mysticism.

Among various articles in recent issues of Light which would demand a word of reference, did opportunity offer, there is one on "Auras and their Meaning," by Dr. Elizabeth Severn, which contains a graphic account of the writer's own experience and the manner in which it arose. From the experience a theory of the subject emerges in outline, and this is put with moderation and clearness. In Dr. Severn's opinion, the aura is an "intangible emanation from the human mind or spirit"; it is self-luminous; and she has found it more apparent in the dark than in the day. This fact is unfavourable to one counter-hypothesis, advanced by Dr. Kilner, who considers that the light is reflected. We can understand that Dr. Severn regards her gifts of clear-seeing not only as of vital value in her professional career, but as a key to "the secrets of the human soul." Evidently the gifts are of no ordinary seership quality, for besides serving her in the recognized therapeutic domain, they enable her to direct earnest seekers, "struggling with unknown forces and faculties within themselves, into proper and balanced expression." On the whole, she reminds us of Novalis, the German poet and man of vision, though her

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message, for obvious reasons belonging to her professional vocation, is not in the form of verse.

Mr. B. R. Rowbotham deals with Roger Bacon in a paper which occupies the bulk of one Journal of the Alchemical Society. We have not met with a better and more informing monograph within a similar space. It is particularly useful from the bibliographical standpoint. This, as it seems to us, is the kind of work that is done excellently by the Journal and constitutes its title to existence. We feel also that if it should attempt to exceed this province, by entering paths of experiment, the result would be failure. Another issue contains Mr. Philip Sinclair Wellby's very interesting reflections on Basil Valentine, which, after enumerating various tracts attributed to this alchemist, and glancing at the question of their authenticity, proceeds to deal more specifically with the celebrated text entitled "The Triumphal Chariot of Antimony," thence passing to a consideration at large of the Hermetic Mystery on its spiritual side.

The heart goes out of necessity towards a periodical which bears such a title as *Eternal Progress*, for it should be a witness also concerning the life that is eternal. Such a periodical began to appear some time since at Chicago. It is described otherwise as a messenger of light, power and inspiration. We can appreciate the difficulty that it must experience in being always worthy of its name; but we have been drawn by two recent articles, one being on the "Woman of To-morrow," and another on the

"Supreme Ideal of a True Marriage."

It is now a good many years since that wonderful poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes called "The Chambered Nautilus" gave a title to The Nautilus Magazine, which is concerned with "selfhelp through self-knowledge." The editor is Elizabeth Towne, and the place of issue is Holyoke, Mass. It is militant on the side of "new thought," and an editorial explains that the "first church" of this particular mental cult, or whatever we may choose to term it, is the Church of Christian Science. Dr. Dresser presents us with his familiar views, written in his familiar style—quite a typical collection, making a good marriage with the rest of the contents in the particular issue before us. Whether the nautilus really outgrows his shell in the ways suggested is another question. . . . The Hindu Review of Calcutta is to some extent a review of reviews, but we have been struck by an original article on "Neo-Brahminism and the Brahminical Ideal," which institutes a parallel between the Logos of the Fourth Gospel and the Hindu conception of Divine and Eternal Law.

Another informing paper is on the Vaishnavic lyrics of Bengal, which are held to occupy an unique place in "the world of lyrical literature"... Orpheus contains an account of Duilius of Danzig, by P. W. Robertson. Mr. Clifford Bax gives a mainly metrical version of "Aucassin and Nicolette" in dramatic form. Perhaps the best thing in the number is Mr. J. Redwood Anderson's "Daughter of Dreams." Some of the lines halt confusingly, but some have a stately motion; and as anyone's vision of ideal womanhood is reflected in this daughter, we respond on our part to the poem. . . . The Spiritual Journal of Boston, though by no means a new foundation, reaches us for the first time and has given us some pleasant moments in reading. Lilian Whiting's account of the intimate friendship which grew up between Rosa Bonheur and the American artist, Miss Anna Klumpke, is told with simple directness and leaves a sense of charm in the memory. There is also a pleasant notice of E. L. Larkin, the director of Lowe Observatory, California, with autobiographical quotations. We are in cordial sympathy with the objects professed by The Spiritual Journal, being the "scientific interpretation of psychic phenomena" and the "reconciliation of spiritual and material science." One of its issues does good work in exposing once again the cruel iniquities of the traffic in furs. . . . The Message of Life is another new-comer, and again it is old as a spiritualistic periodical in New Zealand. Yet its picture-heading takes us back into memories of the past, for it is identical with that of our familiar departed friend, The Medium and Daybreak, of chequered career. In matter and tone also it recalls that periodical, and seems to show that a good deal of rough pioneering work is being done and is needed in the land to which it belongs.

There are several new issues which bear witness to activities abroad on the psychic, occult and even spiritual side of things. Flores de Loto is obviously theosophical by its title, and is distributed gratuitously in Mexico city, presumably for the good of the cause. It dwells on the symbolism of the white lotus, and we learn otherwise from its pages that the Order of the Star in the East has found a place in the disturbed republic. It is to be hoped

that it will prove a star of peace.

The International Psychic Gazette has established itself among us, and the current issue is a favourable example of its wide range of concern. The report of a lecture by Mr. Frederick Thurstan on the degrees and variations of entrancement will be read with interest, and an article on the immanence of God is suggestive and thoughtful.

REVIEWS

THREE ESSAYS ON HAECKEL AND KARMA. By Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. (Vienna), Author of "Occult Science," "The Way of Initiation," etc., etc. Authorized translation from the German. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.

In The Working of Karma, the first of the three brilliant essays in the present volume, the author urges that modern thought, based on natural science, if truly understood, leads to "the ancient teaching of the evolution of the eternal human spirit through many lives." As our previous day's work determines our next day's activities, so, says Dr. Steiner, "the environment into which a man is born in a new incarnation presents him with the products of his deeds in the form of destiny." Between body and spirit—which is eternal—stands the soul, recording the consequences of the deeds of former lives, as memory stands between today and yesterday. The deeds of past lives are held responsible for the environment into which the spirit is re-born, but as the spirit acquires knowledge "the coercion of environment grows less and less." Spiritmemory grows clearer, and from experience evolve the germs of "future faculties and gifts." The second essay deals with the arguments for and against a monistic world-conception. Goethe, in 1794, held that man contains within himself the essence of all animal types, thus foreshadowing Darwinism and the gospel according to Haeckel which gave to Darwinism its materialist interpretation. Philosophy argues that the means at the disposal of the scientist " are insufficient to establish this universal worldconception." In his third essay the author sets himself to reconcile Haeckelism with Theosophy, claiming that "the net result of Haeckel's researches constitute the first chapter of Theosophy," and that by the use of such means as serve for natural science we are enabled to nvestigate matters spiritual." But the scientist "must become a seer in order that he may observe what is spiritual in man." For, as Sir Oliver Lodge has proclaimed, "Emotion, and Intuition, and Instinct, are immensely older than Science."

EDITH K. HARPER.

DNE YEAR IN SPIRITLAND: Letters from Florence to her Mother, and My First Work in Shadowland. By "Marguerite." London: Messrs Gay & Bird, 13 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 1s. 6d. net each.

THESE two little volumes consist of letters received in automatic writing by a mother from her daughter, Florence, a young girl who passed away from the earth-life at the age of fifteen. After twelve months the mother discovered her faculty for receiving psychic communications in writing, and the great comfort she derived in this way will no doubt be appreciated by many mourners who are earnestly seeking to get into personal touch

with their departed friends. Automatic writing is one of the simplest forms of mediumship, but like all other gifts it must be used with discrimination and care. These letters are just what one would imagine a young girl writing to a beloved mother, and are full of detail as to her surroundings and occupations in "Spirit Land." In the sequel Florence narrates her ministry among the "spirits in prison." The value of these communications for the reader will be in exact proportion to the latter's power of coming into rapport with vibrations of sympathy and love.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE GREAT MOTHER. A Gospel of the Eternally-Feminine. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard, with chapters by Eugenie R. Elischu, M.D.; Wm. F. Fraetas; and Grace Gallatin Seaton. New York: The Inner Life Publishing Co., 124 West 124 Street. Price \$2.50.

As understood by the author of this treatise, it is not the feminine side of the manifested Deity, but that Presence, immanent in Nature, which is personified as the Great Mother. Mr. Bjerregaard's book is a book of Nature Mysticism, his symposium falling under three headings: the Nature Mystery; the Art Mystery; and the Religious Mystery of the

Great Mother respectively.

The worship of the Divine Feminine is part and parcel of the religious life of a large proportion of the Orient, but to the Occident the idea is alien; and it is with difficulty that the mind and heart are attuned to catch the music of this, perhaps the most beautiful of religious conceptions. Dealing with the religious aspect of the subject, Mr. Bjerregaard quotes Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, well known to many as a cultured exponent of Hindu thought, and one of the few authors who have been successful in expressing themselves on the subject in such a way as to win the sympathetic hearing of Western readers. "Are we," he asks, "to look upon Nature as a delusion, and a snare? Or must we look upon her face with wondering eyes, full of the light of love and trust, as the child looks upon the face of its mother for the first smile of imperishable love and the first lesson of unerring wisdom? . . . To us Eastern men the mystic ministry of the Mother continues. She is still the oracle that often resolves the perplexities of faith and conduct. . . . Every seeker after God must retire at times into solitude within Nature's sanctuaries, that the Spirit of God may there speak to him."

Allowance being made for the author's style, which at times is calculated to alienate the more critically-minded, the mystic to whom tha immanent Presence is a reality, will find a wealth of inspiration scattered

throughout the work.

J. H. S.

THE MENDING OF LIFE. By Richard Rolle of Hampole. London: H. R. Allenson, Limited, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

This edition of this fifteenth century spiritual exercise, an anonymous version from the *De Emendatione Vitæ* of Richard Rolle of Hampole has been edited and done into modern English, with introduction and notes, by the Rev. Dundas Harford, M.A., Vicar of Emmanuel, West End.

Hampstead, who is also the Editor of Lady Julian's beautiful book Confortable Words for Christ's Lovers. The Mending of Life, in this present form, is, for the first time, a modernized edition, and it seems to us that Mr. Harford has completely caught the spirit of the work. It is an extraordinary fact that the sweetness and light of the little work should have been for so long hidden; and we, who still feel that to fully live is to rest in the old master minds of contemplation, are grateful for the resuscitation.

X.

ONAL HYPNOTISM. By J. Louis Orton. London: National Institute of Sciences, 258 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E. Price 6s. net.

RATIONAL, as applied to the study of hypnotism, sounds, at first, a paradox, for the hypnotic may be said to belong to a sphere other than the normal -the rational. Having so premised, we now say, at once, that the using of the word, like the use of the opposites "Natural" and "Spiritual," in the title of Drummond's great work, The Natural Law in the Spiritual World, is justified in its deeper application and meaning, by the value of the work under consideration. The work is vastly interesting, and of great value to those who are particularly concerned. There is to be found in the book a large amount of well reasoned thought. The reader's attention is caught quickly by "The Position"-which comprises a well expressed Introduction, a really most valuable Historical Retrospect, and a concluding chapter on "Weeding." There are six Books: The Position; Stepping Stones; The Nature of Hypnotism; More Hypnotic Facts and Hints; Hypnotism and Education; Fancies and Facts. All of these are excellently treated. In fact, the work is not only well planned, but very carefully written. Mr. Orton is quite convincing in his conclusions, which he supports strongly with evidence obviously authoritative. Moreover, there is a restraint in the writing which is exceedingly effective, and which bespeaks a thinker, as well as a scientist, rather than a supercial observer. We are of opinion that the section devoted to Hypnotism nd Education is a most important contribution to the literature of ypnotism, and entirely justifies the word rational. It should be read ad pondered by all educational authorities. The work is full of suggestion.

OVE AND SERVICE. By L. A. Bosman. London: The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, Clapton, N.E. Price: paper, 6d.; cloth gilt, 1s.

This dainty vest-pocket booklet, a collection of fragments of varying beauty, jotted down by the author from time to time "as events in the outer world stirred them into being," should prove a delightful companion for the Pilgrim whose feet are set on the Path of Love. Next to the opening essay on the love of the Great Mother, which for its beauty we are personally disposed to prize most of all, the dainty little allegory with which the volume concludes makes the deepest appeal. The Strange Plant in the Wilderness is a beautifully symbolic representation of the ultimate unity of the three aspects of the Divine. But it is not so much to the head as to the heart that the author's message is addressed. From

the little pages of this booklet the pilgrim of Love should be able to inhale many a fragrant perfume to cheer him on his Way. H. J. S.

KNOWLEDGE IS THE DOOR. An Introduction to the Science of Selfconscious Existence as presented by Dr. James Porter Mills. Condensed and adapted from his book by C. F. S. Pp. 77. London: A. C. Fifield. Price 1s. net.

Although this little book is really only an introduction, it is very compact and contains much thoughtful and valuable advice. To those who alr have some acquaintance with psycho-therapy, there is nothing start new in it, but, after all, truth only gains by repetition, and no doubt there are many to whom these ideas will come as a really helpful and stimulating revelation. There is a good deal of Christian Science scattered through its pages, though not of the most "extreme" kind. The two last chapters—on "The Way into the Silence" and "Meditation"—are among the best, and a good deal of the book's teaching is summed up in the closing words: "To learn to meditate effectively is to come into possession of the pearl of great price, for in spiritual meditation the mind actually comes in contact with its Cause." E. M. M.

ON SPIRITISM, i.e. HYPNOTIC TELEPATHY AND PHANTASMS—THEIR DANGER. By the Hon. J. W. Harris. London: Francis Grif-1913. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE author of this work conceives it to be his duty to make known to the public his conviction that he has been for years the victim of hypnotic influence, and that he is "the one living and outspoken victim of modern sorcery out of five Englishmen, three of whom . . . are dead." He considers hypnotism the rational explanation of so-called psychic phenomena, and declares that "from hypnotism, hypnotic speech, thought-transfer, and automatic writing proceed." He is quite certain that Messrs. Everare Fielding and Hereward Carrington were hypnotized by Eusapia Pallading and even goes so far as to say that "spiritistic séances . . . should be deprecated by all decent people."

One can but condole with the author on the unfortunate results of l psychic investigations, though he gives us in this volume no details of t

séances which have led him to form such a hostile conclusion.

That the investigation of Spiritualistic phenomena has its dangers and drawbacks for many persons cannot be denied; indeed, this is an axiom that should be much more widely proclaimed than it is. In his book Real Ghost Stories, Mr. Stead wrote very emphatically that "as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experiments in hypnotism, spiritualism, etc., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit and by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided."

The author expresses his thanks to Dr. Hollander, M.D., an authority of the first class on the Brain and Hypnotism; also to Dr. Albert Wilson M.D. (Gold Medal), for having read his work in MSS. EDITH K. HARPER.

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER. NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE relationship between the authors of The Perfect Way and the founders of the Theosophical Society in the days of its infancy affords matter of no little interest. The basic idea of the Theosophical Society, viz. the harmonizing of the esoteric side of all religions, naturally suggested to the promoters of the movement that in the authors of so remarkable a work, they would find a tower of strength, and Madame Blavatsky, in particular, was most anxious to obtain their support and co-operation for the British section of the Society. Eventually, after considerable

hesitation, Anna Kingsford responded to the advances made to her, and accepted the presidency of the " THE British section. But the arrangement was not one PERFECT which was destined to last long. That it was not WAY" AND likely to be a success might, I think, have been THE THEOreadily enough foreseen. Anna Kingsford and SOPHICAL Edward Maitland were too uncompromising in SOCIETY. their point of view-too positive that the source of their own

information could not be impugned, to accept readily the bona fides of other and, as they considered, lower oracles. however, was by no means all. The attitude of Theosophy in its early days towards Christianity was in the main hostile. To make the esoteric interpretation of this creed the pivot of their teaching was the last idea they contemplated. Madame Blavatsky had attacked Christianity in Isis Unveiled. Sinnett was equally unsympathetic. The basis of their actual teaching was an interpretation of Eastern religions, whereas the basis of The Perfect Way was an interpretation of Western. Anna Kingsford was just as unhesitating in giving her preference to Christianity as the leaders of Theosophy were in according theirs to Buddhism, Hinduism, and kindred Oriental philosophies. Mrs. Besant's attitude when she joined the Society showed similar preferences. Her early experiences of orthodox Christianity were not such as to bias her in its favour, and it EASTERN was not until later days that she assumed the mantle AND of the prophet of The Perfect Way, and openly WESTERN recognized the importance of the esoteric side of TEACHING. Christianity to complete the circle of theosophical teachings. As has already been intimated in this magazine, the views with which Theosophy commenced have in the course of time been materially modified, and a curious sidelight is thrown. by a letter of Anna Kingsford's, on a subject that has been discussed from various points of view in these columns-the question whether the leaders of this Society had originally adopted the reincarnation hypothesis, or whether this was in the nature of a subsequent development. Mrs. Kingsford writes under date July 3, 1882, to her friend Lady Caithness, alluding to the reception of The Perfect Way by the Press-

After all this reviewing and fault-finding on the part of critics having but a third of the knowledge which has been given to us, there is not a line in *The Perfect Way* which I would alter were the book to be reprinted. The very reviewer—Mr. Sinnett—who writes with so much pseudo-authority in the *Theosophist*, has, within a year's time, completely altered his views on at least one important subject—I mean reincarnation. When he came to see us a year ago in London, he vehemently denied that doctrine, and asserted, with immense conviction, that I had been altogether deceived in my teaching concerning it. He read a passage from *Isis Unveiled* to confute me, and argued long on the subject. He had not then received any instruction from his Hindu guru about it. Now, he has been so instructed, and wrote Mr. Maitland a long letter acknowledging the truth of the doctrine which, since seeing us, he has been taught. But he does not yet know all the truth concerning it, and so finds fault with our presentation of that side of it which, as yet, he has not been taught.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

Presumably in this matter Mr. Sinnett reflected Madame Blavatsky's views, and the fact that he cites Isis Unveiled seems to me to leave little doubt in the matter. Surely if he had misunderstood her, H. P. B. would have taken pains to put him right! I think that the date given will fix approximately the REINCARNA- period at which official Theosophy was openly converted to the doctrine of Reincarnation. Until TION AND that time, if it was not uniformly denied, at least THEOSOPHY. there were wide diversities of opinion, and apparently its opponents mustered more strongly than its supporters. Eventually Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland founded between them the Hermetic Society. This was not destined to a long lease of life, mainly owing to the breakdown of Anna Kingsford's health. But while Theosophy showed the greater vitality, in spite of scandals and discords which might well have shattered it to its base, the teachings of the authors of The Perfect Way exercised a profound influence in leavening the mass of Theosophical teaching. Though possessing no little dogmatism in her own intellectual organization, Anna Kingsford had no great liking for any form of society that taught dogmatically, her idea being that every one must necessarily find out the truth for themselves and realize it spiritually from their own individual standpoint. Theosophy was altogether too dogmatic for her, without being dogmatic on her own lines. She was readier to admit the existence of the Mahatmas than to grant the inspired source of their communications. In any case she looked upon their teaching as of a radically lower order than her own, and reflecting those vices and defects which she and Maitland were wont to associate with the denizens of the astral plane. On the subject of communications with such entities, or with those whom she suspected of belonging by nature to this region, she was never tired of inveighing.

The secret (she says) of the opposition made in certain circles to the doctrine set forth in *The Perfect Way* is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fact that the book is, throughout, strenuously opposed to idolatry in all its forms, including that of the popular "spiritualism" of the day, which is, in effect, a revival, under a new guise and with new sanctions, of the ancient cultus known as Ancestor-worship. *The Perfect*

DANGERS
OF THE own soul; and that precisely in proportion as the individual declines such interior illumination, and seeks to extraneous influences, does he impoverish his own soul and diminish his possibilities of knowledge. It teaches that "Angels," as their devotees are fond of styling them, are

untrustworthy guides, possessed of no positive divine element, and reflecting, therefore, rather than instructing, their interrogators; and that the condition of mind, namely, passivity, insisted on by these "angels" is one to be strenuously avoided, the true attitude for obtaining divine illumination being that of ardent active aspiration, impelled by a resolute determination to know nothing but the Highest. Precisely such a state of passivity, voluntarily induced, and such veneration of and reliance upon "guides" or "controls," are referred to by the Apostle when he says: "But let no man beguile you by a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels." And precisely such exaltation of the personal Jesus, as *The Perject Way* repudiates and its opponents demand, is by the same Apostle condemned in the words: "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."

Accordingly, as Maitland and Kingsford fell foul of the Theosophical Society on the one hand, they fell foul of the Spiritualists on the other. But the cleavage between Spiritualism and the teaching of The Perfect Way was far deeper than that between this teaching and Theosophy. With Theosophy indeed, in its broadest sense, there was nothing in Kingsford and Maitland's teaching that was radically antagonistic. The Perfect Way might in fact be accepted to-day, with some reservations on minor points, as a theosophical text-book, and, looked at from this point of view, it is the fullest, the most complete, and the most coherent exposition of Christianity as seen through theosophical spectacles. Anna Kingsford had indeed herself been received

was anna kingsford certainly Roman Catholicism never had a more rebellious or more independent subject. On the doctrine of authority she would never have made concessions, and, without this admission, one fails to see what status the Roman Church can be held to occupy. It is indeed a case of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Her leanings, however, towards the ancient mother of Christian churches was, even in its modified form, gall and wormwood to her partner and collaborator, and in the end it brought about some very unhappy and regrettable scenes in connection with her last hours, and a dispute as to the faith in which she died, which must have been exceedingly painful to all concerned.

Perhaps in no single point does Roman Catholicism present a worse and more undesirable aspect than in the manner in which its missionaries besiege the last hours of the passing soul in the effort to induce its victims, when too weak for resistance, to say "ditto" to the formulæ which their priests pretend to regard as constituting a password to the celestial realms. Certainly, in

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Anna Kingsford's case, the admission of a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy to tend her in her last illness was productive of the worst results, troubling her last hours with an unseemly wrangle that did not cease even after her body was consigned to its last

resting place.

A sidelight is thrown on Mrs. Kingsford's attitude towards Roman Catholicism by the record of a conversation which her biographer cites her as having had on one occasion with a Roman Catholic priest. She was calling on a Catholic friend on the occasion, and speaking as usual in her very free and selfconfident manner with regard to the religious views which she held. Some remark which she made elicited from the priest the rebuke, "Why, my daughter, you have been thinking. You should never do that. The Church saves us the trouble and danger of thinking, by telling us what to believe. We are only called on to believe. I never think: I dare not. I should go mad if I were to let myself think." Anna Kingsford replied that what she wanted was to understand, and that it was impossible to do this without thinking. Believing without understanding was for her not faith but credulity. "How, except by thinking," she asked, "does one learn whether the Church has the truth?"

When the Hermetic Society was founded, W. T. Stead was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mrs. Kingsford wrote for him an account of the new Society. Stead, with his usual taste

for dramatic headlines, entitled it "The Newest Thing in Religions." This was the very last de-"THE WAY "NOT Appendix of the very last de-Anna Kingsford wrote back an indignant letter of A NEW repudiation. "So far," she says, "from being the newest thing in religions, or even claiming to be RELIGION. a religion at all, that at which the Society aims is the recovery of what is really the oldest thing in religion, so old as to have become forgotten and lost-namely, its esoteric and spiritual, and therefore its true signification." Elsewhere she writes of The Perfect Way as not purporting to be a new gospel. "Its mission," she says, " is that simply of rehabilitation and re-interpretation undertaken with a view, not of superseding Christianity, but of saving it." She continues-

For, as the deepest and most earnest thinkers of our day are painfully aware, the Gospel of Christendom, as it stands in the Four Evangels, does not suffice, uninterpreted, to satisfy the needs of the age, and to furnish a perfect system of thought and rule of life. Christianity—historically preached and understood—has for eighteen centuries filled the

world with wars, persecutions, and miseries of all kinds; and in these days it is rapidly filling it with agnosticism, atheism and revolt against the very idea of God. The Perfect Way seeks to consolidate truth in one complete whole, and, by systematizing religion, to demonstrate its Catholicity. It seeks to make peace between Science and Faith; to marry the Intellect with the Intuition; to bring together East and West, and to unite Buddhist philosophy with Christian love, by demonstrating that the basis of religion is not historical, but spiritual-not physical, but psychic-not local and temporal, but universal and eternal. It avers that the true "Lord Jesus Christ" is no mere historical character, no mere demi-god, by whose material blood the souls of men are washed white, but "the hidden man of the heart" continually born, crucified, ascending and glorified in the interior Kingdom of the Christian's own Spirit. scientific age rightly refuses to be any longer put off with data which are more than dubious, and logic which morality and philosophy alike reject. A deeper, truer, more real religion is needed for an epoch of thought, and for a world familiar with Biblical criticism and revision—a religion whose foundations no destructive agnosticism can undermine, and in whose structure no examination, however searching, shall be able to find flaw or blemish. It is only by rescuing the Gospel of Christ from the externals of history, persons, and events, and by vindicating its essential significance, that Christianity can be saved from the destruction which inevitably overtakes all idolatrous creeds. There is not a word in The Perfect Way at variance with the spirit of the Gospel of the "Lord Jesus Christ."

Nothing shows the method adopted in their Gospel of Interpretation by the two authors more clearly than their teaching with regard to the story of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man. It is curious how literally this story has been taken through many ages of the Church's history, in view of the fact that such a writer as Origen in the early days of the infant Church observed that: "No one in his time would be so foolish as to take this allegory as a description of actual fact." Kingsford and Maitland refer the interpretation firstly to the Church, and secondly to individual man. "The conscience," they say, "set over the human reason as its guide, overseer and ruler, whether, in the general, as the Church, or in the particular, as the individual, falls, when, listening to the suggestions of the lower nature, she desires,

HERMETIC FALL OF MAN.

seeks, and at length defiles herself with, the ambitions and falsehoods of this present world." MEANING "Ceasing to be a trustworthy guide she becomes herself serpent and seducer to the human reason, leading him into false paths until, if she have her way, she will end by plunging him into the lowest

depths of abject ignorance, there to be devoured by the brood of unreason and to be annihilated for ever. For she is now no longer the true wife, Faith, she has become the wanton, Super-

'stition." On the other hand, "the Church at her best, unfallen, is the glass to the lamp of Truth, guarding the sacred flame within and transmitting unimpaired to her children the light received upon its inner surface." Hitherto this fall has been the common fate of all Churches. "Thus fallen and degraded, the Church becomes a church of this world, greedy of worldly dignities, emoluments, and dominion, intent on foisting on the belief of her votaries in the name of authority fables and worse than fables—a Church jealous of the letter which killeth, ignorant of, or bitterly at enmity with, the spirit which giveth life.'

We now come to the interpretation of the Fall as applied to individual Man. This is allegorically described as "the lapse of heavenly beings from their first happy estate and their final redemption by means of penance done through incarnation in the flesh." The authors tell us that this imagined lapse is a parable designed to veil and preserve a truth. This truth is the Creative Secret, the projection of Spirit into matter, the descent of substance into Maya, or illusion. From a cosmic standpoint "the Tree of Divination or Knowledge becomes Motion or the Kalpa—the period of Existence as distinguished from Being; the Tree of Life is Rest or the Sabbath, the Nirvâna. Adam is Manifestation; the Serpent—no longer of the lower, but of the higher sphere—is the celestial Serpent or Seraph of Heavenly Counsel." By the Tree of Divination of Good and Evil in this interpretation must be understood that condition by means of which Spirit projected into appearance becomes manifested under the veil of Maya, a necessary condition for the evolution of the individual, but carrying with it its own inevitable perils. It is not, say our authors, because matter is in itself evil that the soul's descent into it constitutes a fall. It is because to the soul matter is a forbidden thing. By quitting her own proper condition and descending into matter she takes upon herself matter's limitations. It is no particular act that constitutes sin. Sin does not consist in fulfilling any of the functions of nature. Sin consists in acting without or against the Spirit, and in not seeking the divine sanction for everything that is done. Sin, in fact, is of the soul, and it is due to the soul's inclination to the things of sense. To regard an act as per se sinful is material-'ism and idolatry. For in doing so we invest that which is physical with a spiritual attribute, and this is of the essence of idolatry.

Adam signifies the manifested personality, or man, and is only complete when Eve, his soul, is added to him as helpmeet. When Eve takes of the fruit and enjoys it, she turns away from? her higher spiritual self to seek for pleasure in the things of her lower self, and in doing so she draws Adam down with her till they both become sensual and debased. The sin which commences in the thought of the soul, Eve, thus becomes subsequently developed into action through the energy of the body or masculine part, Adam. One of the inevitable results of the soul's enslavement to matter is its liability to extinction. eating of the fruit Adam and Eve absorb the seeds of mortality. As Milton says-

They engorged without restraint, And knew not, eating Death.

The soul in her own nature is immortal, but the lower she sinks into matter the weaker becomes her vitality. A continuous downward course must therefore end in the extinction of the individual-not of course of the Divine Ray, which returns to the Source whence it came. It is well to bear in mind.

that man is a dual being, not masculine or feminine only, but both. This, of course, applies equally MAN A to man whether manifested in a male or female DUAL body. One side is more predominant in man and BEING. the other in woman, but this does not imply absence of the other side, but merely its subordination. The man who has nothing, or next to nothing, of the woman in him, is no true man, and the woman who has nothing of the man in her, is no true woman. Man, whether man or woman, consists of male and female, Reason and Intuition, and is therefore essentially a twofold being Owing to the duality of his constitution, every doctrine relating to man has a dual significance and application. Thus the sacred books not only present an historical narration of events occurring in time, but have a spiritual significance of a permanent character in regard to which the element of time has no meaning. In this sense Scripture is a record of that which is always taking place.

Thus, the Spirit of God, which is original Life, is always moving upon the face of the waters, or heavenly deep, which is original Substance. And the One, which consists of these two, is always putting forth alike the Macrocosm of the universe and the Microcosm of the individual, and is always making man in the image of God, and placing him in a garden of innocence and perfection, the garden of his own unsophisticated nature. And man is always falling away from that image and quitting that garden for the wilderness of sin, being tempted by the serpent of sense, his own lower element. And from this condition and its consequences he is always being born of a pure virgin-dying, rising and ascending into heaven.

in the dream, the cablegram announcing the first death at Melbourne arrived, at 11.15 a.m. I had not known of my brother's illness, and he himself had expected to recover, and the doctors also expected recovery, as I afterwards ascertained.

Exactly sixteen weeks later a bluish envelope (Denver post-mark) arrived, announcing the other brother's death three weeks previously, i.e. thirteen weeks after the first. This brother had been taken suddenly ill in the Rocky Mountains, and was received into Denver Hospital, where he died a few hours after an operation. The illness was acute, only lasting a short time.

This dream or vision shows that those out of the body are still living on some sphere, wherever that may be; otherwise they could not so truthfully warn us. I have the cablegram, which I have kept, so there is no doubt about it, and I have also witnesses of the fact of my vision, because

I told it to them at breakfast on the Friday morning.

'I am, yours truly,
M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.

I have a matter of some importance to communicate to my readers in the present issue. It has reference to a book to which allusion has been made more than once in this magazine, and which has excited a very widespread interest amongst those interested in Occultism and psychic phenomena—Letters from a Living-Dead Man.* The veil of anonymity has been withdrawn from the name of the communicant of these letters, and I am now free to make a frank statement with regard to his identity.

Not only am I in a position to do this, but I have before me a communication from his son stating that he has satisfied himself, after very mature and careful consideration, that the letters in question actually emanate from his father. I have already alluded to the inspirer of these letters as a "well-known American lawyer who was also an author and a profound student of philosophy." I may now say that the person in question was Judge David P. Hatch, who was born in Dresden, Me., on November 22, 1846, and died in Los Angeles, Cal., on February 21, 1912.

Judge Hatch was one of that class of self-made men which have made America what it is. He belonged to a family in very humble circumstances in life, but had the rare advantage of being brought up by a mother of great ability and high courage, to whom he owed his early education and a sympathy for which ever after he looked back with a sense of deep gratitude. As a youth he made friends with the Indians, and spent several months every year hunting and trapping with them. There was a natural

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d. net. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This, in brief, is one of the most essential portions of the new Gospel of Interpretation. It exemplifies the method adopted throughout which is that to which we are accustomed to apply OLD TRUTHS the word "Hermetic." It is both Christian and IN A NEW pre-Christian, for it is the interpretation of the meaning of life, which was the Key to the ancient GUISE. Gnostic faiths which, subsisting before Christianity, became incorporated in the Christian teaching. New generations and races of men require the old truths to be put before them in a new guise. This was so when Christianity first came to birth, but in the days of Jesus Christ there were many things which the Prophet of Nazareth had to say to his disciples, but which, as he told them, they were then too weak to understand. The mystical interpretation of Christian truth fell on deaf ears then. Re-stated and re-interpreted, after a lapse of 1900 years, is it too much to hope that it may no longer prove to be "to the Gentiles foolishness, and to the Jews a rock of offence?"

The question as to whether the future can be actually foreseen or whether it is merely a case of an anticipation of probabilities, and the bearing of the conclusion arrived at on the question of fate *versus* freewill, is one which is frequently enough discussed.

CAN THE FUTURE BE Clairvoyant prediction is given in Popular Science Siftings by a doctor who signs himself M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S. The Editor puts a footnote to the effect is well known to himself. Controverting the statement of a correspondent of materialistic leanings, the doctor writes as follows:—

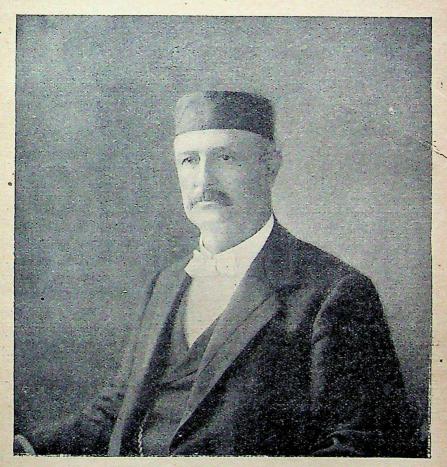
DEAR SIR,—In his answer to "Alpha" (No. 1,183, P.S.S.) Mr. Combes says, "Supposing a man can draw pictures in his brain of a life after death, he cannot claim to go further than the grave." It is not at no communication can be given to us by those who have passed out of this life, he is most distinctly in error, as the late Professor F. W. H. Myers very clearly proves it also, and I may say I could give many other instances equally, if not more, convincing in my own experience.

When asleep, one Friday morning, about 6 a.m., I saw my mother, who had passed away about four years. She held up a cablegram announcing the forthcoming death of a brother in Melbourne, and told me not to worry, as it was all for the best. She also showed a blue envelope (announcing the death of another brother in three months' time). On the following Saturday, as I stood on the very spot where I saw my mother

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vein of sympathy in him which even in his early youth made him the friend of every man, and made every man his friend. Having decided on a professional career he went to Chicago, where he matriculated in the Chicago university. While there he earned sufficient money by teaching to pay for his education, and eventually was elected to fill the Chair of Logic and Mathematics in that university. While occupying this chair he found



JUDGE DAVID P. HATCH.

it possible to devote time enough to the study of Law to qualify for his chosen vocation.

Mr. Hatch married Miss Ida Stilphen, of Dresden, and shortly afterwards moved with his bride to Ottertail County, Minnesota, where he received an appointment as district attorney. Subsequently he moved again to Santa Barbara, Cal., in the year 1875,

where he was elected to the bench of the Superior Court. Later on he took up the business of a corporation lawyer, representing the Trans-continental Railroads and many of the largest financial institutions on the Pacific coast. Judge Hatch moved to Los Angeles in 1884. He took a prominent part in Republican politics and was also well known in Masonic circles. Late in life he became interested in Hermetic philosophy, and was responsible for the publication of various books dealing with these and kindred subjects. Judge Hatch left two sons and a daughter—David P. Hatch, an attorney of Los Angeles, and Bruce Hatch, consulting engineer, now in New York. It is to the latter of these that we owe the statement which appeared first in the American World Magazine, expressing his conviction that the Letters from a Living-Dead Man were undoubtedly genuine communications from his father's spirit.

I am compelled (he writes) to believe this is 'my' father's work. I was sceptical at first. When I began to read the letters I was still unconvinced, and I shrank from the thought of my father's name being definitely connected with them. But the more I read, the more they sounded like father, not philosophizing but actually telling of his life beyond the grave. I am not a spiritualist, nor a theosophist. I do not believe, and neither did

my father, in accepting anything as truth unless there is ample evidence to support it. But, overwhelming as the thought is, I cannot escape the conclusion that my father did dictate these letters and that they tell of his actual adventures in another world.

On February 23, 1912, I received a delayed telegram in New York telling me of father's death. The thought struck me at the time that, if anyone could return from the life beyond, my father could. I talked it over with a friend that day—a man in whom my father had the greatest confidence. The result of it was that he and another friend and Mrs. Hatch and I agreed to hold ourselves in a receptive condition every night, so that if father should be able to return he could communicate with any one of us.

At my friend's suggestion we decided to include one other person in the agreement. This was Elsa Barker. She was in Paris at the time, and we decided to ask her co-operation by mail. None of us had any positive conviction that a message would come—we just wished to make it as easy as possible.

I have not met Mrs. Barker, although I knew she was a great friend of my father, and a student of my father's books. As far as I know she is the only one of the five who has ever received a communication. The first message came to her a few days before she learned through the mail that my father was dead.

I am reproducing here a portrait of the late Judge Hatch. which I am sure my readers will be interested to see.

In Old Moore's Monthly Messenger there appears a figure for the horoscope of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the late heir presumptive to the Austrian throne. It is a pity that astrologers have not more of the enterprising journalistic instinct which would enable them to obtain the data for such figures before the catastrophe occurs. The danger of a violent death in this case, and, above all things, the fact that the Archduke was not destined to inherit the Imperial Crown, is most clearly indicated.

Though the Sun and Mercury are rising together in the sign Sagittary, the former has the opposition ARCHDUKE of Uranus from the 7th house and Saturn is exactly FRANZ culminating in the sign Libra. The Moon is con-FERDINAND. joined with Neptune in the 3rd house, and Mars is on the cusp of the 12th, the house, of secret enemies. Venus is attended by Jupiter close to the cusp of the 11th house, the house of friends, indicative of the powerful influences that were always exerted in the Archduke's favour during his lifetime. The ascendant is 10 degrees of Sagittary, and Uranus is in 22°57' of the opposite sign. Saturn, it will be observed, had been transiting the descendant and the place of Uranus for some considerable period prior to the assassination. The fate of the Archduke was only what might have been expected from these tragic and sinister positions. The date given, which is, I understand, perfectly authentic, coming as it does from a high Austrian official source, is December 18, 1863, 7.15 p.m., at Graz.

With reference to the review of the book entitled *Spiritual Healing* which appears in the preceding issue of this magazine, Mr. Redgrove, the reviewer, desires me to state that the word "realize" (sixth line from bottom) should read "believe."

THE MYSTICISM OF SCHELLING

BY CLARE ELIOT

SCHELLING was born at Leonberg, Würtemberg, in 1775. He began his career as a teacher of philosophy at the University of Jena as a successor of Fichte, and had several subsequent posts at academies and universities. Finally Frederick William IV, hearing that Schelling had at last discovered the positive philosophy which had been promised for so long, summoned him to Berlin.

He died in Switzerland in 1854.

Schelling was an extraordinarily active thinker and writer, and had a great effect on the rather chaotic thought of the day. Every one is familiar with Hegel's saying that Schelling "carried on his philosophical education before the public, and signalized each fresh stage of his advance by a new treatise." This is essentially true, but it perhaps suggests a lack of continuity with which it is rather unfair to charge Schelling. There is continual change in his philosophy, but it is far more the development that is brought about by new discoveries than the change of a fickle mind. His works fall into three distinct periods.

During the first period of "Storm and Stress" he followed Fichte in his theory that the "Ego" is the supreme principle of philosophy. He refused to admit the reality of any Supreme Being other than the moral order of the world. This moral order is revealed to man as the idea, a moral perfection to which he can only approximate, but which should be the aim of all his efforts.

During his second period Schelling develops his "Philosophy of Identity." He was then under the influence of Boehme and The system is complicated. Its main value consists in the way he emphasized the truth that the universe is not a dead inanimate product but a living process, in which intelligence creates, and is conscious of itself creating. On the other hand, he really tries to combine two opposite principles, and fails to draw a clear line between knowable reality and the philosophy of the individual mind. Nature when separated from intelligence at once lapses back into Kant's "thing in itself," and all Schelling's subsequent efforts to get back from this only complicate things still further. Finally he attempted to weld the two principles together by the poetic faculty, and this led him to the door of mysticism. In this last, the crowning stage, he attempted to prove the personality of God. He could never describe to himself the absolute, save in the most formal way, and he could never

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quite determine how the finite rose out of the dark background of the Infinite. Thus it will be seen that there is no real break in the thread of his philosophy. Of course in the first period he did deny what he calls an "objective God," which Mathew Arnold described as a "magnified and non-natural man in the next street," but the idea of moral perfection contains at least the germ of the idea of the glory of God, and the later development is quite a consecutive one.

Now through all ages mystics seem to have retained the poetry and heart of religion and combated the dryness and formalism of the schoolmen. All that we are really in a position to say concerning spiritual religion is negative; and the mystics are always trying to solve those questions which we all equally admit to be important. No doubt rationalism overrates reason, just as formalism does action, and mysticism feeling. Thus mysticism is the romance of religion. It has commanded the strongest as well as the feeblest of intellects. The necessity for it comes partly from weariness, from a yearning for inaccessible rest. We notice too that every people has embellished some hidden spot in the world, whether the name be Eden, Tempe, or Avalon, and what places like these have been to the popular mind, the attainment of ecstasy is to the mystic.

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There is a curious identity in the upward progress of all the mystics. They all seem to go through three stages—the initiation, the ascent and the consummation in self-loss. The first stage is fraught with terror. Sometimes it is the pains of asceticism, and sometimes the phantoms of his brain that alarm the mystic, but if he can win through these, he will be rewarded by an occasional flash beyond the reach of ordinary man, and eventually reach that final stage when he loses himself in the Divine dark when he escapes from everything definite into the Infinite Fullness.

Before we consider Schelling's mysticism further, we should perhaps do well to determine what kind of a mystic he was. The first division of mystics seems to be to divide them into three kinds: the theopathetic, the theosophic, and theurgic. The theopathetic mystic may be either transitive or intransitive. It is that mysticism which resigns itself more or less passively to a divine manifestation, and either the mystic may regard himself as a mirror in which Divinity "glasses" Himself, or as an inspired instrument driven by a Divine Spirit. Thus, on the one hand, we have St. Bernard and the Quietists, and on the other the Pythoness on her tripod, and the Sibyl in her cave.

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The word Theosophy was first employed by the School of Porphyry, but the Germans only call mysticism theosophy when it applies to natural science. This would imply that there was not theosophy in Europe until after the Reformation. The theosophists, or mystical philosophers, to whom we shall return in a moment, maintained that all truth was stored in the recesses of man's own mind, that man is a microcosm of the macrocosm of the world—their motto was "Look into thyself." Theurgic is applied to that mysticism which claims supernatural powers. These mystics performed white magic by the help of talismans, and would now ordinarily be termed "Occultists."

Schelling was a theosophic mystic, but he did not fall into the error many of these succumbed to, of imagining that the full powers of the intellect were not required to realize the Ego. He interpreted nature by the inward revelation of intellectual intuition. This philosophy was a sort of reaction. Reason and the intellect had been strained too far in trying to explain ultimate realities which they never could unravel. They failed, and Schelling therefore sought to supplement their efforts by intuition. He tried to explain in the language of reason such truths of Revelation as that of the Trinity, under which God the Father is seen to go out of Himself to the creation of a world. It is in some such way, by an eternal act before all time, that man made himself what he is, and goes on asserting his freedom until, by another eternal act, he unites himself to God, and thus man brings the world back to God and becomes its redeemer. Schelling looked forward to a church founded on the teaching of St. John, which would transcend the teaching of Peter and of Paul. But the mystic can never really teach others what has been revealed to him, mysticism is in its essence a secret. Suidas derives the word from the Greek root "Mu," to close, thus the rites and lessons of the Greek mysteries were things about which the mouth was to be closed. philosophers borrowed the word from the priests, and in the early Christian world the word was introduced with all its old pagan significance. There is also a second meaning of the word, an extension of the first which refers to the practice of closing as completely as possible every avenue of perception by the senses, a sort of platonic abstraction. It is an effort of man to strip himself of his material self and reduce himself to a spiritual element. Philosophers and monks alike employ the word as involving the idea, not only of initiation into something hidden, but also of an internal manifestation of the Divine to the intuition, or in the feeling of the secluded soul.

HINDU MYTHOLOGY

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

IT was not so very long ago that the European regarded all Asiatics as unlettered heathens. For some time past, however, we have come to realize that, if the Asiatic has much to learn of us, we have also something to learn of him. The recent formation in London of an "East and West Union," through the efforts of Mr. Das Gupta and Miss Clarissa Miles (whose names, no doubt, are well known to readers of the Occult Review), in order to bring about a better understanding and relationship between the inhabitants of the two Continents, is one evidence out of many of our changed attitude towards the East.

The mistake is sometimes made of attempting to maintain that Eastern and Western systems of thought and religion are essentially the same. Similarities in the moral teachings of Gautama and Jesus are insisted upon and comparisons instituted between the Krishna legends and the life of the latter. No doubt there are certain elements common to all systems of morality, and there are certain doctrines (that of "The Trinity" is a case in point, to which I shall refer later) which curiously enough confront us in otherwise disparate religions. But the Indian outlook on life, nature, and God is almost totally different from that of the European. Jesus, the Christ, came, He declared, to reveal the Divine Father of all mankind, and that men "might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." * In Buddhism, on the other hand, there is no Absolute Being, thus no God; and Gautama, the Buddha, came, he declared, to teach men the way of liberation from existence.

The concept of Vishnu as of a God who becomes incarnate in man, at times when humanity is threatened with some dire calamity, and who is especially to be worshipped by love (bhakti), does, however, resemble that of the Christian doctrine of the Logos; especially as Vishnu is a member of a Triad, expressed by the mysterious word Aum, of which one God, Brahmā, the Demiurge, is essentially a transcendent God, whilst the other, Siva, is essentially a God immanent in Nature. I have, however, dealt with the question of the Hindu Triad elsewhere, and have

^{*} The Gospel according to John, chap. x, verse 10 (A.V.).

traced out the analogy between it and the Christian Trinity as far as this is possible.*

If we are to understand and appreciate the thought and literature of the East aright we must begin, I think, by studying the essential differences between the Eastern and Western outlooks. In India, to confine our attention to this one great division of the East, the uneducated masses are given over to the rankest superstition, and the popular myths contain incidents concerning the gods of the grossest character. Not merely polytheism, but idolatry and devil-worship are rife. But superstition is by no means dead in Europe, and the state of many of this continent's inhabitants can only be described as that of intellectual darkness. India, moreover, we must remember, has produced not only two great world-religions, several systems of speculative philosophy, and its own scheme of physical science, but a magnificent literature which will endure comparison with that of any other nation. If we have to teach India much in the way of the practical utilization of Nature's forces, if we have to make plain to her the joy of living and that merit, or rather true virtue. is not to be gained by the mere mortification of the body, still India, with its wonderful and fantastic mythology, has important lessons to teach us. As writes the Rev. E. Osborn Martin in a recent work on the subject,† "It [Hindu Mythology] constantly emphasizes the superiority of the spiritual over the intensely material conceptions of our present-day Western life. Plutocracy will not feel flattered by the Hindu conception of the 'god of wealth' as a demon of a most unpleasant type, or the 'god of prosperity,' Ganesa, who has a most repulsive appearance, and who is depicted as lord of an inferior type of goblins. Then, again, how marvellously these multitudinous deities cover every possible activity and every phase of human life. The contribution the Hindu will ultimately make to the religious consciousness of the world will be no slight one, for Hindu mythology and the practice of Hinduism teach us that to the Hindu, religion is taken into the very core and centre of daily life. For our Western externalism in religion the Hindu has uncompromising disdain; and instead of a faith which is in so many instances fading from the horizon of the West, the Hindu offers a real ardour of

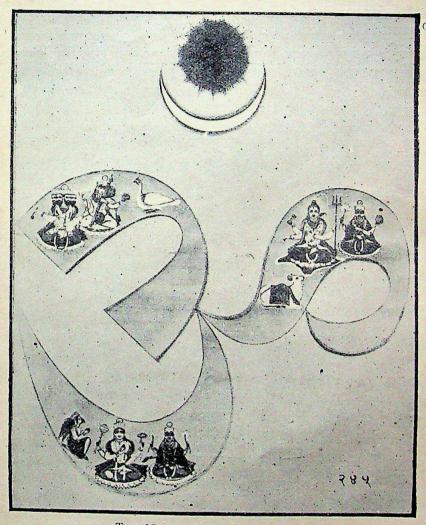
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^{* &}quot;The Trinity in Christianity and Hinduism," New-Church Magazine, vol. xxix (1910), p. 197.

[†] The Gods of India: a Brief Description of Their History, Character and Worship. By the Rev. E. Osborn Martin. 7¾ in. × 5¼ in., pp. xviii + 330 + 48 plates. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Price 4s. 6d. net.

HINDU MYTHOLOGY

faith. . . . Though it may not be a faith which appeals to our Western reason, or to our sense of helpful religion, no one . . . would question the reality of such a faith. Hindu mythology, even to-day, is instinct with this wondrous faith, nay, is often



THE MYSTERIOUS SYLLABLE AUM.*

The members of the Hindu Triad are seen in each section.

(1) Brahma, with Sarasvati and his goose. (2) Siva, with Parvati and his bull Nandi.

(3) Vishnu, with Lakshmi, and Garuda.

transfigured by it, for it bears the mark of a supreme and very real religious consciousness."

In the Vedas, India's oldest Scriptures, we find a pantheistic

* The illustrations are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., the publishers of *The Gods of India*.

view of Nature, in which her various facts and forces, the sun, the moon, the heavens, the earth, the refreshing and vivifying rain, and the Soma plant which yields intoxicating liquor, are personified. A philosophical insight is also betrayed which is very remarkable in works of such an early date. In the Yajur-Veda, Varuṇa, first the open sky and then the omniscient God of the Universe, instructs Bhrigu, one of the Divine Rishis, to seek in meditation Brahmā, the Supreme Spirit, "whence all beings are produced; by which they live when born, towards which they tend,



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GANESA.

The God of Prosperity.

and unto which they pass." After food (or matter), breath, and thought are suggested as solutions to the problem and rejected by Bhrigu or Varuna, we read that, "He [Bhrigu] thought deeply and then he knew 'ānanda' (or felicity) to be Brahmā: for all things are indeed produced from desire; when born they live by joy; they tend towards happiness; they pass into felicity."

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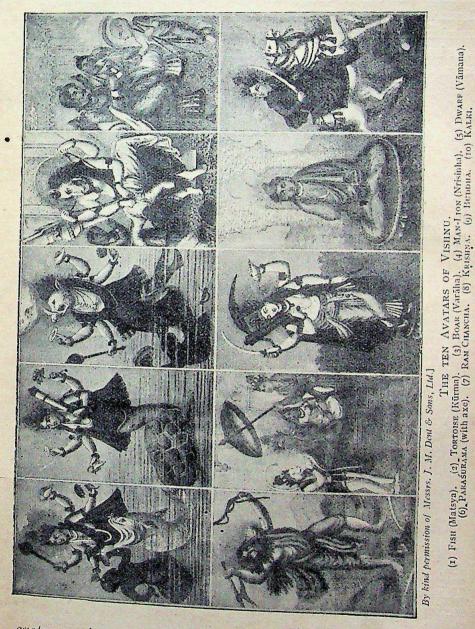
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With the gradual increase in power of the Brahminical school, other gods came into prominence and took the lead of the Hindu

HINDU MYTHOLOGY

pantheon—gods which may be described as the personifications, not of mere natural facts or forces, but of underlying principles—especially Vishnu, the Preserver, who is worshipped in his various



avatars or incarnations—the noble hero, Rāma; the amorous Kṛishna (already mentioned); Buddha (who came, say the Hindus, to bring false teaching); Kalki (who has yet to come); etc., and Siva, the Destroyer—The symbol of Siva, as the repro-

CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

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ductive as well as the destructive force of Nature, of whose eternal round of births and deaths he is the personification, is the lingam.

Brahminism aimed at co-ordinating the various disparate strands of earlier Hindu mythology and of interpreting its legends philosophically. But in view of the introduction by Brahminism of the caste-system and of animal sacrifices, the result was hardly beneficial, and there have been many revolts from it, in addition to Buddhism.



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SIVA, THE DESTROYER.

Note the necklace of human skulls, and the snake, representing Eternal Time, coiled round his neck, and the river Ganges flowing from his hair.

Brahminism is essentially electic, and any god is welcomed into its pantheon and explained as an avatāra of Vishņu. This multitudinous nature of its divine beings, this collecting into a loosely-knit whole of many disparate beliefs and legends, makes the study of the subject especially difficult. But it is well worth undertaking. The Rev. E. O. Martin's book, to which I have already referred, should prove an excellent and comprehensive introduction for the intending student, and will be found of much interest also by the general reader.

ADONAL

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INVOCATION-

I LIT the flame, I named the Name, And lo! a Shape of Glory came. The dusk resounded with his cry-"I am the angel Adonai!"

Adonai loquitur-

I am the angel Adonai, The Servant of the Sacred Eye; I am the synthesis of light, Self-conscious in the eremite. My dwelling is a Silver Star More bright than many planets are. Brighter than any sun can be— Because it shrines Love's mystery.

I am the spark of ecstasy; The swan-song of the soul am I, Strange music only heard to die, Yet, dying, born eternally. I am the super-solar blaze Whereon a mortal may not gaze, Or he shall be, like Semele, Consumed and blasted utterly!

Only a God can see a God, Can meet the glory of that glance, Can stand where angels have not trod, Before that starry countenance! I am the secret song of Love; In loving hearts like light I move, Communicating from afar The Splendour of the Silver Star.

I speak the Word of God; I know The Source from which all rivers flow, The Ocean unto which they go.

I am the seraph chant of bliss Breathed from Light's infinite Abyss; I am the consummating Kiss-

The Covenant 'twixt God and Man; E'er Space became or Time began I shaped in sound the cosmic plan;

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I lay like light upon the deep; I woke the Mother from her sleep; I who have sown now come to reap.

I sowed the seed, long ages past, Deep in the matrix of the Vast; My bread upon the seas I cast.

The seeds have blossomed into flowers: Their beauty feeds on heavenly showers And breathes imperishable powers.

That which I cast upon the Sea Returns a thousandfold to me: A myriad shining stars I see, Ripe fruit upon the Cosmic Tree!

I am the angel Adonai,
The Servant of the Lord on high,
The wielder of the blinding Rod,
The sudden and the stainless God,
With lightning crowned and thunder shod!
Yet gentle as a maiden's breast
Where innocence hath made its nest
And Love himself stoops down to rest.

Yea, soft as twilight in the spring, Among the tender leaves I sing, And peace in both my hands I bring.

I am the Guardian of the Gate Which mortals name the Door of Fate, That opens on the Uncreate.

I am the Bearer of the Sword Of Life that turneth every way; I guard the treasures of the Lord That none may bear his gold away.

O Brethren of the Rosy-Cross!
O Hearts made pure by earthly loss!
To you I bring the Bread and Wine,
Body and Blood of the Divine,
An Everlasting Seal and Sign!

MEREDITH STARR.

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VOODOOISM ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA

NARRATIVES BY AN EYE-WITNESS

EDITED BY IRENE E. TOYE WARNER, British Astronomical Association ; Société Astronomique de France ; etc.

IN this article I have attempted to give a popular sketch of one of the darkest branches of Occultism, i.e. Voodooism and Black Magic generally. I do not presume to give a scientific explanation of why or how the voodoos so often appear to be successful in their criminal art; I have but collected certain strange narratives from those who have seen the direful results of this form of black magic, and who from their knowledge of the effects have learned to dread the adepts of this cult.

It is very probable that the secret of the voodoos' success may be partially explained by the laws which govern telepathy, hypnotism, suggestion, clairvoyance, and other kindred phenomena. In most cases that have come under notice the intended victim has known that the voodoo is at work, and thus his terror has rendered him a far easier prey. In other cases, where the victim is unconscious of the terrible power at work against him, the explanation must be sought in some subtle, and as yet little known, psychic force, and as an example of the influence of mind over

The well-known texts, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," and "As a man thinketh so is he," would seem to have a deeper significance than has been hitherto suspected; and to the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the answer must often be in the affirmative. Not many, fortunately, have the necessary powerful mind concentration to work their neighbours evil, neither are many people sensitive enough to be easy subjects for such mental control.

As I sought for the origin of this terrible form of magic I found that it could be traced far back through the ages, even to the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia, and to the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and that in fact the origin of black magic is lost in the most remote antiquity. This being so, I have

in the following article given some account of voodooism as it is practised at the present day.

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It was my good fortune in 19— to meet a gentleman who had travelled over a great part of the globe, and who had made Occultism a special study. No one was better qualified than he to give me interesting narratives on voodoo magic. The result of our conversations is embodied almost literally in the following pages.

It is generally conceded that the whole of the West Coast of Africa is the white man's grave, and I do not think that anyone who has ever been there will question the truth of this statement, but in addition to the climate there is a class of men and women equally deadly. These people are known as "Voodoos," the "Wonder-workers," the "Black Magic Men," the "Necromancers," the "Devil's Own," and such like titles. There can be no doubt that these magicians flourish right throughout the whole of Africa and that their disciples are covering the face of the earth at the present day.

The followers of this cult, or art, or devil's own work, on the West Coast are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and are also to be found in London, Paris, Vienna, etc. In America they increase in numbers, and, according to my friend's experience of them there, the number seems to keep pace with the financial

gain.

"One day," said my informant, "whilst at a place called Axim, on the Gold Coast, Prince Karatsupo came to me and asked if I had ever seen the voodoos at work, to which I replied that I had not. 'Then,' said he, 'a marvellous opportunity presents itself for you to see them, and with my introduction I do not think there will be any difficulty in allowing you to witness their work. Mind you, a lot of their business is what you will call hellish, beastly and repugnant, but that they accomplish results there is no doubt on this earth!'

"Accordingly that afternoon I was conducted to the hut of a woman (who might have seen forty-five summers), and what seemed to me two daughters, aged eighteen and twenty-three respectively. The woman eyed me very suspiciously at first, put two or three questions to me, and then said 'He'll do!' for evidently I was considered worthy to be allowed to observe their ceremonies intact! (But whether this was intended as a compliment or not I have never been able to satisfy myself!)

"Through the Prince, they explained to me that they were being paid a large sum of money by a native exporter to remove a

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certain white man, who was fast supplanting him in the palm oil business on the Gold Coast. The scene was laid at a place called Tacquah, situated roughly between Axim Cape Coast Castle. The business carried on there I believe to be solely the bartering of palm oils and ivory tusks, in exchange for hollands gin, gaudy striped calicoes, and such

"Accordingly, at about 3 o'clock, the hellish work commenced. Herbs were burnt by way of incense, and to anyone standing by, they would quickly have known that the devil had got his own, for the stench was unbearable! Then certain chants and incantations took place, and to look at the faces of those three women, the elder one especially, you could easily conceive that hell and hate were typified therein! A poor innocent cockerel was then seized. I think three feathers were pulled out over his heart, and his neck wrung off in very quick time. What incantations took place I am unable to say, but I am sure they were diabolical.

"Then the younger girl tore open the skin over the heart and plunged the feathers into the blood, soaking them thoroughly. After which she proceeded to the residence of the white man, and being in touch with his servant, a Kroo-boy, got into his hut and safely planted the feathers, with their cursed weight of villainy and

murder, in a crevice near the bed.

"To all intents and purposes this man was well and healthy at the time to which we refer. This at least was the unanimous

opinion of the public.

"In the middle of the night the doomed man was reported to have yelled with excruciating pain, which continued at intervals until the morning, when he seemed to have revived. During the day he had the pains at intervals and consulted a medical man who was located at Axim, on one of the Gold Company's concessions. This doctor, believing it to be malarial fever, coupled with a bad state of the digestive tract, ordered immediate rest. He returned home and went to bed, but in vain did he seek for relief, for at the same hours the next day the pains were intensified and his yells were distressing to hear, and the natives declared that he had got in the grip of the voodoos, although it is but fair to say that they did not know how or in what measure this quiet-going Englishman could have aroused their wrath. On the third day at the same hour, the man died, and great indeed were the lamentations of the people, for they were nearly all engaged in that village on his work, and his loss, therefore, meant much to them.

"Some time after, the Kroo-boy, to whom we have before

referred, told how the younger member of the voodoo party had visited the hut. The natives thereupon made it their business to search it thoroughly, but found nothing of an incriminating nature against the voodoos. The boy, who was alike afraid of the voodoos and in love with the voodoo girl, made and recanted statements two or three times, until it was found that his evidence was unreliable, and it was thought that the sudden death of his master had somewhat upset his mentality. But when, about ten days after his master's burial, he had the same pains and aches, the people concluded that assuredly he had been, and was at this present time, in the grip of the voodoos!

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"I am not absolutely certain, but I believe the boy died a few days afterwards. If this was not the case he must have conceived some incurable disease in the stomach, which prevented him attending the court to give evidence on oath. The voodoo women were arrested solely on his assertion, but as he was unable to attend the court the case was struck out of the list and the three

women discharged.

"Now we come to a very interesting development in this case. The native exporter was called on from time to time to find hush-money to a considerable amount for these women. He bore this blackmailing as long as he could, but there comes an end to all things. Unable longer, or it may be unwilling, to comply with their demands, he threatened to make a clean breast of the whole affair and to stand the consequences. What actually took place between them we do not know, nor shall we ever know, but certain it is, that on the third day after he was seen coming away from their hut, he was found dead in his own.

"These and hundreds of similar stories are known on the coast, and it is no wonder that the natives look with utmost dread on anything directly or remotely connected with voodooism; and I, from my experience of these people, quite sympathize with them."

So concluded my friend's narrative.

II.

On another occasion, when the conversation again drifted to West African topics, I had the following interesting account from

my friend-

"Some time in 1884, probably about June, I was the guest of a Mr. Dawson, a native interpreter near Kumassi, on the West coast of Africa. I found him to be far superior, intellectually at least, to the surrounding natives. There was nothing very remarkable about this man, except that he had assumed the manners

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and habits of the Europeans with whom he came in contact as far as he possibly could, and it was because of this assimilation of European ideas that I found myself under his roof, with his daughter, a very charming young native woman who struck me as altogether generally superior to any woman I had seen on the West Coast of Africa during my residence there. She was young,

vivacious, and not at all of a forward disposition.

"One evening, whilst sitting out on the verandah with these two, the conversation chanced to turn on the dreaded voodoos. woman was passing at that moment, and Mr. Dawson, seeing her, somewhat excitedly drew my attention to her as one belonging to the class to which we had just referred. I had not a good look at the woman, and consequently cannot describe her, but I learned that she was between forty and fifty years of age and thoroughly dreaded by the community.

"Report has it" (so my informant notified me) "that one evening, when dark, she was evidently going, with evil in her heart and devilish intent, to lay a curse on someone, when a poor child crossed her path and in the dark knocked against her; she pulled up and cursed him, telling him that he would be dead in five days, and that when he got home he would have the fever. All of which

turned out as she vowed it would!

" It happened that about a month after this incident there was a death in the community, and report had it that the man-who was undoubtedly the subject of the voodoo's vengeance-was probably the one to whose hut she was wending her way when the child was cursed by her. On seeking to know the cause of the man's death, the following strange story was told to me.

"Some two years before, a native, whom we will name Smith, with several others, was secured by one of the English traders in the country and was consequently often down at the coast, where he came very much into contact with European notions and ideas; but, returning later to Kumassi, he fell in love with one of the native women. The course of true love in this case did not run smoothly, for another native was anxious to secure this charming

damsel, and kept a very sharp look-out on Smith.

"There were some things that Smith did not altogether approve, doubtless owing to European influences and impressions made upon him at the coast. A sort of quiet resentment seemed to permeate both men, and it was at this time that his rival for the woman's hand and heart received a visit from the same voodoo woman to whom we have already referred. Whether he had sent for her, or she had come of her own accord to see him, we know not.

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"One day Smith was taken ill, and the native medicine-man was sent for; he looked very grave, and said that he was uncertain whether a spell was being worked upon him then, or not, but thinking that it must be so (for they all loved Smith), he decided if possible to break the power, if any, of the voodoo. Late that night the medicine-man returned to his patient, bringing with him a bundle of herbs, three feathers from a hen, a cock's comb, and one (or both) of its legs. He deposited all these things in the centre of the hut and, having closed the door, examined his patient carefully. Presently he burst into a loud laugh and said that he had discovered that a curse had been placed upon the patient, whom, he directed to arise from his mat at once.

"I was unable to find out what form the curse took. Outside was the voodoo keeping guard, and as the medicine-man left report has it that she cursed him for interfering with Smith and trying to upset her work. This, of course, if true, showed her complicity in the evil work that was then being practised on this unfortunate man. The strange part in this affair, however, is that the medicine-man was never again seen in those parts, although he was reported to have gone to Cape Coast and located there. Doubtless he feared the working of the curse of the voodoo woman had he remained in her vicinity; be that as it may, Smith got better and altogether refused to believe that anyone had placed a curse upon him.

"On the first night of the new moon, however, the voodoo was seen near Smith's location, and the next day Smith had the fever. The neighbours came and did their best for him, but in vain, for that night he was delirious, and the next day was worse, and thus for nine or ten days he was in a feverish condition, when he died.

"It was reported that two green marks were found on his body, and it was surmised that on the night of his death the voodoo woman had entered his hut and injected deadly poison into him where those spots appeared. Whether this was so or not there is no means of proving, but such was the common talk of the people.

"Three days after the death of Smith the rival married the

girl, and both left Kumassi right away!"

A clergyman, whom I met recently, had also had some experience of West Coast sorcerers. He informed me that they undoubtedly possess the knowledge of certain deadly poisons quite unknown to Europeans, by which it is supposed they accomplish much of their deadly work. One of these drugs,—probably obtained from a plant which only grows in tropical swamps,

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produces madness, followed by death in a long or short period, according to the strength of the dose administered. The victim has no chance of recovery or respite when once he has swallowed the fatal draught.

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A Scotchman had a Kroo-boy for a servant; the latter was very much attached to his master and thoroughly trustworthy. Now it happened that the Scotchman had gained the enmity of some native traders, and it was considered to their interests to remove the Kroo-boy from his service, that they might be able later to damage his master. Accordingly a dose of deadly poison was administered, and the poor Kroo-boy, feeling that he was becoming insane, begged his master to bind him up, lest he should do him any injury. In a few days the faithful servant died,—raving mad!

One day an Englishman saw a native and his wife quarrelling, the former brutally assaulting the latter and wounding her badly. He interfered and knocked the native down, and assisted the woman to dress her wounds. The husband got up, muttering imprecations and vowing vengeance. A few days after the Englishman became ill and went to a doctor. There seemed to be nothing definite the matter, but from that time he got steadily worse, becoming thinner and weaker as the weeks grew into months, and finally dying of exhaustion.

My clerical friend narrowly escaped poisoning, only in his case the servant discovered the diabolical attempt in time! A trader sold him some oranges and other fruits, which he ordered his Kroo-boy to store for him. Later, when he asked for them, he found that they had all been thrown into the sea! He inquired the reason, and the Kroo-boy told him that each orange had been punctured and poisoned!

On one occasion my friend saw a sorcerer and his two disciples parading around the village armed with a sword and a long scourge, which they used on any natives who came near—apparently to overawe them—for these men are held in great fear amongst the natives. His face could not be seen, for it was closely veiled by a thick netting, through which, no doubt, the man could see well. The sorcerer generally lived apart in a hut surrounded by thick foliage, and situated some little distance from the village. He was consulted on all important matters, and knew all that happened for miles around. There seemed to be only one sorcerer for each tribe, and when he died another took his place. He had power even to dethrone kings, should they done to

power even to dethrone kings, should they dare to offend him. It is probable that these higher-class sorcerers are members of a

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secret brotherhood who have the keeping of secrets, such as the use of various plants for healing or otherwise, which have been most jealously guarded and handed down orally from a remote antiquity by those who had been initiated. The ordinary voodoos of Africa and America seem to belong to a lower order of magicians than do the sorcerers proper, and their services are more easily bought than are those of the latter class.

I will close this article with the description of a typical sorcerer given by the Rev. J. S. Banks: "He was dressed in a large kilt of grass cloth, and suspended around his neck was a huge necklace composed of pieces of gourd, skulls of birds, and imitations of them roughly carved in wood. His headdress was a broad band of parti-coloured beads, surmounted by a large plume of feathers; and his face, arms and legs were whitened with pipe-clay. On his back he carried a large bunch of rough conical iron bells, which

jingled as he paraded the village with jigging and prancing steps."

MARY BELL

BY LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

OLD is never old in hope. So "auld" Mary Bell, who passed away not many weeks ago at eighty, was not old. was and is young, hopeful as Spring. It was at fall of day not five Springs since, I last met her on an early day in May, when the low-lying sun lit up the god-like beech trees where I walked at Inverary; down one of the beautiful avenues where overhead the trees, clasping hands, form an arched cathedral-- aisle, as though built by the great Western Shee, the big green Men of Peace. Under the high protecting arms of interwoven boughs, transparently veiled in freshest green, I saw in the distance a queer appearance meeting me. A moving stack of faggots advancing slowly, crossing the flickering lights and wavering shadows. On and on it came, till its construction and locomotion became apparent. A weary mortal, a bent body supported the stack, clad in the bunchiest of skirts and biggest of old crumpled boots. As it stopped on nearing me, peering under the edifice, I saw Mary Bell. She was at her favourite pastime of gathering firewood wherewith to add to her already plentiful store; for no one ever neglected or stinted Auld Mary in her ain wee house, and she had the Old Age Pension. When I greeted her with "It's a fine day, Mary," she wearily laid her bundle down on the roadside with an "Och, Och, it's sore on the back!" I asked her if she had been over on the other side of the loch lately, and up Sithean Sluach, the "Hill of the Men of Peace."

"I'm no minding them yonder," she said, "I have my ain here."

I had forgotten she had a faithful "Broonie" * of her ain. With her Brownie beside her she was content. She would call him sometimes her "wee bit mannie." If he was away for any times he cried by the hour till he came back, just like a mother that has lost her child. Was it not a sign of the witch-nature in her, so little understood—the temperament called nowadays "psychic"—that she took what was called "bad turns," lying for an hour or so as if dead? What a mystery the trance-state is! Who knows what the temporarily released soul is about? For at the Gate of Dreams we travel, and it is said then spirits

* Brownies, some say, are of the leprechaun race so often seen in Ireland. (See Joyce's History of Ireland.)

carnate and discarnate meet. Shakespeare speaks of this as "encountering in sleep." If Mary's spirit did go out in the etheric regions of the hills, it would be on the jaunt surely with her Brownie. To her in the home life he was as solid a fact as a Brownie could or should be. Latterly when her health began to fail and she lay on her bed resting, it was usual to hear her complain petulantly. "Trom, trom," which being interpreted means heavy, heavy. "Och, trom, trom! he's that heavy on my legs!" Then she would hitch up her limbs under the blankets and say "Awa wi' ye under the dresser!" According to her he was obedience itself. It was his custom to retire discreetly under the dresser when neighbours called. Of course her overheard colloquies with her invisible charge diverted her neighbours and friends. All felt kindly towards Mary, but they feared for her; mistrusting her (to them) invisible guardian, they used every persuasion to shift her from her ain wee house in the town of Inverary to Eas a Claimh, a few miles up the glen. Kind friends took in hand they would set watch and ward over her outgoings and incomings, lest she came to harm. But Mary was obdurate and would not go. For she had her "wee auld bonnie mannie" to consider. He had tended her, and she him, since she was "a wee bit lassie," and with him through days of storm and rain, always the light of God's summer had shone for them. "She would not leave him his lane."

It is doubtful whether even the most well-intentioned among us without having studied the ABC of psychical phenomena, objective and subjective, could in any way understand the complexity of the "sensitive" temperament. If there were witches and wizards in olden days, we may surmise that still they are, and shall be, good, bad and indifferent, though we do not invoke protection in the words of the old litany: "From witches and wizards and longtailed buzzards and crawling things that creep in hedge bottoms, good Lord deliver us!" Indeed it seems no time since my wild ancestor, kinsman of the Earl of Argyll, about the end of the seventeenth century, convened thirty-two witches, famous for "some second sight, the art of seeing things to come." In the archives of Inverary we read in an unpublished record "he desired to perfect himself in wizardry by learning to enchant, and how to lay spites and spells on his enemies." For this he was imprisoned in the ancient castle of Carnasserie in Argyll, prior to his trial in Edinburgh for cottoning to the De'il. What an element of the grotesque, as well as beauty, there is

when this wild Chief, after a successful cow spoil over the Isle of Arran, before setting sail for his dark home beyond Inverary, turns with his catharans and paukily invokes the water-god Eorsa after crossing the flooding river-

> Eorsa! Eorsa! Kind, beautiful Eorsa! . . . Unto thee our thanks. . . . We praise Thee for thy bounty!

Then there was Katroin MacMasters, "Wee Kate," renowned witch in the Isle of Arran, who laid enchantment over him. bodkining the plaid off his shoulder with her distaff as he brushed past her very door when set on raiding her domain. The people said: "What way did the Murky Chief of Ardkinglas pass leaving you and yours unmolested?" She answered: "By the eye enchantment. The Murky One saw my cattle as hillocks, my sheep as rushes, my house as the big hill." They said: "In the name of Satan you did this." She answered them: "In the name of Wisdom. . . ." This was natural magic; picturesque in the telling because undisguised by the jargon of modern pseudo-science, hypnotism, suggestion, etc. Surely all the more convincing.

What is the purport of my digression? The purport is Brownies exist still; so does Mary Bell. Witch or no witch, she was a power. We hope still a power for good. Whether she belongs to your life or love or not she was and is in the plan of the Universe. I cannot tell the end till the consequences are told of this fluctuating personality; for Mary Bell's was a case

where the physical impinged closely on the psychical.

What would affect her would necessarily affect "Brownie." What would affect him would necessarily affect her. Offend him and you offended her. Offend her and you offended him. Friends offended her "wee mannie" by asking her to leave the house. So she refused. Moreover, she had "to her neighbour" another Mary at Inverary, who had "the two sights complete" and was in touch with the world of faerie, big and little. "As the crow aye thinks her ain blue-black chick a beauty," Mary Bell augured and affirmed with conviction that she had in the other Mary a dangerous rival, that above all things she coveted her "bonnie wee mannie." To leave him behind was to court disaster. Her rival would take him for her ain.

At last the day came when she announced that her "wee mannie"had consented to flit up the glen along with her. "Mary." says he, "we'll flit up yonder thegither." So to the fireside of

a friend up the glen they flitted.

What a problem it all is, the mystery which pseudo-science has put down to the phenomenon of the multiple personality.

Can anyone elucidate the complexity of the distinctive types in the psychic temperament who has not studied them in every phase of manifestation in every part of the world? Once entertain the theory of obsession, and it surely does away with the clumsy far-fetched, confused speculations on the disintegration of the Ego. Would not such knowledge save many a one from the disaster of incarceration in a lunatic asylum? Think of the psychically afflicted surrounded by the auras of really insane people. The irregularities of the undetermined psychic are often nearly identical with what is called madness.

What a heart-breaking sight, to witness, when visiting a lunatic asylum, withering forms, phantoms of humanity, stamped with hopeless despair, penned within outdoor and indoor alleys, the latter enclosed by high asylum walls, where through the grated windows pitiful creatures beckoned and raved. Imbeciles, protruding suppliant hands between the bars, progged on by the keepers' sticks to pace to and fro. What agony, prolonged agony of death, I have seen graven on their faces, as of caged beasts under command of the professional tamer. A terrible and degrading spectacle. Mercifully in Scotland the regulations concerning the putting by of "daft folk" are less rigorous than in England. Poor Mary got the name of being "daft." Her flitting to her kind friends did not disperse their fear, on the contrary. Whether the conditions were altogether harmonious we have no means of knowing. If inharmonious to Mary her Brownie would begin to weary. If the Brownie was foreseeing and thought to save his affinity from the pending catastrophe of what they call in the Highlands of Scotland being "put past". his counsel was a Brownie-like mistake. He hastened the event. The confidences of Mary to her friends alarmed them. "He says, he's aye saying, Loup, Mary, loup wi' me into the Lynn. And I wull!"

So for kindness' sake they put Mary "past," and we presume the Brownie accompanied her to the Asylum down Loch Fyne side. . . . In a few days came her call, but a few weeks ago, from the Hills of Peace. For the quiet earth closed over her mortal remains, not the roaring waters of the Lynn advocated by her unscrupulous Brownie. We might have put her again under the protecting arms of the old beech trees. Those were the hearts that were round her in summer.

I was reminded yesterday of her passion for funerals, greater

even than her craze for gathering sticks. An ordinary funeral thrilled her; the nodding sable plumes of the lugubrious pageants were "braw," the corbie-hued weepers were for her an ecstasy. Yesterday loyal throngs of thousands before and behind the Veil did honour to the mortal remains of her chief, the ninth Duke of Argyll. As a writer beautifully put it *—

"A pageantry without pomp, there was mourning, but not as with those who dwell in the shadow of the sealed tomb. Nature was at her gayest. The green low hills along the foreshores flamed with whin, and the 'heavens upbreaking through the earth' came with the wild hyacinths in the larch woods. From Rosneath —the point of the sanctuary, encircled with the sharp ethereally blue outlines of the hills-sarcastically named 'Argyll's bowling green,' past the Castle of Ardencaple, the birthplace of the eighth Duke, along the shores of Loch Long till the short wide Holy Loch was reached, the ship sped with the flag at half-mast. There were met representatives of all the story of his life among his countrymen: the Volunteer forces which had claimed his early enthusiastic service, all lairds owning the name of Campbell and wearing the tartan that has seen the watchfires of many a camp in many lands. A half mile, bordered by the rippling waves, on which floated a procession of boats. One minute guns, coming back in low peals of echoing thunder, the waving of heraldic symbols, and the footfalls of an unnumbered multitude, so passed the long-drawn procession. The pipers calling the coronach, and the laments sounding with the cadence of a great pilgrim march—so he was left in the guardianship of the hills, the gentlest and most chivalrous of the White Knights of Lochow, in the place of his ancestors. And, as he would have wished, the ship that had borne him returned over the great ferry-ways, carrying at its mast-head the galleys of Lorne, the flag to-day of Niall Diarmid, † thirtieth Baron of Lochow, tenth Duke of Argyll."

The birds may be losing their system of calling away the reborn soul to the Land of Light, as they did the great soul of George eighth Duke of Argyll, but never the mighty companies of the Western "Sidhe" (or Shee). Those mysterious children of the Mist never forget their appointed mission to follow in crowds at the soul's re-birth of one of our near kindred or a Mac Caillean Mhor. In that cloud of witnesses among the sympathies of the many-coloured breaking hills I know that yesterday, comely, blythe and care-free, followed our translated Mary Bell and her

Brownie.

^{*} Westminster Gazette.

[†] My son.

[†] May 16, 1914.

SOME BRETON LEGENDS AND BELIEFS

BY VERE D. SHORTT

BRITTANY—that is to say "la Bretagne Bretonnante," Breton Brittany—or, if one wishes to be very correct, "Armorica," is almost the last stronghold in France of absolute blind faith in the unseen. It must be well understood that this statement is not meant to refer to the towns, which modern progress has claimed, but to the real Brittany, that grey country of moor, and rock, and stone, eternally washed by the grey Atlantic waves. There the faith in fairy, demon, and the power of the saints is as strong and living a thing as it was five hundred years ago to the rest of Europe, and some slight sketch of some of these old legends may be of interest.

Armorica—or as it is known as now, Brittany—was the last great stronghold of Druidism after the Roman conquest of Gaul. The whole country is full of Druidic remains—menhirs or monoliths, dolmens, and altars—and the belief in the old faith, or at least in the value of rites and ceremonies which are purely pagan, and which were old when Rome was young, has endured. The Church has never been able to eradicate these beliefs, and has, in fact, long ago given up the attempt. Finding it hopeless to root out the old customs and beliefs, she has adapted them to her own use, and many a pious Catholic to-day who prays at a saint's shrine, or holy well, is worshipping at the same spot and with the same belief in the efficacy of his prayer, because of the occult virtues of that spot, as his pagan ancestors did two thousand years ago. On many of the menhirs one can see a cross cut. This was done because the Church, finding it impossible to stop the people praying there, simply baptized the stone with holy water and marked it with the sign of the cross, thereby Christianizing it, and expelling the pagan demons who inhabited it. At Karnac, in the great Druidic temple there, one specially large stone is marked in this way, and there is a legend about it which runs as follows :-

About two hundred years ago there lived near Karnac two young men, Yves and Mabik. Yves was a pious youth, a regular attendant at mass and confessional, while Mabik was a ne'er-dowell, a haunter of taverns and an unbeliever. One day, while

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herding sheep among the stones of Karnac, Yves in an idle moment carved a cross on the largest menhir, and prayed to God and the saints before it. Now there is a legend in that country that on Christmas Eve, seven minutes before midnight, the great stones heave themselves out of their sockets and go across the moor to a small river to drink. Under the stones have been hidden incalculable treasure in gold and gems by the Druids thousands of years ago, and for that one seven minutes of the year the treasure is for anyone to take who dares. If a man is brave enough to go to Karnac at midnight, and watch the stones set out on their journey, he can take what he will of the treasure provided that he can get away before the stones return. To fail to do so is destruction, for the stones will fall on and crush him. Mabik knew this story, and some days before Christmas came to Yves with a suggestion that they should go together on Christmas Eve and make themselves rich for life. At first Yves flatly refused, but he was very poor and finally allowed himself to be persuaded. But Mabik had treachery in his heart. He had procured from a wise woman a talisman which he was assured was stronger than any Druidic magic, and which would prevent the stones from harming him even should he fail to escape in time. Feeling himself perfectly safe, his plan was this. He would keep Yves occupied until it was too late to escape, then, secure in his talisman, he would see his comrade crushed, and finally take the treasure from his dead body, thus securing two shares instead of one. On Christmas Eve the two young men proceeded to Karnac and concealed themselves. At precisely seven minutes to midnight the stones rose slowly from their holes, and went pounding across the moor to the water. The two adventurers rushed to the holes, where their eyes were gladdened by heaped-up piles of gold, silver and jewels, which they proceeded with feverish haste to transfer to their persons. Twice Yves begged Mabik to hasten, but the latter only replied that there was plenty of time. And now the air was full of the thunder of the returning stones, and the two young men scrambled out of their holes, to find themselves menaced on every hand by great, grey forms. Makib held out his talisman, and the stones swerved from him and advanced on Yves. One, however, the Christianized menhir, stood in front of Yves, protecting him from the others, and as twelve o'clock struck, and the stones returned to their beds, this stone which, being Christianized, was impervious to spells, fell on and crushed the treacherous Mabik and then, rising, returned to its hole. And so Yves, thanks to his piety, was in possession of his life and also a double share of treasure! He lived for many years afterwards, and never failed on each Christmas Day to offer up a prayer before the cross which he had cut on his preserver.

Near Roscoff is a large menhir with a circular hole in it, and to this day newly married couples, after the religious ceremony, pass through this hole, one after the other from opposite sides. This, without doubt, is a survival of some prehistoric marriage ceremony. Until quite recently, newly-married couples in Brittany used to jump over a blazing fire. This practice, however, was always sternly condemned by the Church, and has now fallen into disuse.

The Korel, or Korrigan, in Brittany corresponds to the Irish fairy. According to local belief they may be seen by mortals, sometimes in waste and lonely places, and to anyone who does not know the right way to approach them are ill to interfere with. The mortal who approaches them unwisely may find himself struck blind, or burdened with a hump on his back. On the other hand, they often do good turns to deserving people, but always in the way of giving good luck-never money. The Korrigan's money is of no use to mortals. It invariably turns to withered leaves with the morning light. However, should a mortal obtain possession of any article, such as a cap belonging to a Korrigan, the latter may be forced to disclose the hiding-place of buried treasure. Many of the beings who are supposed to haunt the lonely moors are malignant to the human race. The Night-Washerwomen are tall, gaunt shapes who wash, at lonely fords, the shrouds of those about to die. Should a mortal intrude on them, they seize him and force him to dance with them until he drops with fatigue. Should he refuse to dance, they break his arms and legs with the mallets which they use for pounding the shrouds. The Old Man of the Purple Cloak is a benevolent phantom. He appears to belated wayfarers and throws his cloak over them, where, safely concealed, they listen to the pounding and crashing of the wheels of the Devil's Chariot as it passes on its way to perdition with its load of lost souls. The Devil's Hounds are huge shaggy dogs with fiery eyes who roam the waste, and chase the traveller, in order to drag him to their master.

On All Souls' Eve (October 29), according to Breton beliefs, the souls of the dead are free to return to where they lived on earth, and in lonely hamlets the people retire early, leaving a table spread with food in an empty room for the returning souls to refresh themselves with before they start on their backward

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journey. On that night no Breton peasant will venture out of doors. He believes that the night is full of the flying souls of the dead, and also that on that night every evil thing has full power, and so he retires to his box-bed, shuts himself in and listens trembling to every gust of the wind around his cottage. The reverence paid to death, or any relics of the dead, in Brittany is characteristic of the people. A person may not be thought much of when alive-may, in fact, be generally despised-but once dead that person becomes in a way sacred and not to be spoken of without respect. Any article belonging to a dead person is usually burned, but in any case is never used by anyone else, as this may lead to hauntings. Death in person, according to Breton belief, is an enormously tall, grey, old man. He sometimes appears and summons those who are about to die by name. If a Breton peasant once imagines that he has been called in this way, it is more than likely that he will take to his bed, and actually die from sheer fright. The writer can vouch for one case of this kind in which a young man of twenty-five imagined that he had been called by "Ankou," or Death, and straightway took to his bed, and was only saved by the curé of the parish bringing him a relic of a local saint, which was supposed to have high curative powers, to touch. I regret to say that this incident led to bad feeling between the Church and Science as represented by the local doctor, who found his patients deserting him in'a body in favour of the saint.

The saints of Brittany are legion, and almost all of them rejoice in healing power. Every saint has his or her speciality. Thus, St. Maudey cures boils, St. Gonéry fevers, and St. Tujin hydrophobia. But St. Yves, the patron saint of Brittany, is good for everything. No matter what ailment the Breton peasant may have, he is absolutely certain that if he can only manage to interest Yves in his case he is as good as cured. As the people say, "Il les dépasse tous avec son bonnét carré" (He beats them all with his doctor's cap). And St. Yves is not only the peasant's doctor, he is also his law-giver, his just incorruptible judge. In his statues he is generally represented as sitting on the seat of justice between the good, poor man, to whose petition he listens, and the rich extortioner, whose proffered purse he waves sternly away. Whenever a Breton peasant considers himself seriously injured he appeals to him, and he is known all over Brittany as St. Yves le Veridique—St. Yves the truth-shower. When a person seeks the justice of St. Yves, the procedure is as follows. The suppliant goes to the shrine of St. Yves, and after praying before the image of the saint, puts both his hands on its shoulders and recites his wrongs, ending as follows: "If they are right, condemn us; if we are right, condemn them. Let them wither upon their feet and die at the appointed time!" The justice-seeker then departs, absolutely convinced that strict justice will be done between his opponent and himself.

One shrine of St. Yves at Pors-Bihan was demolished by order of the local curé some years ago, because the people used the shrine and the image of the saint not to pray to, but solely for the purpose of calling down maledictions on their enemies. But in Brittany ancient beliefs die hard, and to this day people with a grievance repair to the ruined shrine to obtain vengeance on their enemies. Only a very few years ago an old woman, who considered that she had been cheated by a lawyer, passed the whole of a stormy winter night lying prostrate before the shrine, and returned home, half dead with cold but sure of vengeance.

There is a proverb in Brittany, "To every saint his pardon." or procession of honour, and these pardons are a feature of Breton life. Every hamlet has its own particular saint, and every saint has its "pardon" on his own special day. Of course, a "pardon" is primarily a religious affair, but after the purely religious part is finished, it is apt to become a rather secular, not to say lively, affair. Open stalls, where rosaries and scapularies are for sale, stand side by side with roulette tables and tents where one may see the bearded lady for twenty centimes. Unfortunately these pardons lead to a good deal of drunkenness, not so much on account of the amount of liquor consumed, as because the average Breton peasant has a lamentably weak head, and becomes quite intoxicated on a couple of chopines of their thin cider. feast of St. Jean at the summer solstice is celebrated by a peculiar pardon known as the "Pardon of Fire," which is undoubtedly nothing more nor less than the festival of Bel which the Church has taken under her wing and turned into a Christian ceremony. This fire is known as the "Tandad," and is frequently of enormous proportions, each parish vieing with its neighbour in size of "Tantad." The "Tantad" used to be held at night, but this practice led to such scenes of disorder and scandalous behaviour that the authorities decided to hold it in daylight immediately after vespers. When the great pile of wood is well alight a rocket is let off, which is known as "the dragon" (this is significant as denoting the origin of the practice), and then a whole battery of fireworks, which unfortunately lose their full effect through being discharged in daylight. There is a popular belief to the

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effect that should the "Tantad" fail tô be lighted the sun will not appear for the rest of the year!

Near Quimper is the legendary site of the city of Ys, or Ker-Ys. Ys was a great and populous city long ago, and was ruled well and wisely by its King, Grannul. But Grannul's daughter, the Princess Dahut, known as Dahut the Red from the colour of her hair, although the fairest woman in Brittany, was a wicked sorceress, and in her wing of the palace performed forbidden rites, and gave herself up to nameless orgies. The people of Ker-Ys murmured against her, but King Grannul was foolishly fond and would hear nothing against his daughter. At last, however, there came a day when Dahut's witchcraft and evil deeds exhausted the patience of Heaven, and the waves of the sea rose, and began to overwhelm the city. Grannul remained in his palace until the last possible moment, but when the waves began to break against the walls, he saddled his good war-horse, and abandoning all else set Dahut on the saddle before him and rode for the high ground near Dourarnenez. Fast as he rode, however, the water rose faster still, and was almost up to the horse's chest when Grannul was aware of one in a priest's habit who rode beside him on a great white horse. Grannul looked, and recognized the stranger as St. Gwennolé-dead three hundred years before. Then the saint spoke to Grannul, urging him to throw Dahut down. Dahut looked at the saint, saying scornfully, "Look yonder; there lies Dourarnenez. Wait until we get there for my thanks, priest!" Still the water rose, and the saint made another appeal to the king to sacrifice his daughter to save his people, saying that unless the princess was thrown to the waves, that all Brittany would disappear under the water. At last the king's sense of duty overpowered his love, and he threw his daughter down. Immediately the flood was arrested, but the city of Ys was covered by the waves and has never been seen since. The peasants avoid the locality, as they believe that it is inhabited by the spirits of Dahut the Red and her companions. who lure mortals to destruction both in this world and the next.

As is only natural in a sea-washed country like Brittany, the sea is the ever-present fear of wife, daughter and breadwinner, and the prayer most often addressed to the saints is that for the safety of those in peril at sea. In every little wayside chapel may be seen hanging votive offerings in the shape of full-rigged ships, which have been vowed to Breton saints by men in deadly peril on the Banks of Newfoundland and elsewhere. This form of votive offering is very popular among Bretons, and

one often sees very incongruous objects, such as soldiers' epaulettes and sailors' caps, hung up in front of saints' shrines. No matter how far the Breton peasant or fisherman roams, or what experience he goes through, he always seems to keep his simple faith in his native saints intact. Faith and tradition are the keynotes of the Breton character. To this day women may be seen praying for the souls of the dead before the little grey stone crucifixes by the wayside which mark the spots where the "Chouan" bands were exterminated by the troops of the First Republic. In Republican and Agnostic France, the ancient country of Armorica still clings to its old beliefs and prays to the same saints as it did when St. Louis was king, and will continue to do so. The Bretons are Kelts, and to the Kelt faith in the unseen is the prime factor of life. The French peasant as a rule goes to his military service, and comes back with his faith blunted or destroyed, but not so the Breton. To him the little chapel where his mother brought him as a boy to make his first communion is the most important place in a religious sense in the world, and the patron saint of his native village powerful to hear and help, even across half the world. Brittany is truly to-day, as it has been for hundreds of years, the "Land of the Saints."

IS MARTYRDOM PAINFUL?

By FIELDING OULD

AMAZED at the constancy of the martyrs, we have perhaps declared that our own beliefs would have proved very plastic indeed, had it been our lot to stand before the hooded Inquisitor.

Yet men are still found ready to die in a good cause, and heroes of the fire and flood, the coal-pit or the shipwreck, are never wanting when the opportunity occurs. The worthy pew-holders of our parish churches would not be backward were the roll of martyrs incomplete, and in how many orderly citizens who shuffle to and fro with daily paper and umbrella lies latent this indomitable spirit? They are long-suffering, fleeced and harassed, but there is a point beyond which they will not budge, there is an obstinacy due to loyalty to one's simple self which nothing will destroy.

The question is, how far will that high spirit of revolt actually take the sting out of the penalty incurred? St. Laurence played a joke upon his judge, and tweaked the tail of the lion which yawned to eat him. How far did that reckless courage sustain him in the sequel? When he bid his slayers "Turn him over, for that he was cooked on that side," are we to see in the grim jest evidence of immunity from pain? and can the mind, when sufficiently stimulated, infect the body with its own contempt for human malice?

It may be that the body is not the actual seat of pain—that the nerves but carry their complaint to the Dweller within who transcribes the code in terms of suffering. Can the Spirit, intent on other matters, cut the wires, refuse to answer the insistent call and so remain untouched by the disorder of the outer framework? When St. Antony, standing in the pulpit of St. Pierre-du-Queyroix at Limoges, projected his inner self to the neighbouring monastic chapel and there read the Gospel to the unsuspecting brethren (on Holy Thursday, 1226), he gave the classic example of the possibility of dissociating temporally two parts of man's personality.

"Sufferings borne for the Name are not torments, but soothing ointments," said Maximus of Ephesus, as they stretched him on the hobby-horse.

"When are we to be tossed?" asks Perpetua, though the thing is over.

"The body does not feel when the mind is wholly devoted to

God." said Cyprian in a dream to the martyr Flavian.

Dativus, we read, "was rather a spectator of his own torments than a sufferer" (H. B. Workman, *Persecution in the Early Church*).

St. Bernard is quoted as saying, "Where then is the soul of the martyr? It is in a place of safety, dwelling in the bosom of Jesus. If it were dwelling in its own, by self scrutiny, assuredly the stabbing sword would be seen and felt; the pain would be unendurable; it would succumb or deny its Lord. If it is an exile from the body, is it wonderful that it does not feel the pains of the body? This is not the consequence of insensibility, but of the force of love" (Henri Joly, *Psychology of the Saints*, p. 156).

The Jesuit Alexander Briant, slain in England in 1581, is quoted as speaking as follows: "Whether this that I say be miraculous or no, God knoweth. But true it is, and thereof my conscience is a witness before God, and this I say, that in the end of the tortures, though my hands and feet were violently racked, and my adversaries fulfilled this cruel tyranny on my body, yet, notwithstanding, I was without sense of feeling, well nigh of grief and pain; and not so only, but as it were comforted, eased and refreshed of grievousness of the tortures by-past . . ." (Bowden Mementoes of the English Martyrs and Confessors). In such a case we may remember the words of Isaiah, "I will give thee the treasures of darkness."

When the physicians insisted that branding of the brows with hot irons was the only thing which would revive the inflamed eyes of St. Francis, the saint made a pathetic address to the element: "My brother Fire, noble and useful among God's creatures, be kind to me in this hour, for I have loved thee of old"; and in point of fact he felt no pain from the cauterizing.

Many martyrs seem to have passed through their terrible experiences with little or no suffering. Maximus, who cried: "I do not feel the rods, nor the hooks, nor the fire!" Quirinus, who said: "As for the beating of my body, I like it; it does not hurt me. I put myself at your disposal for worse inflictions." So, too, Pionus, Probus, Taractus, St. Leger, Sozon the shepherd boy, and many others (Mason, Historic Martyrs of the Primitive Church).

On the other hand, we are disconcerted to find that some seem

to have felt the full effects of the malice of their enemies. Thelica, Saturninus, Theodotus and Nicomachus (who apostatized under the inflictions) may perhaps be instanced. The account of the burning of Servetus by Calvin, the tortures of the great Savonarola, or of Gabriel Lalemant at the hands of the Iroquois, make terrible reading.

Why was it, we may inquire, that some martyrs were able by some mental or spiritual process to rise superior to pain, while other equally holy men endured its worst evils? Does immunity depend on sanctity? Is it effected by a Power outside the victim, or is it the work of a faculty of his own? Is it the result of a psychic organization which in some of the subjects was not developed to the necessary degree to produce detachment? It is a matter of common knowledge that certain psychics, of as far as is recorded no exceptional spirituality, were unhurt and uninjured by contact with fire. The famous medium, D. D. Holme, handled live coals with entire impunity in 1880. The practice during religious rites of walking barefoot upon hot cinders has been observed among more than one savage tribe, and the Yogi Chakravarty is said to have done such a thing in the presence of the Indian civil servants Messrs. Nelson and Sawday (see Light, January 27, 1912).

The contempt of fire exhibited by the martyr Tirburtius was ascribed by the Prefect to magic, as was that of Balthasar Gerard, the assassin of William the Silent, by his equally cruel executioner, while of St. Rosa, commemorated by the Church on September 4, we are told that she "jumped into the midst of the flames, ran about in them and came forth unharmed" (Baring-Gould).

It is confidently reported that a Hindu Sadhu can concentrate his whole attention on one point in his body, gradually withdrawing consciousness and sensation from every other member. So in a lesser degree may an ordinary individual engaged upon some mental occupation, be quite unconscious of distracting sounds, a draught of cold air, or the attacks of a persistent housefly. It may easily be possible, then, for some to concentrate the attention so exclusively upon, e.g., the Beatific Vision, as to be wholly indifferent as to what is being done to the outer man, and an Isaac Jogues may be so solicitous for his converts as literally to suffer more in them than in himself.

There is furthermore good evidence to show that the mastering emotion need not be a religious one. A soldier in the fury of the charge may not notice a wound whose bleeding he afterwards sees with astonishment. Parkman, telling the ghastly story of the chief Ononkwaya's death at the hands of the Hurons, says that the victim worked himself up into such a state of speechless ferocity and fury that his body became apparently anæsthetic.

Professor Davidson speaks of "States of mental abstraction, when the action of the mind being intense, the senses are less acute, so that a certain unconsciousness of external surroundings

ensues which, when very intense, becomes ecstasy."

That some should possess naturally this power of psychic abstraction in a greater degree than others is not to be wondered at, nor that in many saints it should be found in its highest manifestation. Sanctity of life, the upward and outward straining of intense prayer and the practice of austerities, all tend to develop the psychic faculties latent in every man; and when this unfolding has taken place to an adequate degree, and there is added to it an absorbing devotion to a person or a cause, we may expect to find a power of abstraction and detachment from the worst physical evils which may be inflicted upon the body.

Any mother will tell us that the sovereign method of comforting a child who weeps over its broken toy or has hurt itself, is to divert its attention to something else. At the sight of a penny a street urchin's grief is healed as though by magic. Even the mother's own and greater distress is remembered no more for joy of her newborn babe. The principle is the same, a martyr's attention is arrested and concentrated upon something beyond his maltreated body; he feels the soft touch of wings, a cool air from beyond the hills fans his fevered brow, unearthly voices whisper in his ear and he "remembers no more the anguish." "St. Michael! St. Michael!" cries the clear girlish voice of Joan of Arc, and in the triumph of faith's supreme vindication the glad soul, though still a moment within the flesh, passes beyond the reach of human cruelty.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the Occult Review.—Ed.]

DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. A. E. A. M. Turner seldom or never touches on an occult subject, whether light or abstruse, without illuminating it, but either modesty or commendable consideration for your space seems to have caused him to curtail his own views, or knowledge, in connection with dream symbology; but perhaps in his letter in your current issue

he was endeavouring to collect useful information?

I recollect Mr. Turner saying at a drawing-room talk some two years ago that the reason why to dream of a dog meant a man friend was because an evolved dog before it individualized or reached the human stage was the acme of faithfulness, and produced a faithful friend, as a dog was pictured as being faithful and such thoughts easily became forms on the astral plane and hence could be "dreamt" of with ease. Cats, Mr. Turner said at the time, were generally considered fickle, and so would make themselves at home wherever they were comfortable. Thus as we, i.e. the race generally, had heavy karmic relations in respect to cats through working them as beasts of burden in Atlantis, they still frequently manifested in the thought world as symbols of some future unpleasantness. The same speaker pointed out that as all sex pleasures brought disappointment and frequently severe suffering in the next world, so a pleasant dream experience with a female results in an unpleasant earth experience; he giving some very remarkable examples, one of which I am almost tempted to report, but perhaps Mr. T. will give it himself in some future issue of your valued journal? Yours sincerely,

RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.

D. T. K.

THEOSOPHY AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to E. Oliver's letter in your current issue, I would like to point out, if you will permit me, that it is only the FORM which the human entity, monad, ego, soul or self (or whatever you care to call it) uses which lives in the present, but man, as

an immortal and divine centre of consciousness, is NOT the form, and so from the standpoint of the ego, soul or self, man's consciousness extends "back," into the most remote past, and "forward" to the conclusion of "his" human evolution. It is only from the standpoint of the lowest sheath of the personality while functioning on the physical plane that man is apparently living in the present.

I would like to mention, à la Madame Blavatsky, that Theosophy is not a religion, but religion. It is therefore not a matter of adapting a religion to suit sentiment, but simply of stating immutable laws, which know neither "wrath nor pardon." It further will be seen that with an orthodox religion, where "charity," "mercy," etc., are introduced, some relatively preposterous deity is also imposed, who possesses most of the vices and very few of the virtues of the ordinary human being, and who not infrequently is represented as gloating over the murder of his own son. As to the knowledge of immutable laws which Theosophy teaches, I maintain that any earnest inquirer may actually know of the workings of reincarnation and karma, if he or she wants to, in a very short time—sometimes a few weeks.

The personality which one used during past incarnations is frequently the subject of much foolish talk, even by theosophical students who are content to repeat text-books against making investigations themselves, and so I would add, in reply to your correspondent's remark, that the practical value of having used the form of "the great King Rameses in bygone ages" would be that in one's next incarnation one would occupy a more or less similarly notable position in the eyes of the world. It is only very rarely, and that after vast stretches of "time," that the eminent reincarnate as obscure, or vice versa.

In concluding, I would like to say that I do wish people who attempted to question Theosophy would get to know something about it first. In the present case your correspondent alludes to my fraternal comrades "trying to cope with each other over the highest position in the astral plane," which is entirely senseless and inaccurate, as no Theosophist thinks much of the A.P.—in fact, it is the purgatorial region! Yours faithfully,

6 TREWINCE ROAD, WIMBLEDON, S.W. A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

THE DEFENCE OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

DEAR SIR,—The letter which you have just published, signed "E. Oliver," interests me very much. I cordially agree with the writer that as a guide for the present day, the reincarnation theory—for theory alone it is—is valueless. The present is the vital factor. This is why I quarrel with the exponents of those creeds

who look only to the life to come as worthy of consideration. very essence of Islam, the religion which is professed by one-third of mankind, is the service of humanity. This is the true service of God. One who submits and becomes obedient and in harmony with the Divine Will must become a servant to humanity at large. and his existence is for him a paradise ever rising upward to the Divine stage. Here men become prophets and leaders. They are living examples of conduct which we can emulate because they are of us. Jesus, being regarded by some as the actual Deity, is less of a pattern than a simple Prophet. He is God, and therefore is necessarily impervious to all temptation and could not sin, or realize the trials of the flesh, being protected by His Divinity, therefore it is useless for us to try to emulate his life. In addition to this, his life was very short. We must have an example which we can all try to follow, an example for all sides and positions in life. It is the force of circumstance which brings to the service all the latent possibilities in us. The example must have been in his life king, statesman, conquerer, to be able to display magnanimity and charity, priest, soldier, legislator, merchant, agriculturist, dweller in towns and deserts, also he must have been both rich and poor, father and orphan. If we have a man who was all of these, then in our relations with our fellows we are sure of a pattern. Have we any man who was thus qualified? There is One-the Prophet Mohammed-the Voice of Allah from Arabia to the whole universe. In his lifetime he was afforded these golden opportunities, and if one reads his life we find that he displayed that noblest of the virtues in its highest form. He was a living example of Charity. Again, that supreme attribute of God-Love—we find only in a negative sense in our history of Jesus, as he was unmarried; therefore as a pattern for conjugal existence we have again to turn to Mohammed, who was a husband. completed that Divine law which results in man thus completing the handiwork of the Creator—the fusion into one of man and woman. who apart are incomplete. We Moslems regard Jesus as one of our prophets, and we reverence his teachings; but we have to confess that although we find him lacking in these qualifications, it was the force of circumstance which denied them to him. Therefore when Mr. Oliver writes, "What use or good can a religion be which possesses little or no charity?" I quite agree that Charity is the "cornerstone" of a true religion, and if a religion has it not, then it is not from God, but the creation of men. Speculation upon What Might Have Been or What Will Be and theosophical mysticism are worse than useless from the practical point of the world's pressing needs.

Do Something Now should be our motto, help our fellows to gain some degree of Paradise in this world, and if we follow the teachings of Islam—Unity of God and Brotherhood of Man—we need have no fear for that after life which is the continuation of our existence here. The Prophet Mohammed said: "The best among you is he

from whom accrueth most good to humanity." Let this be our criterion: Cease to chase the shadow, when the substance is an ever-present actuality.

155 BOYSON ROAD, CAMBERWELL GATE, S.E.

Yours faithfully, KHALID SHELDRAKE.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

SIR,—With reference to the review in your periodical, signed by Miss E. Harper, I cannot of course expect a cordial welcome from a spiritist writer, as I try to persuade spiritists to abandon a pursuit much endeared to them by their pleasure at being slightly

hypnotized.

But I may remark that Miss Harper omits a prefatory remark, and further misquotes me somewhat. I write "If the cases I recapitulate and Mr. Raupert's tales be considered, a desire should arise for information being spread leading (i.e. which would lead) to spiritistic séances being deprecated by all decent people. The group of five I mention were as follows:—

First, a naval officer commanding a dispatch vessel frequently charged with commissions, including a small oriental exhibition for show at Copenhagen sent by the affectionate care of the then Prin-

cess of Wales to her royal and noble father.

Secondly, the gentleman at that time Secretary of H.B.M. Legation at Copenhagen. This gentleman died three months after I published the book under review. He, puzzled as I describe, would not, fettered by personal and family motives, speak out, though I urged him to do so. He retired later and lived in Sweden; he prudently married again.

Thirdly, the Secretary of Legation at Stockholm, whose sudden

death was fiendishly brought about.

Fourthly, my Vice Consul, and fifthly, myself.

A naval aide-de-camp of Prince George of Greece, whom I find connected previously with the Secretary of Legation, was also affected.

It will be seen that the five British formed a group of Foreign Office employés, strong, healthy men. The probabilities against normal causes are many thousands to one.

I must remark that I consider Captain Lestrange's sister as a

victim of occult operations.

I myself, as well as my father and grandfather, were similarly unfortunate. Both held high positions; my grandfather for a time being acquainted with Pitt's most secret plans; he would not remain long the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. My father, after being

in parliament, rose through consular service to high diplomatic employ. I have mentioned these facts in detail; my books, omitted on my present title page by accident, are mentioned in Who's Who?

My grandfather's story, explicable by my deductions in a book published in 1900, was told by the late Lord Barrington to the Duke of Argyll, who published it in the London Magazine, 1901; it was of a

ghostly imitated voice.

My experiences, brought about by force and fraud like many, were séances like Mrs. Verrall's and her daughters, where the medium is, so to speak, sitter as well; the chief object of the controls is to stupefy, lead astray, affect sleep or digestion deleteriously. Mrs. Holland's case is more like mine, but she and Staunton Moses were, it may be said, more fortunate in their surroundings than I was (for one wretched year at least), as far as their mere comfort went.

Mr. Stead, quoted by Miss Harper, spoke vaguely of danger as of an unknown sea. I have charted it, the oriental gold is not found there, only unexpected freezing out of life, very like the North-West Passage; and there is no honour, only the encouragement of scamps

and godless fanatics whom, at least, I hope to outlaw.

I explain that Messrs. Feilding and Carrington suffered from hyperæsthesia of the fingers when with Eusapia; Mrs. Hutton was shown then to be hypnotized. I think Madame Curie really made a discovery, but it was not pressed. I agree with Miss Harper that level-headed people alone should experiment, lawyers and physicians should furnish the best heads; physical science, philosophy and literature do not qualify very highly always.

The Gurneys and Podmores die in sinister fashion. The Lodges

and Hyslops advertise what they cannot recognize as a villainy.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

J. HARRIS.

Late Indian Civil and Consular Services.

E.I.U. Service Club, 16 St. James's Square, S.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A remark made by your reviewer concerning one of the stories in my book The Voice on the Beach suggests to me that your readers may be interested to know of a fact that came to my knowledge after the publication of the book. Mr. Chesson calls the particular story ("A Gift of God") "an elaborate but spiritually commonplace account of the discovery of a Holy Graal." Of course it was not intended to have any spiritual significance at all. Only a high initiate would be capable of unfolding worthily such a theme; and, even if he could, I doubt if he would choose the short story as

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his instrument. The story as it stands was partly suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's remarks on the Graal in the second volume of her Legend of Sir Perceval, and the interesting point is that after reading my book she wrote to me from Paris: "Certainly your Chapel of the Holy Graal is well within the limits of possibility. . . . Your island location is quite correct. As a matter of fact the ritual is carried on to-day in a monastery on an island." I think that these words from our foremost Arthurian critic may be of interest in connection with my book.

Yours faithfully,

CYRIL L. RYLEY.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
KIBWORTH BEAUCHAMP, LEICESTER.

VAMPIRISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A" asks for a method of defence against this practice. The letter by no means overstates the danger. Fortunately the method of defence is simple and easy. Every man has a natural fortress within himself, the Soul impregnable. only in the rarest circumstances that this can ever be successfully assailed. The Black Magical Operation, which used to be called "a pact with the devil," is almost the only way in which this can happen; although one had better leave out of immediate consideration questions of the interpretation of madness. Besides this central citadel, man has also outworks, the Aura. This Aura is sensitive, and must be sensitive. Unless it were responsive to impressions it would cease to be a medium of communication from the non-ego to the ego. This Aura should be bright and resilient even in the case of the ordinary man. In the case of the adept it is also radiant. In ill-health this Aura becomes weakened. It will be seen flabby, torn at the edges, cloudy, dull. It may even come near to destruction. It is the duty of every person to see that his Aura is in good condition. There are two main methods of doing this. The first is by a performance two or three times daily of the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. Accurate instructions for performing this are given in No. II. of the Equinox, pp. 19, sqq. Its main point is to establish in the Astral four Pentagrams, one in each quarter, and two Hexagrams, one above, the other below, thus enclosing the Magician, as it were, in a consecrated box. It also places in his Aura the Divine names invoked.

The second method is the assumption of the God-form of Harpocrates, described on pp. 17 and 18 of the same number of the Equinox. The Magician imagines himself in the form of the God Harpocrates, the Lord of Silence, preferably either in his standing posture or throned.

By this practice the Aura becomes concentrated about the Soul, thus receiving fresh purity and force from that fountain of all light and power. It then returns to its normal size fortified, even invulnerable. Persistence in these practices will make it impossible for any hostile agency to penetrate it, and it will further radiate its own light on all of those with whom it comes into communication, so that they themselves receive virtue from it.

For some years I have been engaged in teaching these methods to those who find it difficult to follow the printed instructions given in the place referred to above, free of all charge (for it is, of course, the first law of Magick, and indeed of business, never to accept dross in return for gold) and I am glad of this opportunity to make this fact more widely known.

I shall be glad to hear from anyone who requires help in this direction.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully, PERDURABO.

33 AVENUE STUDIOS (76 FULHAM ROAD), SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "A," whose letter appeared in the last issue of your interesting journal, I may state that the medical gentleman who gave me the details about voodooism (now appearing in your journal) has, he tells me, had practical experience in the above subject and has enabled a few sufferers to rid themselves completely of the incubus of the vampire. He kindly offers his services to any deserving person who may wish his aid, and if a personal letter be written and enclosed to me I will forward it to him.

Yours truly,
IRENE E. TOYE WARNER.

"ARDAGH,"
HORFIELD COMMON WEST, BRISTOL.

THE KABALA OF NUMBERS.

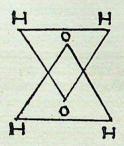
To the Editor of the Occult Review.

SIR,—I am well pleased with Mr. Redgrove's appreciation of my addenda to Kabala of Numbers, Part I, and equally so with his contributory notes. I think, however, that the formula for water 2H₂O is not incorrect, except as represented in diagram. The triangles should not so far intersect as to bring oxygen out into active polarity,

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but only so far as is necessary to bring the diagram into line with the formula, thus:



As regards the rival claims of Bruno and Swedenborg to the honour of having originated the Law of Correspondences, I think it should not be forgotten that Bruno was the first man on record to have thought the sun into the centre of the universe. All attempts at correspondences prior to his time are based on geocentric and mundane concepts, and hence are rather to be regarded as analogistic than correspondential.

I should not consider A Hieroglyphical Key to Natural and Spiritual Mysteries, which is the basis of Swedenborg's doctrine, as either "detached" or "scientific." But it is worth our notice that both he and Bruno were late Sagittarians and emanated from the same sphere, charged, it would appear, with the same message.

I am sure that when Mr. Redgrove has read as much of Bruno as he has of Swedenborg he will discern the essential identity of their teachings, and allow further that the idea of Continuity and the dependence of the material universe upon the spiritual is nowhere more closely reasoned than in Bruno's De la Causa. Swedenborg allows continuity on the same plane of existence, Bruno appears to argue for a continuity through all planes and thereby also the immanence of Deity. What we call states of existence are regulated by modes of perception. Essentially there is only one state of existence. The idea is closely allied, if not identical with, the lofty concept of the Vedanta.

Yours, etc. SEPHARIAL.

ERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal has an article of moment on "Post-Modernism," by the Rev. J. M. Thompson, M.A. He points out that the earlier type of modernism sought to reconcile the "critical movement resulting from the influence of scientific methods of study upon the Bible and the Church" with an institutional movement, embodying a reaction against rationalism and utilitarianism. In other terms, it was an attempt to hold the faith of the Church, whilst accepting the conclusions of criticism. Within the field of Roman Catholicism, "authority has succeeded in driving the modernists underground," but modernism is not dead. There and elsewhere, the attempt to reconstruct beliefs goes on, and to this Mr. Thompson gives the name of post-modernism. It seeks "a scheme of forms which shall express the real values of spiritual things," unobscured by their conventional embodiments. Critically it "studies the written sources of the Gospels as it would any other ancient documents," and sacred like secular traditions. Institutionally it regards tradition as a summary of what men have said in the past, creeds as the expression of their belief, and sacraments as that of their experience. Mystically it considers Christian experience as firm and unchanging, meaning that personal realization of Christ "which it is supposed that any Christian may fairly expect to have." There are other excellent articles. The Hon. and Rev. Canon Adderley, in "Sacraments and Unity," registers his absolute belief in sacraments, his opinion that the Church is itself "the archsacrament," and his hope that a wider understanding of the Eucharist will yet bring "into one active, co-operative body all who name the Name of Christ." The Dean of St. Paul's writes on "Institutionalism and Mysticism," defining the latter as "an immediate communion, real or supposed, between the human soul and the Soul of the World," or Logos of Christian theology. Institutionalism, on the other hand, is "the idea that churchmanship is the essential part of the Christian religion." Dean Inge shows clearly the distinction and indeed opposition of the two views and holds that the aberrations of institutionalism are more dangerous than those of mysticism. In an article on "Mysticism and Logic," the Hon. Bertram Russell maintains that mystical insight, untested and unsupported, is an insufficient

guarantee of truth. He overlooks, however, the fact that he records of this insight have borne the same testimony on the

basis of experience throughout the ages.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead's "Remarkable Record of Materializations" is the chief centre of interest in the last issue of The Ouest. It is a careful study of "What purport to be mediumistic physical phenomena," contained in two records. One of these is a large volume in German by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing; the other is in French, the writer being Mme. Juliette Alexandre-Bisson. accounts are supported by a remarkable series of photographs, numbering nearly 200 and selected from a still larger series. Sometimes eight cameras were employed at a single sitting. The recorded sittings exceed 150 and the two writers mentioned were the investigators, the French lady being present at all the experiments, while the German writer witnessed about twothirds of the recorded cases. After studying the chief documents of the controversy, which has continued in France and Germany for more than six months, Mr. Mead considers that the good faith of the witnesses remains intact. They on their part are firmly convinced of the medium's good faith, but they offer no explanatory hypothesis, except that the German writer inclines to think that nebulous substance disengaged from various parts of the medium's body is moulded by some "ideoplastic energy of the subconscious of the medium." The bibliography attached to the article shows Mr. Mead's acquaintance with the hostile criticism produced in the course of the controversy. His aim is, however, to place both sides before readers without presenting personal conclusions. The side to which he leans is no doubt that the occurrences are veridical, and in the reflected light of his recital we incline to this view. If the phenomena are genuine, they offer the most repulsive side of their subjectmore distressing, as Mr. Mead says, for the spiritist than for anyone else. The spectacle of "seeming masses of intestinal tissue "issuing from various orifices of the body, with the medium in a state of nudity, the cries of pain, the strainings, faintings and vomitings, on the one side, and the horrible faces sometimes manifested on the other, suggest that the field of experiment is somewhere very low down in the world of life. It is difficult not to feel that such things are of that moral abyss which exhales the second death. What kind of psychical state can have led the medium, Marthe Béraud, to submit her inward and outward nature to influences producing such results?

many of our readers as an occasional contributor to The Seeker and as a member of the Christo-Theosophical Society, we believe, from its inception. We meet him now as a contributor to The Open Court, discussing the probabilities of an after-life under the title Non Omnis Moriar. That title establishes his point of view, being "I shall not die but live." The following statement commands our whole concurrence: "Consciously or unconsciously, life seeks for a spiritual totality, a rounding off of itself never quite finished here, but yielding inextinguishable references to a future and a hope in some kind of vaster otherness beyond." In the same issue, Mr. C. H. Chase also discusses the survival of personality and regards the common intuition of the great majority on the affirmative side as "more to be relied on than is the opinion of any specialist who has devoted his life" to the pursuit of particular scientific or philosophical investigation. Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus. It is true in a higher sense than appears in Mr. Chase's paper; it is the witness to itself and within itself of our self-knowing part. From the standpoint of science Mr. Chase may be right that the complete proof of immortality cannot be produced in the present state of our knowledge, "but the probable evidence in its favour is overwhelming."

We offer a cordial welcome to The New Life, a quarterly journal of mystical religion which seems to have existed previously, we do not know under what circumstances, but now takes its place in a new form and one that is highly creditable. It is published under the auspices of Messrs. Allenson, well known by their excellent series of mystical works under the title of "Heart and Life Booklets." Our contributor, Mr. E. Newlandsmith, seems to be connected with the enterprise, but the editorial responsibility is-we believe-in other hands. Any new mystical periodical has to reckon with The Seeker, which has always deserved and received unstinted praise at our hands. The New Life has one advantage over it, being that of appearance, but in other respects it must make its own title. There is room for the experiment, and we shall watch the result with interest. It is hard to judge by first numbers, especially in this department, There is an excellent article on Christian Mysticism by the Rev. R. de Bary, appearing as a notice of Miss Underhill's last book. Perhaps the other contents are a little thin, though we note with satisfaction that Mr. Newlandsmith, writing on "The Call of Christ," recognizes the new birth as a beginning, not a term. In this he follows Bromley's "Way to the Sabbath of Rest"

and other English mystics of the seventeenth century. There is a sheaf of short opinions on the Woman's Movement, contributed by Dean Inge, Evelyn Underhill, Mr. de Bary and others. The views reflected are various, that of Miss Underhill being especially strong and what would be called hostile. May we be permitted, in conclusion, to suggest that in a magazine of this type the practice of filling up blank spaces with quotations, though tempting, is a little amateurish and gives a scrappy character to what is otherwise a good number?

The Vahan draws further attention to the commemoration of Roger Bacon, in connection with the presumed 700th anniversary of his birth at Ilchester in Somerset. The design is to form a Roger Bacon Society, chiefly for the publication of his works, MSS. of which are scattered through European libraries. The latest bibliography gives their total as seventy-seven, including things doubtful and things attributed falsely. We have been inclined to question several reputed alchemical tracts, though we reflect only the trend of scholarly opinion in this respect. If the Society is brought into being, we trust that it will establish a satisfactory canon of criticism regarding these texts. A collected edition was published at Frankfort in 1603, but is known to us only by report. Leglet de Fresnoy enumerates fourteen alchemical treatises under separate titles, including one on the "Nullity of Magic." Two others, being the "Secret of Secrets" and the "Book of the Three Words," are in hand for publication by the Commemoration Committee.

Madame de Steiger has completed her study of "Superhumanity" by an epilogue, and *The Path* has therefore done with a very curious series of papers which have occupied the attention of its readers for a period of fourteen months. She is of opinion that the story of the Fall of Man was located in Central Asia, but prior to this event the whole world may have been Paradise. She understands conversion as a first stage in the progress towards sanctity, regeneration as the second, and transmutation as the third. We know something concerning the first, a little only of the second, but of the third scarcely anything. It is our duty to record with regret that, after a protracted and valiant struggle, the publication of *The Path* has been discontinued.

Both in America and England, the magazines which are devoted to the interests of the New Church are excellent of their kind and indicate that the teachings of Emmanuel Swedenborg have able exponents at the present day. The New Church

Review is a notable American publication, and The New Church Magazine has existed in England, representing its cause successfully, for a great number of years. Both periodicals have done admirable work of the research kind, not only as regards obscure points in the life of Swedenborg but in the early history of the movement. Sometimes it has proved serviceable for wider fields of occult history in the eighteenth century, and we remember one case in which an unexpected light was thrown upon a particular department of High-Grade Masonry. A recent issue of The New Church Magazine has a study of Christian Science and its claims under a Swedenborgan light. There is also a suggestive article on the lost Ark of the Covenant.

The French psychical and occult magazines are to the front as usual. Each within its own measures is of conspicuous interest and sometimes of excellence, comparing favourably with much that reaches us from other quarters, especially the further side of the Atlantic. It is regrettable that with so many claimants we can notice them so slightly. On the present occasion, we are attracted by Psyche, of Paris foundation and now in its eighteenth year of publication. It occupies an independent platform, with a leaning towards modern spiritism. The complexion is otherwise Christian, and one of its authorities is M. Sédir, of whom it is claimed truly that he is the sole actual representative in France of Christian Mysticism-more especially, let us add, of Saint-Martin and his school. The Gospel-for M. Sédir—is a mystery enacted within each believer, and all its symbolical personalities are found within. We have been impressed also by Dr. De Farémont's article in a recent issue on the "Religion of Goodness," which prepares the way for a final Religion of Love. Its motto might be a maxim of the French mystic Récéjac: "The absolute exceeds the heart, but the good

A writer in *The Vedic Magazine* discusses the problem whether ultimate reality is one or many, and affirms that Vedic theology is frankly pluralistic, "while nearly all other religions are dogmatically monistic." He has forgotten orthodox Christianity, but the article is remarkable in several respects and especially as we have most of us heard so much of Vedantic monism. It is also refreshing, because its salient points are put strongly—almost with a militant accent. The writer, however, represents a particular school, and while Vedanta is one thing there is the Vedic Dharma, which is another.

fills it entirely."

REVIEWS

THE SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS. By Jean Finot. Translated from the French by Mary J. Safford. London: Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 7s. 6d.

JEAN FINOT is a philosopher par excellence, and he searches as diligently to find the elixir vita of happiness as the alchemists sought for the philosophers' stone and Sir Lancelot quested for the chalice of the Holy Graal. And M. Finot is a thinker to be respected; he has studied his subject deeply, and his mind ranges easily from Socrates and Plato, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Kant and Hegel to Renan, La Bruyère and Chateaubriand, to Walter Pater, Taine, Mill, Lubbock and Carlyle. For Schopenhauer, that arch-pessimist, he has a pen barbed and swift in its denunciation; for Emerson, the divine optimist, his praise flows easily as a lark-song to the dawn.

M. Finot wages a Holy War without bloodshed against the Puritanism and Calvinism which still haunt us like the sombre spectres of the Middle Ages, and which the Reformation sealed with its iron gauntlet.

It was Oscar Wilde who wrote in his Essay on Socialism that in the Middle Ages Christ became "the realization of Pain," and M. Finot is a valiant crusader against this host of unhappy ideas.

He teaches us that "the Kingdom of Heaven lies within," that the solution of the problem of happiness offers more enticement to the well-wisher of the race than the gold of the Incas did to the treasure-seekers of Spain, who themselves looked upon the coveted yellow metal, however mistakenly, as a key to the happiness which all are trying to find. Amid the noisy tumult of life, amid the dissonance that divides man from, the Science of Happiness tries to discover the divine link which binds humanity to happiness through the soul and through the union of souls.

M. Finot is as opposed to the Indian symbolism of Maya and Karma as he is to Schopenhauer, and he quotes Leconté de Lisle's inimitable line from his very heart: "O Maya! Maya! thou torrent of ever-changing chimeras!"

It is a big subject, largely and intellectually treated by a master-hand. Unstinted praise is due to the translator, Miss Mary J. Safford, whose English retains the classical note of the original while remaining easy and flowing in style.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

How to be Happy Though All goes Wrong. By J. C. P. Bode. Pp. 80. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 1s. net.

THERE is no doubt that a tendency to worry unnecessarily is the bane of many people in these days, and if some of the worried ones could take to heart the good advice offered them in this little book, they would find life considerably easier. Perhaps the author is a little too lavish with his capital letters, but there is much sound common sense in what he has to say. All who are of a worrying frame of mind might profit by it.

E. M. M.

Know your Own Mind. A little Book of Practical Psychology. By William Glover. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. Pp. ix + 204. Cambridge: The University Press (London: C. F. Clay, Fetter Lane, E.C.). Price 2s. net.

THE title of this admirable little book well describes its aim and contents. The author is a disciple of Herbart. Herbart's synthetic psychology is, indeed, open to criticism on many points. In attempting to explain the mind as a synthesis of ideas, it is apt to give the latter a spurious individuality of their own; it has no adequate explanation of genius, or what other schools of psychology regard as inherited mental aptitude; and it places undue emphasis, I think, on the cognitive aspect of psychic phenomena. So far as the reality of freedom is concerned, Mr. Glover safeguards this by the introduction, in a final chapter, of the soul as a factor determining the evolution of the mind apart from external forces. But he, wisely I think, avoids metaphysical questions in the body of the book. And it must be confessed that the Herbartian criticism of the order "facultypsychology "is well merited, and that Herbart's doctrines of apperception and interest are not only theoretically valid, but of the greatest practical importance. Mr. Glover well emphasizes the advantages of correlating our various ideas. A jumble of disparate facts and fancies is of little utility. "Something of everything and everything of something" is his aim on the intellectual side, combined with lofty ideals, closely correlated with all of our ideas—in short, the self-realization of the highest ideal possible on the ethical side.

His book is ably written in a colloquial and witty style, free from technicalities. He has a fund of excellent illustrations. Teachers especially should find the book of value; but it is not intended for them in particular, and the general reader will, I think, read the book with both pleasure and profit.

H. S. Redgrove,

KEEPING YOUNG AND WELL. Compiled by G. W. Bacon, F.R.G.S. $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. \times $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., pp. 130 + 1 plate. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus. Price (paper cover) 1s. net.

This little book contains chapters on "Health Hints for the Home," "Colds," "Care of the Child," "Common Complaints" (written by a medical man), "Foods Medicinal," etc. It is rather scrappy in style, the author is over fond of quoting (he sometimes repeats his quotations), and, naturally, there are some matters dealt with concerning which authorities differ. But it will, on the other hand, be found to contain much sound advice, and many useful little hints as to the prevention of disease and the cure of simple complaints, and judging from the author's portrait taken at the age of eighty, his hygienic methods have proved effectual in his own case. Over-eating and non-attention to colds he regards as two of the most potent causes of modern ill-health. He emphasizes the value of deep breathing-" cautiously carried out"; and it is interesting to note, in connection with the teachings of Swedenborg, and also the Indian yogis, concerning the psychic functions of breathing, that (as Mr. Bacon points out) adenoids and polypi, which prevent normal breathing, retard mental development. I am glad to note, too, that Mr. Bacon lays stress on the nutritive value of There is a brief glossary of medical terms at the end of the book. The whole forms, I think, a useful shillingsworth. H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY. By Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. Second Edition, revised. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace. Leipzig: Inselstrasse 20. Price 2s. 6d. net.

WITH earnestness, sincerity and scholarly research, Mr. Spencer deals with the far-reaching questions suggested by the title of his book, defining its object, in his Introduction, as a desire "to know the truth of the subjects with which the main doctrines of Christianity deal,-namely, the means of intercourse of human souls with God, the position of human souls in the Universe, the destiny of God for them in the future, and the conditions of fulfilling that destiny." In this connection he chooses to consider the tenets of Christianity "rather than any other religion, because Christianity is more familiar to us, and because it is professedly the religion of those portions of humanity which, on the whole, appear most developed. "The New Testament he regards as a landmark indicating a widespread religious quickening, which foreshadowed a vast religious movement founded upon the teaching of Christ, but subject to continual modifications in the course of its evolution. This evolution the author analyses minutely in the twelve chapters contained in the book. These include chapters on "The Spiritual," "God," "Christ," "Sin," "The Atonement," "The Resurrection," and "The Kingdom of God." In the last named it is argued by the author that "the evolutionary view of the Kingdom of God implies that souls have several lifetimes in physical humanity," and that, therefore, humanity as a whole consists of a certain number of souls which function alternately in corporeal and incorporeal existence, being in both these phases "in process of evolution into the Kingdom of God, in which these breaks and divisions shall have ceased." This hypothesis will appeal to the reader in proportion to the extent to which he or she is in agreement with it. Mr. Spencer points out that Christianity began by establishing a religious tradition based upon personal devotion to its Founder, while in our own day a living faith in the Person of Christ is best expressed by self-devotion to an ideal which involves readiness to serve with all one's powers "the growth of humanity, physical, mental and spiritual, since thereby the end for which Jesus laboured and died will be reached." EDITH K. HARPER.

Legends and Tales. By Annie Besant. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India; Benares, India; Chicago, U.S.A.; T.P.S., London, 1913. Price is. 6d. net.

The Series of which this is the first volume is called Lotus Leaves for the Young. It is "written for the young by lovers of the young, that they may learn of 'high thoughts and noble needs,' and so weave for their own young lives chaplets of fair blossoms wherewith to crown their manhood and womanhood. This series will also contain teachings which form the foundations of character, and which, learned in youth, will prove a sure rock amid all the storms of life." The seven tales in this volume are (1) "Ganga, the River Maid"; (2) "The Stealing of Persephone"; (3) "The First Roses"; (4) "The Drowning of the World"; (5) "The Wandering Jew"; (6) "Perseus the Saviour"; (7) "The Story of Hypatia." In her foreword Mrs. Besant writes: "They are the world-old tales retold

for modern children, and breathe the spirit which inspires to heroic action. The modern world has need of the self-sacrifice of Ganga, of the courage of Perseus, and its Helpers of to-morrow are among the young of to-day." The myths are beautifully retold, the simple style in which they are written make them all the more winning; both children and "grownups" will be charmed and delighted by their perusal. Humanity can never tire of these exquisite myths, which, beneath their symbolic imagery, conceal and reveal the eternal, ever-radiant truths of Divine Wisdom.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE DIARY OF A CHILD OF SORROW. By Elias Gewurz. London: The White Lodge Library, 6 Nassington Road, N.W. Price 2s. net.

We are informed at the outset that "these are leaves from the Diary of a Child of Sorrow whose eyes have wept bitterly, whose heart has been broken sorely, one of those who have come from great tribulation." Mr. Gewurz tells us that the mission of pain is the making of kings, just as the royal road of beauty leads to the consummation and the Crown of Love. For pain opens our eyes to the hollowness of the illusory pleasures of a transitory existence; through pain we learn to truly renounce. He regards pain as the tocsin that awakens the soul from the enchanted slumber of the senses, and leads it, by strange and devious paths, to the Crown and the summit of Being where the Transfiguration takes place. When this is accomplished, and then only, do we live the Life Beautiful, and, passing through the Gates of Silence into the Castle of Love, are entrusted with the Wand of Manifested Power . . . henceforth we are Sons of the Solitude.

This little book is, in every sense of the term, a human document. Having read it the responsibility rests with us of *practising* in our lives the beautiful teachings it contains. Otherwise we are hypocrites. MEREDITH STARR.

Counsel from the Heavenly Spheres. By H. P. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THE words of advice in this little book, obtained through spirit communion, will be found helpful to simple souls in their search for the Higher Wisdom. The teachings are very like the teachings of Jesus, and it is to be sincerely hoped that they will not only be read, but practised, by those who may decide to invest a shilling in the purchase of this little volume.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE QUESTION OF MIRACLES. By Rev. G. H. Joyce, S.J. The Catholic Library, Vol. XIII. Manresa Press. Price 1s. net.

STUDENTS of the occult will be specially interested in two passages in this book. "There is nothing unreasonable in the belief held by many beside Christians that there exist around us incorporeal beings more highly endowed than man, and capable under certain circumstances of acting on the material world." The other admits the possibility of contravention of natural law, in miracles, otherwise than by divine agency. The argument for miracles rules out of court the materialistic explanation of an extension of natural law. The author's position is quite clear. The miracles of the Gospel and of Lourdes are cited as examples. These are

of a character so extraordinary that they may be considered "to testify to the liberty of God which, however it habitually shows itself in nature, is yet more than and above nature." Miracles "break a link in that chain of cause and effect, which else we should come to regard as itself God." The question is, therefore, seen to resolve itself into a distinction between the metaphysical positions of immanence and transcendence. The author holds that God, being an infinite and transcendent First Cause, is enabled, for the working out of the moral order, to transcend His own decrees in the physical order. Although this may be viewed from one standpoint as a violation of physical law, he is careful to point out that the general law remains, whilst only the individual occasion has been modified to justify the existence of the supreme in a manifestation which is, perhaps, a necessary adjunct to a divine revelation.

"It may be safely said that either the Gospel cures were miraculous or the whole story of Christ's life is fictitious." It is seen, therefore, that the case for the reality of Divine Revelation in Christianity is made to depend upon the validity of the miracles of Christ. A searching analysis is made of the Charcot school of hysteria and neuropathy. A distinction of difference in kind is drawn between miracles and faith healing or hypnotic cures and hypnotically produced diseases. The miracle is seen to be of a different order. It is necessarily of such a character that only by the direct intervention of the Supreme Power, acting immediately or through an accredited agent, can its effect, which is opposed to the normal working of natural law, be produced. The book is a closely reasoned argument which takes into account the various objections, rationalistic and the so-called explanations of the mystical schools, and meets them individually. The essence of a miracle, in the author's opinion, is its instantaneous operation, its permanency, its complete transcendence of normal experience, and its moral worth as an illustration of the beneficence and power of God. J. W. FRINGS.

Some Forgotten Truths of Hinduism. By J. Shrinivasa Rao. -The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 4 annas. Mr. Shrinivasa Rao in these pages, on the authority of the Hindu scriptures, attempts to answer such questions as: Is there anything new in the teachings of the Theosophical Society? Has it any new Dharma, any new message to justify its existence? The answer is of course: No. All truth is eternal; it is the mode of presentation alone which differs. On page 3 it is written, in capital letters, that "only great Rishis are competent to teach Dharmas," and the question which here naturally arises in the mind of the reader is: Are all the teachers in the Theosophical Society great Rishis? On page 18 it is stated that the time is now ripe for the arrival of a great World-Teacher, and on the very next page, at the end of the same paragraph, we read that the Teacher will not appear until the world is in a state of perfect peace. But surely a World-Teacher would be needed most of all when the storm-clouds of unrest and revolt are ominously sweeping over the world, for when perfect peace is established throughout the globe, humanity as a whole will be conscious of the indwelling Divine Principle only-no other Teacher than Interior Wisdom will be needed; for "they that are whole need not a physician." MEREDITH STARR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER. NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE outbreak of the war in Europe has led to various inquiries being made relative to the horoscopes of the monarchs most directly concerned, and also with regard to predictions which have been current for many years past in connection with the alleged threatened downfall of the German Empire during the present Kaiser's reign. When his father, the Emperor Frederick, died I was on a journey to South Africa, and I remember a discussion on board ship in connection with his son's accession. I do not know the source of the prediction cited on this occasion, but it was quoted as an old French one and foretold that there would be three Kaisers of a great German Empire, the first of whom would live to an abnormal age, while the second would only reign a few months, and during the reign of the third, PHOPHECIES who was described in the prediction as a young and impetuous man (jeune, fougueux were the ABOUT THE actual French words) who would suffer from some KAISER. physical incapacity, there would be a great war which would lead to the downfall of the Empire. No dates were

given in this rather vague prophecy, but it serves to show how early predictions of the kind were current. A much later one was published in L'Echo du Merveilleux three years ago. The horoscope, which appears to have been cast by the Kabalistic Astrology of the kind explained in Sepharial's work of that title, and which must not be confounded with the more generally practised mathematical science, ran as follows: "William II, born at Berlin, Thursday, January 27, 1859. The conjunction of Saturn, Mars and Taurus predict the fall of the House of Hohenzollern and of the German Empire in 1913 or 1914. Jupiter predicts that William II is the last German Emperor of the House of Hohenzollern. If there is war in 1914 between France and Germany, France will be victorious."

To the threatening aspects in the astrological horoscope of the present Kaiser I have alluded more than once in the Occult Review, as also to the fatal positions as regards a great war, and the inevitable disaster which this must involve. A fatality is invariably indicated in a horoscope where the Sun and Moon are both afflicted by oppositions from the malefics, and where malefics occupy the mid-heaven. In the Kaiser's horoscope the Sun has the opposition of Saturn and the Moon that of Uranus,

while the dominant position is a conjunction of Mars THE and Neptune at the mid-heaven. Saturn in the KAISER'S second house, opposing the Sun, would be an indi-HOROSCOPE. cation of bankruptcy in the case of an ordinary individual. The position of Uranus ruling the eleventh house in opposition to the Moon indicates faithless friends for a man, false allies for a monarch. The wonder to most astrologers has been that the German Emperor should have retained his throne so long. Mars, however, has an exact trine with the Moon, and there is some mitigation of the affliction of the Sun by a trine of Jupiter. In a series of letters to celebrities under the pseudonym of Rollo Ireton, in October, 1902, I wrote a letter to the German Emperor, which I think under the present circumstances will bear repetition, as allusion is made in it to the fatal positions in his natal figure. It runs as follows:-

MY DEAR WILHELM,-

I remember some years ago taking up my Punch and seeing a letter—such another as this—addressed to you, in which you were apostrophized as "Mars Neptune," and I said to myself on reading it, "Is Punch also among the prophets?" For the fact remains, whether the writer of the letter was aware of it or not, that you were born under a conjunction of Mars and Neptune—two evil planets which culminated at your birth; but to which the Moon, lord of your ascendant, threw a benignant ray.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

And truly, you are outspoken and bellicose as Mars; lover of the water and of strange novelties and inventions and always ready to absorb the very latest idea afloat, as the Neptunian; and changeable and impressionable as the changing Moon that rules your ascending sign.

You are not a wise man; but you are a very versatile one, marvellously clever in many ways, and at times almost you seem to me a genius. Moreover, you appeal to the imagination in a quite peculiar way. You have proved yourself more than once, in spite of a certain undue fondness for the telegraph office, a good friend to England in her time of need; and we have got used to your dramatic affectations, your sensational speeches, and your eternal Ego et Deus meus, as you flaunt it melodramatically upon the European stage. It certainly will never be said of you, as it was of our second Charles, that you never said a foolish thing. Your Chancellors remember only too well the number of rash after-dinner statements they have had to explain away.

Neither could you be included in the long list of celebrities referred to in that song in a certain famous comic opera, "They'd none of them be missed." No, Willy, we should miss you—we should indeed. You would leave a blank, hard—nay, impossible—to fill. Our morning papers would become duller than ever without your speeches and the record of your latest antics. We should feel that we had become of a sudden all pompous old fogies together, and that youth and romance had fled from

Europe for ever.

Well, Wilhelm, you have my good wishes for your success; and though when I look at your horoscope sometimes there comes over me a queer sense of impending catastrophe, and an impression that some sword of Damocles is hanging over you suspended only by a hair, at least may the ill-fated hour be postponed to its utmost limit, and when Fate claims its victim, if claim he must, may you not forget that exquisite sense of the dramatic which you have shown so often during your lifetime; but at least, like Cæsar of old, make an effective tableau in expiring.

Your well-wisher, ROLLO IRETON.

The attitude of the Kaiser to this country, here alluded to as friendly, has, as all readers know, undergone considerable fluctuation from time to time, and perhaps may be most aptly described as an attitude of admiration tempered by jealousy. Though his actions forced our hands in the present war, no one was less anxious to be involved in war with England at the present time than himself. The old Latin saw, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat," is curiously applicable in his case.

ASTROLOGICAL
INDICATIONS
OF THE WAR.
This position of the should have chosen an opposition of Uranus to the Sun exactly across the place of the opposition of the Sun and Saturn in his own horoscope to launch his ultimatum to Russia.
This position of the planet Uranus has been troubling him for some three years past, and it has now returned once more and for the last time to the critical place in his natal

figure. In the month of October it becomes stationary there. This month should therefore be one of peculiarly evil import in his case. I alluded to the position of this planet in my issue of November-December, 1911, and it is one which had, before this, brought him to the very verge of an international conflict. It is not a little remarkable that Saturn becomes stationary on the Austrian Emperor's mid-heaven, and in square with his Mars also in October at exactly the same time as Uranus becomes stationary on the German's Kaiser's Sun. The position of Uranus is indicative of sensational reverses and threatened bankruptcy, and that of Saturn of defeat in war. Another month of which special note should be taken by students of astrology is the month of December, in which Mars will be in conjunction with the Sun and will meet with the opposition of Saturn at the same time, almost at the moment of the winter solstice, a planetary position of the most violent character.

We might be justified in associating these violent positions with the final catastrophe. In view of the proximity of the Sun and Mars during December, it is improbable that the fighting will be over before mid-winter. It is, however, to be borne in mind that the war is likely to be followed or indeed put a stop to by internal troubles, and that both Austria and Germany are most seriously threatened in this direction. It is indeed to be feared that the Polish question may yet prove a thorn in the side of Russia itself, and our own Irish question may lead to grave developments if not very carefully handled. We must not, therefore, anticipate that the break-up of the military power of Austria and Germany will be followed immediately by a period of general peace. Austria may have to surrender her Polish and Slavonic provinces, and the Southern German states such as Bavaria and Würtemberg may gravitate towards a resurrected Austria.

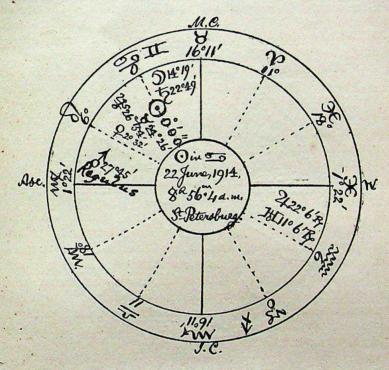
I have already mentioned in a review of Zadkiel's Almanack his reference to the figure for the summer solstice of the present year. I will, however, quote here in full.

Voice of the Stars—June, 1914. Jupiter stationary in Aquarius 22° 18′ on the eleventh day and in opposition with Mars in ZADKIEL'S Leo 22° 17′ on the twelfth, are the chief phenomena occur-PREDICTION. ring in June this year, and as those Zodiacal signs are "fixed" and rule Prussia, France and Italy respectively, there is a risk of a serious crisis near at hand in those countries which, if not skilfully and patiently handled by the respective Governments, might develop alarmingly. At the summer solstice Mars is in the ascendant at

NOTES OF THE MONTH

Berlin, Rome, Constantinople, and Cairo, and has only just risen at St. Petersburg! The Eastern question is only too likely to destroy the harmony of the "Concert of Europe" and may incarnadine the Middle East. The twelfth and twenty-eighth days will be very critical for Europe and Asia. Increase of armaments and a busy time for armourers and ironworkers will be experienced in England.

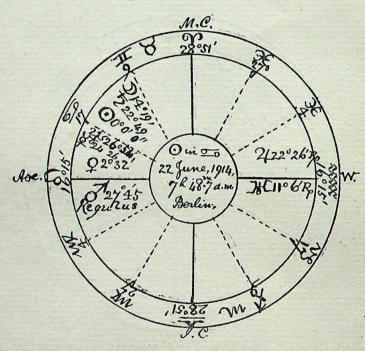
The figure of the summer solstice, it should be remembered, rules the succeeding quarter of the year. It will be noted that June 28 was the date of the assassination of the Archduke Fer-



dinand and his wife, which was the immediate cause of the war between Austria and Servia.

As a matter of fact, it was not merely Mars that was ascending at the summer solstice, but Mars in conjunction with a martial star of the first magnitude, Regulus (or α Leonis), and this no doubt greatly emphasized the martial influence. It is an astrological theory, to which perhaps some credence should be given, that fixed star effects are of a sudden and dramatic character. It is curious that the eclipse of the Sun on August 21 of this year fell on the identical place occupied by Mars and Regulus at the summer solstice. According to the celebrated astrologer,

Junctinus, a great eclipse of the Sun in Leo "presignifies the motion of armies, death of a king, danger of war, and scarcity of rain." The martial effect of the eclipse would be greatly accentuated by the fact of its falling on the place of the martial fixed star Regulus. It is noteworthy that the eclipse in question afflicts the horoscopes of the German and Austrian Emperors as well as those of the Czar of Russia and the King of Italy, and also falls exactly on the place of the Sun at the birth of the President of the French Republic.* Mars occupies the mid-heaven at this eclipse in Central Europe.



It is generally held by astrologers that great wars are heralded by eclipses. The central eclipse of the Sun on April 17, 1912, which occurred in twenty-seven degrees of Aries, was thus alluded to by the editor of Zadkiel's Almanack:—

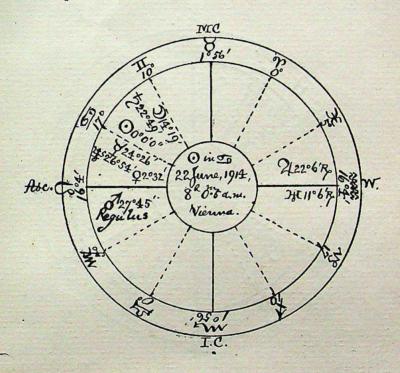
As the central line of the solar eclipse of this year passes across Europe

^{*} The eclipse alluded to falls in square with the German Emperor's Moon and Uranus in opposition to the King of Italy's Moon and in trine aspect to the Czar of Russia's Mars and in square with his Sun. It falls close to the Sun, Moon and Saturn of the Austrian Emperor, whose ascendant will also be afflicted shortly after by the culminating position of Saturn—aspects which might well prove fatal to a man of his years.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

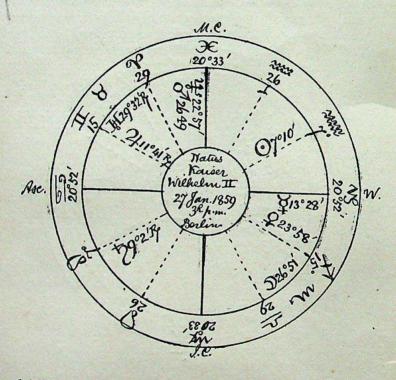
and is more or less visible as a partial one over the whole of Europe and the greater part of Northern Africa, and as Mars is in extreme north declination and in the oriental quarter of the heavens over Europe at the time of the eclipse, the danger of war in Europe is imminent. At St. Petersburg and Constantinople Saturn at the time of the eclipse will be very close to the upper meridian at the conjunction of the Sun and Moon.

This eclipse was followed in the middle of October by the outbreak of the Balkan War, exactly at the time when Mars transited the opposition of the place of the eclipse. At the autumn equinox of that year Mars was culminating at Vienna



and in the Balkans. An eclipse is traditionally held to rule as many years as it lasts hours; the duration of the rule of this eclipse would thus be three years. It must not, then, be assumed that its effect was exhausted by the Balkan War, which as a matter of fact was in its nature merely the fore-runner of the present conflagration, the cause of the conflict between Austria and Servia, from which it resulted, being due to the aggrandisement of Servia as the result of her success and the determined opposition which Austria offered to her access to the sea.

In turning from the astrological question to the omens which have been interpreted as threatening the Kaiser's throne, I hope I may be pardoned some slight repetition from previous issues of the Occult Review. At the celebration of Sedan Day (Sept. 1) the French anniversary of disaster, at the Saxon town of Artern, in 1911, hundreds of the inhabitants had gathered in the large square which has Bismarck's statue in the centre, when suddenly the sword which the figure of the maker of modern Germany holds extended at length dropped from the statue's hand



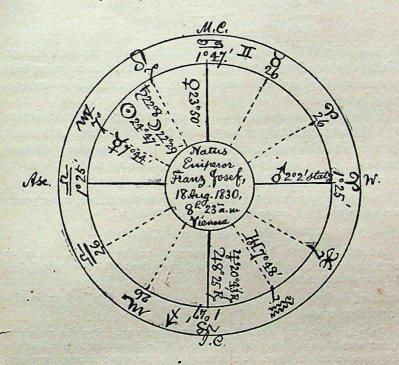
omens
Of the Kaiser's
Downfall.

Of the present crisis. About the same time, or shortly after, as one of the results of an earthquake which, it may be remembered, took place that autumn on the Continent of Europe, a colossal statue of Germania was overthrown at Constance. Another even more significant result of this earthquake, in the eyes of the superstitious, was the rend-

NOTES OF THE MONTH

ing of the solid masonry of the towers of the Burg Hohenzollern, the ancestral castle of the reigning house.

The tendency to anticipate the actual outbreak of the war by a year and fix it at 1913 is worth noting. This was the date anticipated by the popular French prophetess, Madame de Thèbes. "Germany (she says, in her almanack for 1912) menaces Europe in general and France in particular. When the War breaks out, hers will be the responsibility, but after the War there will be no longer either Hohenzollern or Prussian hegemony. This is all Berlin will gain by her violence and the brutality of her



political methods. I have said, and I repeat, that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and that after him all will be changed in Germany. I say the years of his reign, I do not say the years of his life."

The same date 1913 appears in the prediction made to the Kaiser Frederick when he was Crown Prince of Prussia. The prophetess in this case was a juggler with figures. On being consulted she took a sheet of paper and wrote down the date of the Prussian Revolution of 1849. Placing the same figures in a vertical position and adding them up beneath the original, the

total brought her to the date of the German Empire, 1871. Taking this date again and placing its own digits beneath the other, she arrived at 1888, the date of her consultant's death. On being asked then how long the German Empire would last, she took the figures again, and placing them vertically beneath their sum added them once more and gave the figures 1913, as below:—

1849	1871	1888
T	I	1
8	8	8
4	7	8
9	· I	8
1871	т888	1913

Doubtless this prediction was familiar to the present Kaiser. Did it, one wonders, have any influence on him in inducing him to stave off the inevitable conflict which threatened so menacingly in 1913?

Not the least remarkable of the prophecies made in connection with this war is that appearing in Madame de Thèbes' Almanack for 1913, in which she not obscurely hints at the disappearance from the field of action of the Austrian heir apparent, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Writing of Austria she says—

He who expects to reign will not come to the throne, and a young man who should not come to the throne will reign.

Also of Poland she says in the same Almanack-

Poland! Poland! You have done well not to despair. It is on you that the future smiles. Great but bloody deeds will be accomplished at Warsaw before long.

Again of Italy she writes in the same Almanack, alluding to the Tripolitan war—

Italy has only just entered on the path of war. May she march in accord with France. Any other course will be disastrous to her, but she will perceive this in time. . . . A new King, perhaps; a new Pope certainly, and between King and Pope open conflict, overthrow of Rome.

I am subjoining figures of the horoscopes of the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Austrian Emperor. Of the former I have already written. In spite of the black indications in the horoscope of the Austrian Emperor who, it will be noted, has also both the Sun and Moon afflicted by a conjunction of Saturn, and Mars in close opposition to the ascendant, the planet Venus, lord of the ascendant, dominates the horoscope and has enabled this monarch to weather many a storm and survive many a tragedy. Venus is the Emperor's lucky planet, and Mars his planet of dis-

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aster, and it is curious to note how throughout his reign he has always gained by peace and lost in war. The FRANZ greatest addition to his empire was the province JOSEF'S of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which was transferred HOROSCOPE. to him by the Treaty of Berlin after Austria had remained a passive spectator of the Russo-Turkish war. To both Germany and Italy Austria lost large provinces as the result of disastrous wars. The position of Mars setting is also indicative of a martial consort destined to a violent end. No great war could be successfully waged by a monarch with such a horoscope. In connection with this figure Alan Leo observes (Modern Astrology for July, 1910) that the planet Mars is exactly on the ascendant of King George's nativity, "therefore it is no idle prophecy to say that if a European war breaks out during the lifetime of these two monarchs the Emperor of Austria will be the direct cause of drawing England into the struggle."

We still await some scientific explanation of a phenomenon that has been alluded to on a number of occasions in the Occult Review, viz. the appearance of phantom battles in the clouds, either before or after the corresponding event. My readers will remember that the full narrative was given of the occurrences in this connection which followed the battle of Edge Hill (October 22, 1642), and similar phenomena that preceded the battle of Mook Heath in Holland (April 14, 1574).

A MIRAGE OF WAR. A similar story of a mirage of a naval engagement is stated to have been witnessed by the Very Rev. Alexius Calderbank, rector of the Franciscan College at Cowley,

Oxford, and two Dutch students at the same place.

The "mirage," according to the report, was first seen by Mr. Calderbank about 8.15 p.m. on Wednesday. It lasted about twenty minutes. Beyond the phantom shore, at an apparent distance of many miles, was a ship enveloped in smoke. Around this ship smaller boats were encircling, some with two funnels, others with three funnels. Viewed through binoculars, the masts could be seen quite clearly. Later on other ships appeared like specks upon the horizon. Finally, just before the mirage disappeared, two boats left the principal ship, which had broken into flames.

In reply to criticisms of the statement, Mr. Calderbank insists that he and his students were not misled by a combination of clouds. The coast line remained stationary, whilst the ships changed their positions. The mirage did not provide an inverted picture. Every detail was in its natural position.

MAGNETIC REPULSION: ITS PRACTI-CAL SCIENTIFIC VALUE AND OCCULT PSYCHOLOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE

PART I

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc. (LOND.), F.C.S.

THERE is an old saying that "seeing is believing." For most of us, however, it would, perhaps, be more true to say that "feeling is believing." Our concept of reality is closely bound up with that of solidity, and our concept of solidity is the product of tactual and muscular sensations. It is not until we have learnt to associate visual sensations with those of a tactual and muscular nature that we see things as solid. Perhaps this fact explains why many people, though entertaining no doubts as to the reality of matter, are very sceptical as to the existence of the ether; because, although the existence of the ether is involved in every act of vision, it does not, usually, appeal to the sense of touch. But, as a matter of fact, both matter and ether are, so to speak, in the same boat on the waters of reality. They are both constructions of the scientific imagination, built so that the mind may more easily deal with its sensations, and are both equally real or unreal, whichever way one likes to look at it.

In certain electrical and magnetic phenomena, however, the ether is made apparent to our muscular sense, and in no way more strikingly than in the phenomenon of magnetic repulsion—a phenomenon by no means as well known as that of magnetic attraction.

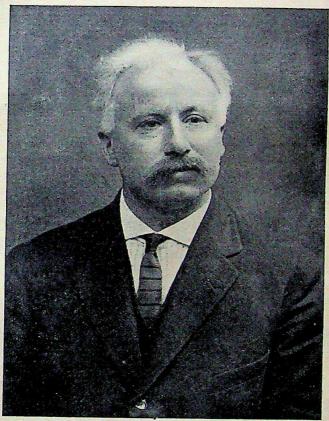
It was a stream of thought much like the foregoing that ran through my mind a few days ago when I visited the laboratory of M. Bachelet, the French savant concerning whose extraordinary invention—the levitated railway—one has been hearing so much nowadays—mostly inaccurate information, by the way.

Here was an ordinary electro-magnet, through which an alternating * current was passing at a pressure of 3,000 volts.

^{*} An alternating current is one which continually changes its direction to and fro.

MAGNETIC REPULSION

I placed my hand on top and could feel nothing, but an aluminium disc placed on the back of my hand was immediately shot off. It was in vain that I tried to force an aluminium cup on to the magnet by pressure perpendicular to it: an invisible stress in the ether defied all my efforts. When an aluminium disc was placed over the magnet and restrained from flying off at a tangent by a piece of wire through the centre, it remained sus-



By courtesy of the Ba:helet Levitated Railway Syndicate, Ltd.]
M. BACHELET, THE INVENTOR OF THE LEVITATED RAILWAY.

pended in the air (or, rather, in the ether) a couple of inches or more above the magnet. If two discs were used, one of aluminium, the other of iron, both were forced up; if the iron was uppermost, the aluminium screening it, as it were, from the action of the magnet. When, however, a direct current was used, the iron was attracted and forced the aluminium down. When the iron disc was placed underneath, the alternating current

being used, it was strongly attracted to the magnet, whilst the aluminium was repelled.

It would be futile to pretend that modern science has completely solved all the theoretical problems of magnetism; but the theories advanced by Ampère and Weber will help us very greatly to understand these facts.

According to Ampère, magnetism is nothing more or less than a whirl of electricity. What is electricity? There is the problem. But let us say, waiving any attempt at a complete explanation, that it is a strain, or some sort of singularity, in the ether. So far as that statement goes, it is certainly correct. Ampère's theory is borne out by the fact that an ordinary solenoid (i.e., a coil of wire through which a current is passing) behaves like a magnet. But Ampère's currents are not currents through matter in bulk, not currents from atom to atom, but within the atom itself. Ordinary currents stop, because they meet with resistance in passing from atom to atom. But Ampère's theory asserts that a current within an atom meets with no resistance, and continues forever.* This explains the permanent magnetization of iron.

When a piece of iron, or other magnetizable body, is placed in a magnetic field (*i.e.*, near a magnet), it becomes a magnet itself. Why is that? At first we might suppose that it derives some sort of energy from the magnetic field. But experiment shows that this is not the case, because a magnet used to magnetize bars of iron, etc., becomes in no way weakened by the continued process.

The iron becomes a magnet because, as Swedenborg † first divined, every particle of the iron is already a magnet. The magnetic field drills these particles into order, or polarizes them (as we say), so that their magnetism becomes apparent, whereas formerly the magnetic field of one particle neutralized that of another. The result of this is that the iron, now become a magnet, is attracted by the original magnet.

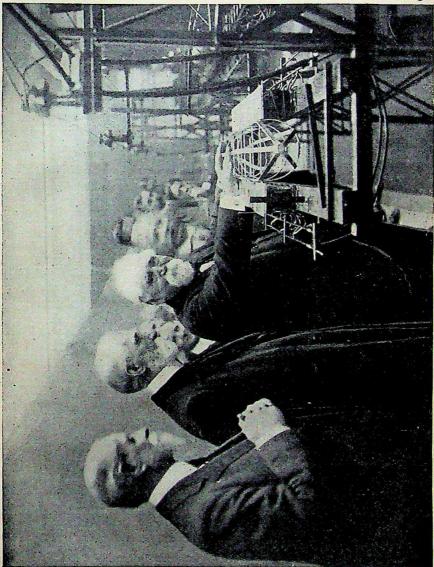
But the magnetic field has another effect also. Any conductor placed in an electric field has generated in it (by "induction" as it is called) a current opposing that of the original

† See Sir W. F. Barrett's Foreword to the new edition of Swedenborg's Principia.

^{*} This theory meets with support from the recent experiments made by Prof. Kamerlingh Onnes, who has found that metals at a very low temperature (i.s., in a condition in which their particles are almost stagnant) offer no resistance to the passage of an electrical current (see report in The Chemical News for July 10, 1914, vol. cx, p. 23).

MAGNETIC REPULSION

of resistance. But in the case of atomic currents, there is, according to Ampère's theory, no resistance. Hence, as Weber



HIRAM MAXIM AND OTHERS VIEWING A MODEL OF THE BACHELET LEVITATED RAILWAY. By courtesy of the Bachelet Levitated Railway Syndicate, Ltd.]

has pointed out, the current in each of the atoms of iron will be weakened, through the generation in them of an opposing current, and each atom will be actually a weaker magnet than before.

Now, if a body is used whose atoms are either neutral or diamagnetic (that is, have currents in them opposite to that in the iron atom), it is obvious that a current will be generated in these atoms (or intensified if already present) opposing that of the magnet. The result is that the body will be repelled. This phenomenon (called "diamagnetism") is, however, very slight in effect. But if an alternating current is used, a whirl of electricity (eddy current) in the body of the material will be continually induced (each time the direction of the original current changes) as fast as it dies away through resistance. This produces the strong repulsion in the experiments described.

The question may be asked: If this is the true explanation of magnetic repulsion as exhibited by aluminium, copper and other neutral and diamagnetic bodies, why is not a similar phenomenon exhibited by the human body? The solution of the difficulty lies, no doubt, as pointed out by M. Bachelet, in the fact that these metals have a very much greater molecular density than that of flesh and bone. Their particles are small and closely packed, whereas the much larger molecules which make up the human body are comparatively few and far apart.

The phenomenon of magnetic repulsion has been known for long, but it appears to have been little studied with a view to its practical utilization. To M. Bachelet belongs the honour of bending this natural force to man's use. In his railway, the moving carriage is, essentially, an iron cylinder, with an aluminium foot running its whole length. Throughout the whole length of the line electro-magnets are placed at short intervals, which, acting on the aluminium, raise the carriage in the air (it. is kept in position by guides), thus destroying its weight* and all friction save that of the air. The carriage is drawn along by solenoid magnets, placed at intervals along the route, through which the carriage passes.† These solenoid magnets act on the iron-core of the carriage, drawing it forwards. Immediately the carriage reaches any solenoid, the current is cut off in that solenoid, the momentum of the carriage carrying it forward until it reaches the sphere of attraction of the next solenoid.

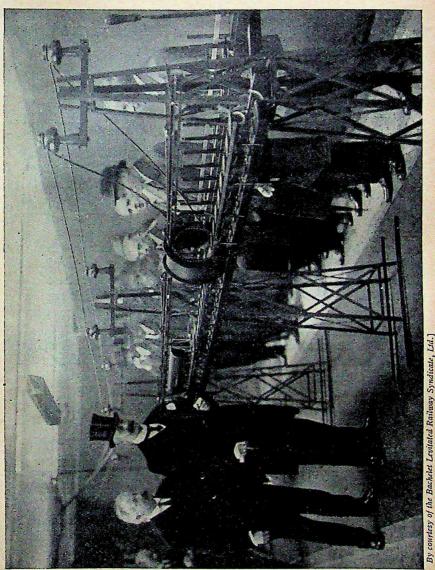
M. Bachelet claims that he can by this means attain a speed of 300 miles per hour, and that the cost of construction and running is comparatively small.

^{*} The weight is not really "destroyed," but transferred from the carriage to the rails, as an experiment devised by M. Bachelet shows.

[†] In another form, the carriage is driven by an electric or petrol motor acting on a propeller like that used on an aeroplane.

THE LORD MAYOR VIEWING A MODEL OF THE BACHELET LEVITATED RAILWAY.

Whether the invention will be found suitable for the transit of passengers is a moot question. Devices which work admirably on a small scale not infrequently fail on a larger scale; and



statements in certain of the daily papers, that we shall soon all be travelling to Brighton in a quarter of an hour, must be taken cum grano salis. What M. Bachelet proposes to do immediately,

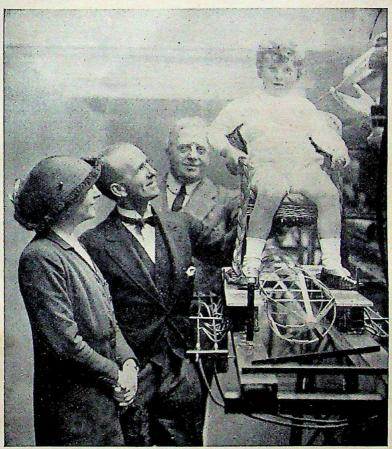
however, is to apply his invention to the rapid transit of mailmatter, for which it seems admirably suited, and I believe that an offer respecting this was received from the Russian Government prior to the European war.

PART II BY WALTER GORN OLD

IN reviewing the facts so clearly set forth in the above report by Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., I am strongly tempted to traverse the whole ground, both from the position of theoretical science and that of psychology. But I am forced by limitations to confine myself to the consideration of the psychological value of M. Bachelet's demonstration, at which I also had the pleasure of being present. It may, however, be worth while to note, en passant, that the whole of the phenomena tend to uphold the vortex theory of cosmogenesis and the theory of matter which is now gaining ground in the scientific world, which is to the effect that matter is solid to the extent that it is non-etheric. a theory which has given rise to the quaint idea of the planet as "a hole in the spatial ether." Ampère's theory of the atom as invested with a continuous current of electricity which meets with no resistance, may be employed to explain the axial rotation of planetary bodies. The whole ground is most inviting, but there is other pertinent matter to consider.

Most readers of the Occult Review will be familiar with reports of human levitation. We have indubitable testimony of the levitation of solid bodies in the report of the Dialectical Society, which is concerned solely with a series of experiments made under scientific test conditions in the laboratory of Sir William Crookes. The conclusion that intelligent agency was employed to produce these phenomena not only shows that such intelligences were capable of functioning apart from organism as we know it, but also that they employed a force which, while producing dynamic and static effects, did not answer to the tests of any form of energy now known to us. The fact that solid bodies were so displaced, lifted into the air, suspended and lowered at will, proves, of course, that a force was used. I suggest that what we call ether is, in regard to the ethereal organisms of such intelligences, practically what solid matter is to us, and that it is by the manipulation of etheric matter that the various forms of energy necessary for the production of the observed phenomena were produced.

The argument that human bodies cannot be magnetically levitated in the same way as aluminium, goes no further than to show that the form of force involved in either case is dissimilar. But whenever we see a human body levitated we know that some form of force is employed to overcome what we call gravita-



By courtesy of the Bachelet Levitated Railway Syndicate, Ltd.]

BOY AND CHAIR LEVITATED BY MAGNETIC REPULSION ON A MODEL

OF THE BACHELET LEVITATED RAILWAY.

tion, which may be etheric push or magnetic pull. Well, I have seen the body of a fakir sitting in mid-air as motionless as a statue. It is credibly testified that the late D. D. Home was on several occasions not only levitated, but also carried from one room to another. . No human body of ordinary weight could lie down, as the fakirs do, upon a bed of sharp spikes without being lacer-

ated. Occasionally we have instances of involuntary levitation. as in the case of the Secress of Prevorst, but certainly in others there are positive indications of the conscious use of a form of force as yet unknown to science. If we assume that the human body is normally held to the earth by weight, we have to employ a lifting power proportionate to that weight or proportionate to the force of gravitation that is said to hold it down, in order that it may be raised. The phenomenon of levitation may be due either to the exercise of a force capable of resisting the attraction of gravitation as aluminium does that of the electromagnet, or, assuming an analogy between gravitation and magnetic attraction, to the depolarization of the body. A magnetized bar of iron may be rendered non-magnetic by merely heating it, a process effecting a molecular change which destroys polarity. I am disposed to think that the Yogi, by means of what is called the Kundalini S'akti, or Sacred Fire, produces a temporary change in the molecular state of his body by which the polarity of the body as a whole is partially destroyed, so that, instead of being attracted by the earth, it is repelled. An easier explanation would be to call in the aid of extraneous agencies such as that of jinns and Nature-spirits, but such an explanation is only easier to those minds that are already assured of the existence of such entities (see Le Comte de Gabalis). The fact that pure metals, as Sir J. J. Thomson has shown, offer the least resistance to electrical energy, and the further fact that the fineness and compactness of the particles in aluminium enable it to exhibit the phenomenon of magnetic repulsion. seem to have a human interpretation, if we allow that changes of the spiritual state have their corresponding physical effects, as argued by Swedenborg; for it then follows that the higher the organic quality, the more readily does it express the impulses of the Spirit, and the finer the molecular structure the greater the resistance the body is capable of offering to extraneous magnetic forces. The spiritualized adept thus becomes a perfect "diamagnet." It is possible to think of the embodied Christ as illustrating these electro-magnetic relations in the most complete manner known to us.

IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES

BY MAUDE ANNESLEY

I ASK for such a small thing, such a small sign that you're near me, I do not ask to hear you,—my heart-beats lie between; You who refused me nothing—Give a token that you hear me, I do not ask to see you,—my tears will be the screen.

The flowers that you loved so, that you tended, that I'm tending, Creep up around the lattice. Ah, Love! can you not see The roses and the jasmine boughs all wet with dew, and bending, And ready for your plucking? Oh, gather one for me!

Was it too hard a thing to do? The roses nod above me In the dim light, in the star-shine, as though they wished to say That you would do the utmost, that you're near me, that you love me.

That my token's long in coming, but love will find the way.

The book we knew together, that we loved so, and were reading, Lies open where we left it, ere the fear came, and the grief. We left it there to finish, never knowing, never heeding That night comes, and that Death comes. . . Will you not turn the leaf?

I know just where we finished; Oh! turn it, I shall know it; I will not move, or listen, or look towards the place.

I know you're near and love me—Ah, but give this sign to show it!

I will not even hope for the glory of your face.

Too much again? Then see! the curtain hanging straightly: Take one soft fold, and draw it from the flow'rs steeped in dew. And when I lift my eyes again, I'll see, and wonder greatly; I'll know that you have touched it, for the moonlight will steal through.

At last the light, the mystic light, steals slowly from behind me; At last I have my token! I knew that you would hear.

Another day is coming, and the pain, and the fear.

THE GHOST OF THE WINTER PALACE

By M. E.

IT may not be well known that the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, is haunted by the grandmother of the present Emperor, the wife of Alexander II, who gave liberty to the serfs, and who met with his death by a bomb thrown at him in the streets of St. Petersburg. The late Emperor, his son, never lived in the Palace after the assassination of his father, but preferred to reside in Anitchkoff Palace, where he had lived as Tsarevitch, and it was when the present Emperor married Princess Alix of Hesse that the Winter Palace was made habitable for the young couple. The suite of rooms prepared for the Grand Duchess Olga Nicolaivna was the same which had been inhabited by the wife of Alexander II.

When I first went to the Winter Palace, the Imperial family had only been in St. Petersburg a couple of days, having arrived from Tsarskoye Selo, and both of my little charges were ill. The eldest was at the time three, the youngest one and a half years of age, and they had not been in the palace for ten months, nor out of their suite since their arrival. All these particulars, though tedious, are necessary, as people who have heard the story have said, "The child knew the history of her great-grandmother."

I had nursed the children through their little attack of influenza, when the doctor said to me, "You have been five days in the house, and must have some air. Go out and walk up and down the quays for half an hour." So I went, and when I returned the Grand Duchess Olga looked at me and said, "The old lady was here when you were out." I asked what old lady, and was told, "The old lady who comes in often."

"Princess Galitzin?" asked I.

"Oh! no," came the answer. "This old lady wears a blue dress."

Now at the moment the court was in half mourning for the Queen of Denmark, mother of the Dowager-Empress of Russia, so I said, "Mauve, not blue."

"No," said the child, "blue; it's a funny dress, not like what mamma wears."

"What is it like?" asked I. She rapidly showed me with her hands that the bodice was pointed, and said, "The sleeves are

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funnier, for they are open and falling off, and underneath they are white." She attempted to show me by gestures what she meant.

I turned to the nurse who had been with the children while I was out, and asked if anyone had been there in my absence. To my surprise she said, "No one." I still pressed the question, but she denied having seen anyone. I asked if she had left them alone, and she still said, No.

Olga Nicolaivna began to explain in Russian what the visitor was like, and what she had done, but Marya still persisted in saying that no one had entered the room on any business while I was out. I thought the nurse was telling untruths, and that the mysterious visitor was a friend of hers, who had no business there, but of course I could not prove it, so let the matter drop.

A couple of days after this I was playing with the children when the Grand Duchess Olga suddenly said, "There is the old lady."

I looked up, but there was no one in the room. "Where? Where?" cried I.

The child pointed with her finger, and described a semicircle such as a person going from one door to the other would have made. "Now she's gone into the next room," said the little one; but the door between the two rooms was still shut.

I hastily ran through the suite in the direction the Grand Duchess had indicated, and came out on the lobby, but there was no one there. I went so quickly, that had there been anyone there I must have come up with her preparing to go on the street, for it was mid-winter in St. Petersburg and to leave the warmed house for the street would have meant certain death, without plenty of wrappings.

I returned to the children and Marya, and sent the latter out to question the sentry as to whether anyone had passed through or not. But the reply was still in the negative, I said to Olga Nicolaivna, "You see there was no one in the room"; and she replied emphatically, "You and Marya are both very stupid, because I saw the old lady, and now you say she was not here."

I still thought the child was romancing, and changed the subject.

A couple of days afterwards the Empress told me to take the children into the state rooms for a change and to get their rooms thoroughly aired, so we went. In one of the rooms were hanging life-size portraits of Alexander II and his wife, the Empress Marie Feodorvna. Olga ran towards the latter, exclaiming, "That's a picture of the old lady who came into our rooms. You see," she

went on, "she has on her blue dress, and it is not like what mamma wears."

The dress in question had a pointed bodice, angel sleeves falling away from the elbow, and white lace under-sleeves. Just as the child had described.

"But," said I," that is your papa's grandmamma. A long time ago she went to heaven. People don't come back from there."

She looked a little disconcerted, but never again did she speak

on this subject.

Some time after, it probably was the next year, we were again in the Winter Palace, and one night in my bed I was suddenly disturbed by hearing sobs, and I found myself listening to a woman's complaints of her husband's infidelity. The matter talked of was so private that I sat up in my bed, feeling sure I should not listen, yet not quite knowing what to do, for there were the children sleeping in the same room. I ceased to hear the sounds as soon as I sat up. I thought, "Some poor soul in the room under me is in sore trouble"; and lay down again. Directly I heard the same story. I sat up, and began to wonder if I should go and leave the children in charge of the nurse, find out what was wrong, or wait till the Empress came to kiss the children the last thing at night, as was her custom; and decided to wait.

It was after I a.m. when she came, and she expressed surprise at seeing me sitting up in bed. Irish fashion I answered her by a question. She told me that underneath the room were store rooms, etc., but no one lived there; and I told her some one was in that room and was in trouble.

"If you think so," said she, "get out of bed and put your ear to the ground and you will see."

I did so, but could hear nothing, so I said, "Thank Heaven, it has ceased."

"I shall be thinking of you all night," said she, "if I don't see you settled before I leave."

I got into my bed again, and lay down, and immediately the same disturbing noise began again, so I said to the Empress, "If your Majesty will put your ear here you will hear it for yourself."

She did so, but could hear nothing.

She then told me to lie down again, which I did. Immediately I heard the same words and the same sobbing and crying.

She asked me to repeat what was said, which I did, only translating from French into English.

"Is it in English?" she next asked.

On my answering in the negative, she told me to repeat them

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as they were spoken. I did so. She asked me if what I was saying reminded me of any story I had ever heard. I answered, "No."

She then said: "I shall ask you the same question in another form. Do you know who inhabited these rooms before Olga?"

Of course I knew that, and she asked me to tell her as much of the sorrowful story as I could. I ended with: "She never spoke of her grief, but when she heard the patter of the other woman's children's footsteps above her head she used to turn her face into the pillow, and those around her could see her poor body shake with suppressed sobs."

"Your story breaks down just here," replied the Empress; "for she spoke once to her daughter of her sorrow, and she used the words you have just repeated. She habitually spoke French," went on the Empress; "that is why I made you repeat just what you heard."

There is something in us all that revolts against being used as a medium for the spiritual world, so I cried: "No, but that is where your story breaks down, your Majesty, for the world knows her children were Alexander, Vladimir, Alexis, Serge, Paul and Mary—six in all—and she said, 'I gave him eight children, were they not enough, that he must have these others?'"

"You forget," came the answer, "that Nicholas died after his mother and before his father, and little Alexandra died in childhood."

I had forgotten them both. Sleep was impossible with this crying under my head, but I got out of bed and changed the pillow. Strange to relate, in the other pillow I heard no sound. Subsequent inquiries proved that I was sleeping in the bed in which the hapless lady had suffered so much. In some way the pillow had acted like a phonograph record and gave back sounds to those who had ears to hear; I often heard the same sounds again, but curiously enough was always able to sleep, by putting that particular pillow out of the bed and taking the other.

This story is perfectly true in every particular.

BLACK MAGIC IN SOUTH AFRICA

By IRENE E. TOYE WARNER, British Astronomical Association; Société Astronomique de France; etc.

THE belief in magic—and particularly black magic—amongst the native races of South Africa seems to be so ingrained and universal, and there is such a vast amount of material from which to draw, that it is somewhat difficult to know how much to include in this article. There are numerous cases of black magic recorded by various missionaries and travellers, but I propose confining myself in the main to some of the authentic accounts contained in the Report and Proceedings of the Government Commission on Native Laws and Customs (published at Cape Town in 1883). My interest was particularly aroused by these Reports, as one member of the Commission, Colonel W. E. M. Stanford, C.B., C.M.G., is my relative, as are also several other gentlemen who gave information to the Commissioners, i.e. the late Rev. E. J. Warner; also R. W. Stanford, Esq., A. H. B. Stanford, Esq., Rev. H. B. Warner, etc. Perhaps one of the best known authorities on Kafir laws and customs was the late Rev. Joseph Cox Warner, who was for many years British Resident of the Transkeian Territories. He collected Kafir laws, and gave a report to the Government in 1856, long before the Native Commission undertook their arduous work.

Clarence J. Warner, Esq., a present Resident Magistrate for the Transkeian Territory, and grandson of the above, has

sent me the following remarks about Kafir Magic:-

"These people are firm believers in witchcraft, and if enteric fever breaks out in a native village, or some disease appears among the cattle, they believe it is due to some evil supernatural agency employed by an enemy, and go to consult the *isanusi* (witch-doctor). When the *isanusi* denounces some person as a wizard, his audience hasten to wreak vengeance on the unfortunate individual. . . . Before the British assumed the government of this country the accused was invariably killed if caught, and even now most of the murders with which we have to deal arise out of the universal belief in witchcraft. Usually the practice now is to go at night and set fire to the dwelling of the accused person while he or she is asleep inside. I have to investi-

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gate many cases of mysterious fires during a year, and everyone knows that when a dwelling has been burnt in this way, the occupant has been denounced at some secret meeting as a dealer in magic, and as one who employs supernatural powers to injure his neighbours, but it is very rarely that the persons, who have had to do with the burning of the hut, can be discovered. The natives may suspect who they are, but they are afraid to give information . . . it is therefore seldom that they are brought to justice. It is only when one of the party consulting the *isanusi* is denounced (which happens occasionally) and flees to his Magistrate for protection, that we can get evidence to convict."

Thus we see that witchcraft does still exist in the native territories, despite the numerous penal laws against it. In the Native Territories Penal Code, No. 177, it is stated that "whoever names or indicates another to be a wizard or witch (umtakati) shall be punished with a fine . . . or in default of payment, with imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for fourteen days." In No. 178 we are told that a reputed "witch-doctor" (isanusi) "shall be punished with imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for a term which may extend to five years, or with a fine, or both." No. 179 provides for the punishment of anyone who employs a witch-finder, by a fine, or hard labour, for anything under three months. No. 180 says that the penalty for supplying anyone with the means of bewitching another, or his property, is imprisonment with or without hard labour for twelve months or under, or with a fine, or sometimes both! The same applies also to the one who uses the charm, etc., with intent to injure.

At the close of the Kafir war of 1835 the Governor, Sir Benjamin Durban, made the first attempt at modification of Kafir law and procedure. Resident Government Agents were appointed with power to deal with certain criminal matters, including witchcraft, according to British laws.

An attempt to put down this terrible scourge had been made by the native chief Moshesh before he came into contact with Europeans. In a treaty between Sir Peregrine Maitland and the chief Eno, dated January 30, 1845, the latter agreed that persons "shall not be disturbed or injured in their persons, families, or property, for refusing to comply with the Kafir customs of witchcraft, rain-making, polygamy, circumcision or forcible abduction or violation of females." This was looked upon as the Christian missionary charter in South Africa. Another treaty to the same effect had previously been entered into between Sir T. Shepstone and the chief Kreli. It is most probable that Kafir black magic came originally from an Arab source, or even from a still more remote branch of the Semitic race, who were also responsible for the marvellous ruins at Zimbabwe, and the ancient gold-mining industry of Rhodesia. Barrow believed that the Kafirs are descended from the Bedouin Arabs, for he says, "these people penetrated into every part of Africa. . . . By skirting the Red Sea, and turning to the southward, the great desert which divides Africa into two parts would be avoided," . . . and the journey therefore a fairly simple one.

The Kafir witch-doctors appear to be of quite a different class to the "wonder-workers," "medicine-men," or sorcerers of the West Coast of Africa (whom I described in a former article). That magic of an evil nature is practised amongst the native tribes is abundantly proved by the enormous number of people put to death as being guilty of an attempt to "bewitch" their enemies; and also by the number of priests, whose main business seems to be that of "smelling out," i.e. finding and bringing to justice

the supposed worker of black magic.

The point I wish to emphasize is that, unlike some of the West African sorcerers and the Voodoos of America, the Kafir "witchdoctor" is not, in theory, a worker of evil, but a punisher thereof. Our standards of right and wrong, of course, differ greatly in many matters from those of the Kafirs, but, according to their ideas, the witch-doctor is a necessity as an instrument for the punishment of the worst crime recognized by their laws—namely, witchcraft. It has been said that to punish a witch-doctor because he has put an accused sorcerer or witch (umtakati) to death, is just as if we were to punish a policeman for capturing a murderer, and a judge for sentencing him to death! This is how the majority of Kafirs used to regard our laws for the suppression of their custom of "smelling out" and "eating up" sorcerers.

A wizard or witch is called *umtakati*, i.e. "evil-doer," but a notorious criminal is often spoken of as an *umtakati*, even though he may not be guilty of witchcraft. In many parts of South Africa workers of evil magic are called *amagqwira*, and the witch-doctor or priest whose business it is to expose them is called *isanusi*, *intongo*, or *igqira*. The ceremony of "smelling out" is spoken of as *Umhlahlo*.

Among the American Voodoos, women appear to be by far the strongest in numbers, but this is not the case in South Africa. In Natal and Zululand very few women take part in the black

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art, but they often do so among the Amaxosa Kafirs dwelling between Cape Colony and Natal. All sorcerers are expert in the use of poisons, so it is probable that they accomplish much of their evil by this natural means. Besides these poisons they use what is called *ubuti*, or bewitching matter. This they place in secret in the hut or cattlefold of the person or family they wish to injure. As the ordinary law can never find out or touch such cases, the great need of the witch-doctor is keenly felt by the natives.

The witch-doctor plays such an important part in Kafir life, and, under British law, is held responsible for so many murders, that some details about him and his qualifications may be of interest. Colonel Stanford, in examining the Rev. J. A. Chalmers in 1881, elicited the information that there are six classes of Kafir doctors: i.e. (1) the awoluqxa, or herbalist, who attends cases of illness; (2) the awokupata, or doctor, who manipulates the body; (3) the awokuvumisa, who dreams and sees visions; (4) the izanuse, who "smells out"; (5) the amatola, who regulates the conduct of war; and (6) the awemvala, or raindoctor.

J. T. Bent describes the dress of a witch-doctor whom he saw in Mashonaland: "Small gourds with seeds inside to rattle were tied to his calves; a buck's horn with a chain was hung around his neck, together with odd chains of beads, and his arms and legs were a mass of brass bracelets and anklets, whilst his hair was resplendent with feathers!"

A Kafir doctor is supposed to be called to the profession by a supernatural agency. "Sometimes," says Dr. I. P. Fitzgerald (superintendent of Grey Hospital, King William's Town, in 1856), "during a sickness he acquires, or fancies he does, a knowledge of the medicinal properties of some plant which he informs his friends have been communicated to him by the spirits." The doctors of the tribe are consulted, and, if it is decided that he has a call, he goes into solitude in his hut for a limited period to get into touch with the spirit world. At the end of his term of seclusion the doctors assemble and the candidate is examined and the herb or plant the properties of which are said to have been revealed to him is cut up, boiled in water, and poured over his head. This ceremony is called ukubehlelewa, and is performed by the principal doctor, who gets the fee from the candidate if he is admitted. If the man is not considered fit to qualify he is sent back for further instruction. and after a time another examination is held, which, if he passes,

entitles him to practise either medicine, "smelling out" for witchcraft, or both combined. As nearly all the native doctors believe that most disease is caused by witchcraft, they, naturally, opposed the advent of European doctors!

During the time of seclusion the candidate allows his hair to grow very long, he does not paint, and becomes very emaciated by fasting. His experiences, then, are called *ukutwasa*, or moon changes, and he is said to be *twasa*, or changing: in

other words, his spiritual eyes are opened.

Certainly these doctors have great clairvoyant and hypnotic power, for though, doubtless, many are frauds and acquire their seemingly occult knowledge by "natural" means, yet, after allowing for all that, there are still some cases where only genuine psychic power could have been used. Persons wishing to consult one of these men will often go miles into another village, where they are quite unknown, they will ask for the witch-doctor and he will tell them their business, from whence they have come, and many other details. I regard it as impossible that they should have gained this information in all cases by previous questioning or any secret or fraudulent method, though such may have happened occasionally. We must give the Kafirs some credit for the usual amount of astuteness that most half-civilized races possess, and when a doctor has cheated he has often met with a summary end.

A celebrated Fingo doctor was once employed by the chief Kreli to make his army invulnerable before it started for a war. This ceremony is performed by making cuts in every man's forehead and rubbing in a specially-prepared medicine. Well! on the return of this contingent it was found that the chief had lost an uncle and a son, or at any rate they were badly wounded! The doctor was sent for, and the enraged people surrounded him and cut him to pieces before the very eyes of his own sons. His

medicine had not been strong enough, they thought !

Perhaps this incident shook the faith of chief Kreli, and he was suspicious of the witch-doctors and their methods on other occasions! It happened that a relative of Kreli's was ill, and of course, according to custom, the doctor was sent for to find out the cause. After the usual ceremonies the latter announced that he had found, and extracted from the sick man's body, the ubuti, or "bewitching matter"; he at the same time mentioned the name of the person who had done this evil deed. The accused man was brought and charged with the crime, Kreli saying, "Here is the very matter with which you bewitched

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this person, and which the doctor has taken from his body. Now put it in again or die!" The poor man protested his entire innocence, and said he had neither inserted it nor could he do so then.

Kreli, turning to the witch-doctor, said: "Now you say that this man infused the matter and you see he cannot re-infuse it. You have extracted it; now put it in again!" "What?" said the alarmed doctor, "this is a new thing. We can only extract ubuti; we cannot re-infuse it!" But the astute Kreli perceived that the doctor was only deceiving him and was an impostor, so he ordered his men to fall upon him, and in a few moments the witch-finder was a corpse!

Owing to the stringent laws against witchcraft in British territory the doctors who do the "smelling out" do not now denounce any person by name, but simply indicate so that the law cannot reach them. Neither does one doctor state the whole case but only a part of it, he then sends the consultant to another doctor, who tells him a little more, and then on to yet another! In this way most doctors escape danger of detection.

Kafir witchcraft is something more than the producing of physical effects by charms and other means secretly; it includes also the use of secret means to produce effects which might naturally result from those causes, as poisoning and infecting.

Major H. G. Elliot, C.M.G., when before the Commission, gave it as his opinion that witch-doctors were responsible for most of the murders which took place in the territory. In one case, in which a murder was the result of the doctor's "smelling out," Major Elliot confiscated the whole of the doctor's property, inflicted twenty-four lashes, and sentenced him to three years' imprisonment with hard labour upon the breakwater at East London.

The native law regards a wizard as worse than a murderer, because, they say, "a man may defend himself against an open assault, whereas in witchcraft he is wholly defenceless."

The Rev. J. C. Warner says, "There is not the slightest doubt that the Kafirs do frequently attempt to bewitch each other." (Kafir Laws and Customs.)

Chief Khama, who was so friendly to the Christian missionaries, abolished witch-doctors and their craft throughout all the Ba-mangwato, despite the fact that the whole native population believed so strongly in witchcraft that they were "charmed" by their doctors every two or three days!

The great Chief Gcaleka himself adopted the profession of a wizard-doctor.

Most people have heard of the renowned King of the Zulus, Cetewayo, who was deposed by the British, and who gave much evidence on Kafir laws and customs before the Commission in 1882. He tells us that a weak, worthless and bad person was known as umtakati; this individual is supposed to be enabled by his medicines to mesmerize people and kill them. He can also mesmerize animals, such as tigers, wolves, and owls. "The tigers he sets on to his intended victims; the wolves he uses as horses, and the owl is simply an attendant." Poisoning does really occur in Zululand, and that, says Cetewayo, is the chief attainment of an umtakati. Some Zulus say that the umtakati can make his medicines have effect on a person simply by getting any part of a person's clothing and mixing it up with some of his medicines. Against such a person and his evil deeds, the help of the isanusi (priest or witch-doctor) is, according to native ideas, a real necessity. Occult force must be met by other and stronger psychic force supplied by the amahlozi, or ancestral spirits, and the spiritual eye of the isanusi is the only one able to detect the wizard or witch.

The reader must keep well in mind the great difference between a witch-doctor (isanusi), and a wizard or witch (umtakati), the former is the punisher of the latter, the protector of the native against the awful power (real or supposed) of the umtakati. It is the abuse of the power of a witch-doctor that has become such a great danger to society, second only perhaps to the evil which

it was originally meant to find out and punish.

The most usual charge brought against a person accused of witchcraft is, that the wizard has gone to a grave and dug up the body and cut bits off it, or has taken small pieces of articles of clothing, or anything whatever, and has used it as a means of sorcery. The doctor may produce a twig or a bone or even a piece of soap as the "charm" laden with evil. He often professes to have seen the whole thing in a dream, and he is not compelled to prove that a grave has actually been disturbed!

The umtakati (witch or wizard) uses parts of the human body in the evil work, and the frontier Kafirs are firm believers in the potency of human fat and flesh as motive powers in witch-craft. Graves are often ravaged by wolves and dogs, but the natives usually attribute it to those who practise magic.

The umtakati will sometimes resort to murder if he cannot obtain the necessary pieces off a human body; the following case, related by the Hon. C. Brownlee, Chief Magistrate of Griqualand East, to the Government Commission in 1881, is so

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characteristic of the black art that I will give it here. A little girl about three years old was left in charge of her grandmother, whilst the adult members of the kraal had gone to their gardens. The child played with others and then suddenly disappeared. The magistrate sent out all the inhabitants to search the country in every direction. At length the body of the poor little girl was found in a gully, with some portions of the flesh cut away.

Now it is a common belief among the Griqualand natives that certain parts of the human body are potent charms in the practice of witchcraft, therefore the reason for this crime was suspected. The child's grandmother was arrested on suspicion, and, whilst in prison, stated that her husband had murdered the girl; that some children had seen him come to the village in the afternoon; that he sent them to the hut when his little granddaughter went to meet him, and that when they returned the old man and the child were gone! After dark the man returned to the hut quite wet; his wife expressed surprise at his bathing at that time of the night; he made an evasive reply, and she set up a wail and said that she knew he had murdered the little one and therefore had washed to purify himself! He did not deny the charge, but threatened his wife that he would kill her if she betrayed him!

The man was arrested, and then confessed to having taken the child away; he had an accomplice who had offered to pay him a cow for a female ntswelaboeya—i.e. a person killed for the purpose of making charms with his, or her, fat or flesh; he had obtained a male previously, but required the female to complete his charms. Therefore the man agreed to give his grandchild for that purpose. At his trial the old man admitted he was guilty of murder because he had delivered the victim up to the accomplice, but the latter had actually killed the child.

In the war between Kreli and Gangelizwe in 1874, a Basuto doctor and his companion from Tembuland were both captured in the Gcaleka country. They were then killed, and the heart and liver of the Basuto doctor were taken to the Gcaleka wardoctor, and used in his medicines to charm the warriors!

Many more instances of black magic could be given, but space forbids their inclusion in this article. Enough has been said to show that witchcraft exists, even to this present day, throughout the native territories under the British flag in South Africa. No doubt the spread of education will in time eradicate the evil, though it is probable a great number of years will elapse before the practice of witchcraft will entirely cease.

BAPTISM AS AN INITIATORY RITE

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT.

THERE are many people who, despite recent researches into the field of Comparative Religion, still believe and maintain that the ordinance of Baptism is essentially a Christian institution, the inauguration of which they attribute to John the Baptist as the herald or forerunner of the Founder of Christianity. As a matter of fact, Christianity did not introduce any fresh ordinance, though it dispensed with, at least, one-Circumcision. Baptism was known and practised, not only by the Jews, but so far as research can prove, it was known and practised by every nation on the face of the earth, and was regarded as one of the ceremonies of initiation into what are known as pagan religions. It would appear to have had its origin in the observation of one of the phenomena of nature. The nightly disappearance of the sun, apparently into the waters, was succeeded by its reappearance with new life and vigour on the following dawn. So the doctrine of the revival of life from a decayed or deceased husk is found in the most ancient mythology. From these and other phenomena it was argued that at the conclusion of certain periods of time the earth resolved itself into its original chaotic condition, but that it again emerged from its deathlike state and came forth endowed with new life and splendour.

This, in the opinion of Faber (Pagan Idolatry) and other writers, is the explanation of the origin of the baptismal rite and its adoption by all religions—Pagan as well as Christian—as one of their initiatory rites. The unbiased student of religious systems looks upon the eternal squabble between the immersionists and sprinklers with a feeling somewhat akin to amusement. The term "baptism" can have no other meaning than immersion. "What do you understand by the term 'baptism'?" was the question put recently to an eminent Jewish rabbi by the writer. "Baptism is baptism—immersion, of course," was the immediate reply, and this is the interpretation of the term by practically every nation and religious system since the world began. Its meaning was—and is—to symbolize the washing away of sin and the inauguration of a new life. The Hindu believed that the sins of a lifetime might be removed by a plunge into the Ganges, a process

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known to the superstitious Roman, whom Juvenal satirized for washing away hissins by dipping his head three times in the waters of the Tiber. Legendary lore has it that people bathed in sacred rivers for the purpose of changing their sex, and young women, to avoid the attentions of an amorous god, threw themselves into a river, when they were immediately metamorphosed into nymphs or naiads.

Thales taught that water was the first principle of all things, that it had the greatest share in the production of bodies, that it made nature fruitful and prevented the earth from becoming a sterile mass. The oceans, seas and rivers thus became objects of religious worship, and Nepture an animated god who presided over them.

In the religion of Isis, the rite of initiation included baptism, with godfathers or sponsors. After the ceremony the initiated were regarded as regenerated. In Mithraism, also, baptism by immersion was one of the ceremonies attendant upon initiation. After initiation repeated ablutions, to which frequent flagellations were added, became necessary before the votary dare approach the altar. The initiates believed themselves purified of their guilt by these ritual ablutions, and baptism lightened the conscience of the weight of their heavy responsibility. In the Phœnician religion baptism was regarded as the similitude of drowning, the baptized person rising out of the waters to a new life. Baptism was practised by the Manichæans and Mandæans, and total immersion was also practised by the Greek Church. Initiates into Druidism had to pass through the waters as one of the initiatory rites.

In Brahminism, one of the many ceremonies which the candidate for initiation had to undergo was plunging into the waters to represent the fish-god who descended to the bottom of the ocean to recover the stolen Vedas. Part of the ceremonial attached to initiation into the Grecian mysteries consisted in placing the candidate in a well for a specified period as the medium of regeneration. Even after this, the candidate, whether male or female, was carefully purified in the pellucid waters of a running stream. There was a primitive belief that no spirit or evil could cross running water, and it is a Moslem custom, to the present day, always to wash in running water. In the mysteries of Bacchus the place of initiation was always a range of caverns, through various parts of which streams of water ran into which the candidate was plunged for the purpose of purification. In the Gothic mysteries the candidate was ordered to plunge into a

sluggish stream and cross to the opposite bank—the stream being

called the water of purification.

Among the orthodox Jews, down to the present day, baptism is as obligatory upon a proselyte as circumcision. The custom in former days was for the three teachers who had instructed the neophyte in the Law to become his sponsors and conduct him to a pool, where he stood up to his neck in water while the Commandments were recited to him. He then gave his promise to keep these. A blessing was pronounced, at the conclusion of which he plunged beneath the water, taking care to be entirely submerged. In the Story of Adam and Eve it is stated that Adam stood up to his neck in the Jordan for forty and Eve in the Tigris for thirty-seven days. According to Pirke Rabbi El, Adam stood for forty-nine days up to his neck in the river Gihon. Baptism was the public form of admission into the brotherhood of the Essenes, an open acknowledgment that the initiate renounced his old ideas and beliefs, was willing to forsake sinfulness and enter upon the obligations attached to his new life. This was called by the Essenes "the new birth." The Essenes also practised a daily baptism every morning, in order that they might pronounce the name of God with perfect purity. Baptism by total immersion is one of the ceremonies of admission into the faith of the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints. Amongst modern orthodox Jews also total immersion as a sign of cleansing from impurity is practised at stated periods by the Jewish women. In Egypt the Copts used to observe the eve of the Epiphany as a great river festival, plunging into the Nile as a memorial of the baptism of Christ, believing that on that night it could prevent and cure all illnesses.

THE ETHEREAL PLANE

By HELEN BOURCHIER, Author of "The Crown of Asphodels"

I. THE HALL OF LEARNING

ON the ethereal plane there are many places to which the student of occultism may be admitted. I say "places" advisedly, for there is no other word that describes them. Each one of them is distinct and individual and presents always the same appearance to all those students who have ever seen them, except in some minor details, about which I may say that there are certain variations, but that the variations are always the same. Their description can always be recognized by those who have seen them, as the description of buildings and places on the material plane can be recognized by travellers.

The first place to which the student is admitted is that known as the Hall of Learning. I believe this Hall to have been the first model of all temples and cathedrals. Of its outward appearance I can say nothing beyond the fact that it stands on a vast plain, and that a broad flight of steps leads up to the great door, which I have always seen open.

Inside it is like a great cathedral, with the floor space clear and unoccupied by pews or seats. Opposite the door is the great, high east window, and, below it, the altar on its raised platform. On each side are rows of pillars that form side aisles. Down the length of each of these two aisles there are several closed doors that shut in the chapels. There is one very curious detail about these doors; they are invisible to anyone in the Hall until the moment when they are opened to admit him into the chapel, and then only the one that is opened becomes visible. But when once a student has entered one of the chapels, he can always perceive the door afterwards, and open it to enter whenever he chooses to do so.

Students who are so advanced in occultism as to be allowed to attend the secret ceremonies, have seen the Hall under other aspects, but the only change that I, personally, have seen in it is that on most occasions the floor appears to be of white marble, but that, sometimes, the middle of the floor, from the steps of the altar to the great entrance doors, is open, and down the

channel thus formed there flows a river. A river, which I have been told, is the river of the "water of life."

The Hall of Learning is, as it were, the vestibule of all the mysterious and wonderful places on the ethereal plane. And there the student meets the guides who can take him to other unimagined scenes on that plane.

But the greatest glory and wonder of the Hall of Learning is that there, while still in the body, we can meet again the spirits of those who have left the material plane: that we can hold intercourse with them, more complete and more intimate than we could ever

do when they were still veiled in the garment of flesh.

The first person I remember meeting there was a man who had been a fellow disciple of mine in India, a much more advanced disciple than I was, whom I used even then to call "the Seer." He had been dead some years when I met him in the Hall, and I believe that he had helped me to find my way there. How he did it, I cannot tell. I only know that, meeting him there, I was able to communicate with him much more intimately and with much clearer understanding than I had ever been able to do when he was alive.

I cannot now remember how I was first enabled to enter the Hall of Learning, I only know that, having once entered, I have always since been able to go there whenever I wished. Different people enter in different ways, I have been told, but I remember only one instance, in which I was a witness of the first entrance by a new disciple.

This disciple had been a widow for many years. I had told her that I had seen her husband in the Hall, and she was very anxious to be able to enter there. On several occasions she sat with us in séance when we went to the Hall. We tried to take her with us, but we were never able to do so. At last, one day, when we were all sitting together, she said: "I am out on a great wide plain, sitting at the bottom of a flight of stone steps. I cannot get up, but I see a door at the top; a great double door that stands open."

I was in the Hall, and I went out and down the steps, and there at the bottom, I saw her sitting. She had a thick veil over her face, and she seemed unable to stand up. I tried to lift her and carry her up the steps, but I could not move her. Then I went back into the Hall. And there I saw her husband coming down the Hall to meet me. "You had better come and help," he said. We went down together and between us we carried her up into the Hall, and set her down just inside the door.

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"Can you see where you are?" I asked her.

"No. I have got a veil over my face; I cannot see anything." Then I asked her if she had seen her husband, and she said, "No."

The husband had gone away, but he came back presently with a very tall and wonderful figure, of extraordinary beauty. A woman who had been a favourite sister of his mother's, who had died when she was a young girl, and when he himself was a baby. She came down the Hall with a wonderful, graceful swiftness, and took the veil off the other woman's face, and lifted her in strong arms, and then she saw and was able to move.

When I heard the name of that gracious spirit, I remembered that I had often heard of her as a girl who had been always extraordinarily unselfish and generous and helpful, who had always, in all her short life, thought more of others than of herself.

From that moment, the disciple was always able to go to the Hall with us. There was one curious detail about her. She always went into a trance when her husband came to her in the Hall. The others who sat at those séances remained quite wide awake, conscious of everything around them all the time they were in the Hall. We would see her husband come down the Hall towards her, and we would see them go away together, and immediately the figure sitting with us would go into a deep sleep.

When she came back she would say to us, "Charlie came and fetched me." But she was very rarely able to say where she had been, as we who remained awake were always able to do.

Of the many people I have met in the Hall of Learning, one stands out with special interest and significance.

He was a doctor, and he was one of the small circle of disciples who began to study occultism in India. He and the Seer and I were the three English ones of the group. The rest were Brahmins. We used to meet very often to discuss the great questions of occultism, which, I may truly say, interested us more than anything else in the world. We were all doing Pranayam and trying to raise Condalini and do levitation. We none of us succeeded, but it may have helped us afterwards.

After I left India I saw him very rarely, when he was at home on furlough, until last year when he came home for good. The last time I saw him we were talking of the Hall of Learning. He had never been there. And when I told him that I frequently met the Seer there, he said: "I am unable to believe that we keep the memory of this life, after death. I wish I could believe it, but I cannot. I believe we fall asleep and do not wake any

more. At least not to any remembrance of the life we have

just finished."

"Then what you believe is simply annihilation?" I said. It seemed incredible that anyone who had ever been a student of the occult could hold such a creed as that.

"Yes. I suppose you might call it that," he said.

"But I have seen several people there, myself, after death," I said, "and they are themselves exactly as they were when they were alive on this plane."

"I believe we drink the waters of Lethe directly we die,"

he went on. "Don't you believe it?"

"I believe that we wake up and find ourselves on the other side, among our friends who are waiting for us," I answered; "either in the Hall of Learning, or on the Golden Shore, or in some other of the wonderful places of the ethereal plane. I believe we drink the waters of Lethe, as you do, but we do not drink them at the moment of death but at the moment of reincarnation. just before we are born again, so that we may forget for a little while, for the one life."

"I wish I could believe it; but I have no proof," he said.

And then he went away.

A week later I heard that he had dropped down dead in the street.

I was sitting alone, a day or two afterwards, when I felt a most urgent call to go to the Hall of Learning. There I found him. looking exactly as he had looked on the last day I saw him.

"I had to call you," he said, "to tell you that you were right.

and I was wrong, about the waters of Lethe."

Before I go on to tell of the chapels which open on to the aisles of the Hall, I must set down one more incident that

happened to me in the Hall itself.

I had been ill and crippled for a long time, and I went one evening to the Hall of Learning, very tired of the pain and helplessness and much in need of comfort. There the Seer came to me. The marble floor was open that evening, and the river was flowing through the Hall.

"Bathe in the river," said the Seer. "Don't you know that it

is the river of the water of life?"

I stepped in and swam down to the end and back again, feeling the flow of its water against me, and the great clouds of silver spray that rose up and showered over me.

Next day I had a letter from the disciple with whom I had first gone to the Hall. "I think you will soon be better," she said; "for I saw you last night bathing in the river in the Hall."

I did begin to get better from that time, but what I want to point out specially is that the other disciple saw me bathing in the river, although I had said nothing to her about my intention of doing so.

I will pass on now to the chapels; to those of them which I have seen. There are probably others which have not, so far, been opened to me. Entering by the great doors, on the right-hand side, there is first the Chapel of the Tomb. It is a very small room, and in the middle of the floor there is a grave, with a head-stone. This is where those mourners come to weep and bewail themselves, who have no hope nor faith in the life after death, but can only cling to the memory of the worn-out body that once clothed the spirit they loved. The spirits who have laid aside that earthly clothing never come into the Chapel of the Tomb, and those who mourn them with futile regrets, lose all opportunity of meeting them. This is the explanation that was given to me on the only occasion when I entered that Chapel, but I understand also that there are other deeper meanings which were not explained to me.

The next door that I am aware of in the right aisle is the door of the Chapel of Rest. It is a pleasant place with a long window opening upon a green and shady garden, very quiet and restful. In the chapel itself there is a bath, full of water and growing plants, in which the tired ones who come there from the earth may lie and rest and recover from their weariness. It is not for those who have left the earth, but for those who need a rest before they take up again the burden of a difficult life. I have lain once in that green and living bath, and I know that the delicious healing of it is indescribable.

At the top of the aisle is the last of the chapels on that side—the Chapel of Power. There are many in between, I have no doubt, but none of them have been opened to me. The Chapel of Power has four doors: The one by which you enter from the aisle. A second, which exactly faces it, opening on to a narrow beach, the shore of a great ocean. I have seen the disembodied spirits come there from across that dark sea, in boats that landed them on the narrow beach; and I have myself gone from there to strange places. The third door, which is on the left as you enter, opens into the Chapel of Fire. The fourth is not actually a door; it is a wide, open archway, with a flight of steps going down to a dark river which seems to flow away along a perfectly dark tunnel; by the steps you can sometimes dimly see boats passing, but

where they come from and where they are going, I have not been told. Against one wall of the chapel there is an altar with a crucifix over it. In the middle of the chapel there is a long table with chairs round it, where I have many times sat with a mixed company of embodied and disembodied souls. I give this long description of the Chapel of Power so that those who have been there may be able to recognize it. For I believe it is a place much used by disciples.

The last chapel on that side of the Hall is the Chapel of Fire, the door of which faces down the Hall. The souls who go into that chapel are those who are undergoing great physical suffering. There is nothing whatever there except a great fireplace where a glowing red fire is always burning. On several occasions when I was in the Hall, I saw a friend of mine whom I had lost sight of, go into that chapel. I said to my fellow disciple, who was with me in the Hall, "Did you see A——? I wonder why she has gone into the Chapel of Fire." And she answered that she had seen my friend. "And those who go into the Chapel of Fire," she said, "are people who are going through great physical pain." Some months after that I heard, quite accidentally, that A——had had a very painful illness, and gone through a very serious operation, at about the time I had seen her going into the Chapel Fire.

On the left-hand side of the Hall, in what I may call the north aisle, the first chapel, by the great entrance doors, is the Chapel of Light on the Path, where the book Light on the Path was written on the walls and read by Mabel Collins, as she describes in her book, As the Sun moves Northward. The Brahmin adept, Subba Row, said of this book, Light on the Path, that it was the best book on occultism that had ever been written. And there is no doubt that it has brought the beginnings of knowledge, and immeasurable comfort, to thousands of souls.

This Chapel of Light on the Path has been so fully described by the author of When the Sun moves Northward that it would only be a repetition for me to describe it and its wonderful uses here.

On this same north side of the Hall of Learning there are three other chapels which I have seen once or twice, very vaguely. There was some kind of teaching going on in them, and one of them was arranged like a schoolroom, with desks and benches, but I was unable to bring away any definite remembrance of what was taught there. I can only suppose that at the time when I was admitted to them I was not sufficiently advanced to under-

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stand the special teaching that was given there, and therefore the vague vision of the places passed out of my mind.

At the top of this aisle there is a door, looking down the Hall, which opens into the "Old Master's" garden; a place of sunshine and lilies and beauty, with an atmosphere of indescribable peace and joy, which the Disciple may carry away with him into his life of the world. And in this garden the Master himself may sometimes be seen—the Master of the School of Love.

THE DOORS

By JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON

I SPEND my strength to gain a pass from Sleep
To that Starred Tent which Night doth softly pitch—
Dream-tapestried, and warmed, and lit by Love,
Whose vigilance no warring thing can pass,
Whose tender truth the world could only prove.
And, taking passport, Sleep flings wide her door.

And, there within, bankrupt in life, I creep
To arms of Love, whose great Dream made us rich.
Hearts'-Joy in each, which built our life's alcove,
Builds still our Home:—there, past Time's blurring glass,
Love having paid the Dark Door-Keeper of
Life's Inner Place, I hear along the Shore

A Moving Sea of Joy, and Deep on Deep
Of Silences, such as do Makers witch
To make great verse and music which have shrove
Ages confessed of Life, Love's Votive Mass,
For All-Souls, held by all-who heard and strove
To tell what Silence sayeth at her Core.

And in that Sea of Living Joy I steep

My earth-parched soul of nights, and hear the pitch

Of Unimagined Music, high as Love

Grown strong as Death to bring to me dear pass

To Inner Places, so that I may prove

That Death, like Sleep, but keeps a Silvern Door.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

A VIEW FROM THE POINT OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

BY FLOYD B. WILSON

THE energies of man, in the rank of those representing the advanced intelligence of modern times, are, and have been for a decade of years or more, directed to establishing a permanent peace among the nations of the world. Internal strifes might come, forms of government be overthrown by war or peaceful revolutions, within a nation's boundaries; but their energies were directed to keep wars at least within that limit, if not to overcome them entirely. The general trend of thought representing modern civilization and advancement, seemed to be united to work for that end. We now know that the hope and optimism of the many nations was not the hope and the optimism of all. The greed and desire for conquest still lived with one or more nations, and a deeper current of thought than appeared on the surface suggested to all the nations of the world to be prepared if it came. The argument of statesmen and congresses and houses of parliament was that the way to prevent war is to be prepared to crush it, should another nation refuse to submit its grievances to a Peace Tribunal for arbitration. In short, no nation of the world, however prominent it made itself in the Peace Congresses, lessened its preparations to meet the demands of war if it came. Psychologically, then, the war was destined to come.

As a student in the economic diplomacies of nations, and noting the desire of some for aggrandizement through the extension of territory, it became plain to me that the time was not fully ripe for the International Peace to be established and made permanent. The psychological reason being, that this spirit of unrest on the part of some as to advancing their place and position in the great International Congresses (which might be called the ancient spirit of the right of the conqueror to absorb and make his by annexation without consent of the conquered), still, to a certain extent, prevails. The desire of Germany to be the one great power of Europe is the primary cause of this awful war, from the standpoint of modern civilization and superficial

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR

reasoning. It has come, says this same intellectual trend of thought, to settle that question. Germany, on the one hand, claiming its right to a possible domain beyond its own present boundaries; and the rest of Europe contending that such absorption is unthinkable in modern civilization, and under existing treaties, and the written and unwritten international laws.

The struggle is on, but there is a psychological cause which brought it on more forcibly than the ambition of the German monarch. From my point of view, he was simply the tool to be used to bring on this terrible conflict of arms. The real cause was a consensus of wrong (war) thinking by all the peoples of the various nations of the world.

Here in England, where I have talked or written, saying that wars between nations would be a memory of the past, from ten years later, I have been met everywhere by one after another who said, in substance, "Possibly—I question it though; before permanent peace there must be one European war, and Germany will lead it."

I found this to be almost a universal belief, and it seems this thought (arising perhaps from study of the ambitions of the German nation) had penetrated and established itself in the minds of thinking people everywhere. What, then, is the real cause of this war? What brought it on? I reply, THAT THOUGHT. Some may ask, Could the war have been prevented? And I reply, No, unless the consensus of thought of the intelligent throughout all the world could have been suddenly and completely changed, that consensus of thought being that no permanent peace was possible till the great anticipated (half-threatened) European war was over. This war has come, and it is fraught with wonderful import. May it be the cause to cement, after it is over, the bonds of peace so strong that armaments and armies may exist only for peaceful protection from internal strifes within each nation's own borders?

It has been said that if the Empire of England and the United States combined with Germany, war could be abolished between all nations—these three standing a unit for peace. The carses of this war show clearly that Germany does not belong to modern ideas that ensure the peace of nations. Must we turn from the Teutons to the Latin race? Has it progressed to modern industrial ideas in the 2,000 years since Cæsar spoke for it, and called it Rome? The situation at present suggests that it has, and possibly the Slav may be included in with these peoples who make for peace—the peoples who create the sentiment of peace

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—the peoples whose ideals are known—the peoples who openly stand for their ideals, and are honest enough not to claim an ideal that they do not aspire to.

Thought-currents determine the thinking of the masses, and these thought-currents are the invisible heralds which lead, sometimes by a circuitious route to the upliftment of men and nations. I do not know but that in the mighty trend of evolution for progress this war was essential to make permanent the peace the civilized and enlightened world desires. The permanent peace must come; it is in the minds and hearts of all who joy in intellectual and industrial progress. Thought had declared a great war in Europe, led by Germany, must be fought before the peace of Europe could be permanently established. Thought prepared the various nations for that war by naval armament, aeroplanes, rapid firing guns, and educating brave men to handle them. Thought desired to use all this equipment that some might be honoured in their conduct of the great battles that make for peace, and that others might fall, no less heroic in a way, for they fought to give permanency to a false conception of what once stood for Truth. A higher civilization is appearing, and a grander thought-wave will rise, carrying the long-desired ship to harbour, bearing the dove that will symbolize a lasting Peace.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the Occult Review.—Ed.]

RE ANNA KINGSFORD'S HOUR OF BIRTH.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

DEAR SIR,—I am able to give the real explanation of the confusion that seems to exist with regard to Anna Kingsford's hour of birth. Having been acquainted with her, I was interested in having her horoscope cast. The astrologer gave such an accurate character delineation, that thinking it would interest Mr. Maitland to see, I sent it to him through a mutual friend, little realizing how very unfortunate the result would be. He, finding Libra was not the rising sign, conceived the idea that the family record of the hour of birth ought to be disregarded in favour of her own belief that she was Libra, and followed this remark in his letter by saying he had made up his mind to write to his publisher, Mr. George Redway, to alter the hour from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m. in the event of the Life going through a second edition, as he felt "her own deep conviction was more reliable than the family tradition" (his own exact words). Finding that nothing would deter him from carrying out this astonishing decision, I wrote to Mr. Redway explaining the matter and how unfair it would be to A. K. and to astrology if a false hour were substituted; and how concerned I felt about it, because it had been through my showing the horoscope that this misfortune had come about. (So little did Mr. Maitland understand of astrology that he seems to have taken it for granted Libra would be ascending at 5 a.m., and did not trouble himself to make sure.) Mr. Redway replied that he quite understood the situation, but there was not the least probability that the Life would go through a second edition. I kept Mr. and's letter to my friend (she giving it to me) for a great many s, and only destroyed it when I thought the matter could never to the fore any more. The letter was of value, as it constituted conclusive evidence that there was a family record for the hour of birth as 5 p.m. It is most probable that Mr. Maitland did tell people of his acquaintance of his intention to alter the hour of birth to a.m., and those who had no understanding of astrology would not comprehend that it was quite unwarrantable to substitute fancies for facts. He had no intention to make Virgo rising, and most certainly had A. K. seen a horoscope made out for Libra rising and had the reading of it been explained to her, she would not have persisted in her fantastical belief, which is all the Libra idea was.

Another mistake which was responsible for several false horoscopes with Virgo rising was a notice of the Life in Borderland, giving

the hour of birth as 5 a.m. I wrote to the Editor, pointing out the error, and that the horoscope given for A. K. was for the wrong hour, which brought an apology from Mr. Stead to the readers of Borderland for his "unfortunate blunder." Mrs. Kingsford has, I believe, never had her horoscope published for the correct hour till now in the Occult Review, and all persons interested in astrology will feel grateful to you for doing her this tardy justice. Yours faithfully, E. FOUNTAINE.

PSYCHIC HELP IN SHOOTING.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

SIR,—Can any of your readers explain the following, which, I find, on comparing notes with other shooting men, occurs to them as

well as myself.

At times, only for a few minutes, when shooting in competitions there comes a period when one cannot miss. The sensation is as if some invisible power had control of one's shooting; it feels as if something had hold of the muzzle of my rifle and held it firmly against the bull's-eye. As you raise the rifle this attraction to the bull's-eye begins to be felt, and as the rifle comes to your shoulder the sights, seemingly of themselves, are alined on the bull's-eye (if it is a moving target, they follow the bull's-eye), and it would take a great effort to jerk away the sights from the bull's-eye.

Now normally it is just the reverse; the sights keep wobbling away from the bull's-eye, in spite of all one does, and one has to fire

at the moment one wobbles on to the bull's-eye.

I only find first-class shots experience this invisible force holding them on to the bull's-eye; a moderate shot does not get it. It only occurs at long intervals and only for a very short time, but just when needed.

Yours very truly,

WALTER WINANS.

Surrenden Park, Pluckley, Kent.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On the night of May 8, 1910, Bartzal, the spirit of Mars, was evoked to visible appearance by a naval officer highly placed at the Admiralty, a well-known violinist, and myself.

The Spirit was asked whether there would be war in Europe, replied Yes; soon; within five years. Asked to name the countries, answered,

Turkey and Germany.

These being the countries responsible for the Balkan War and the present war, the prediction may be considered fulfilled in detail. Yours faithfully,

FRATER PERDURABO.

33 AVENUE STUDIOS (76 FULHAM ROAD), SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AMONG articles in The Seeker the place of first importance must be assigned to a translation into English—as we understand, for the first time—of a sermon by Eckehart, or at least of its part in chief. The original is called "The Kingdom of God," but the portion rendered is here entitled appropriately "The Grades of Mystical Death." The translation is by Mrs. Helen Rand, who has used, we believe, Büttner's rendering into modern German side by side with Eckehart's own text, written a little later than 1311. The collection of MSS. in the Nuremburg State Library includes a copy of the sermon. Mrs. Rand's undertaking has been well and lucidly accomplished, and so far as mystics in this country are concerned we have a new and helpful contribution to the better understanding of Eckehart. The three grades of mystical death are: (a) to the soul's state as a creature; (b) to her own being in the Archetype, which means that she must pass through Christ; and (c) to her being in the Creative Divine Nature, which is in the Father. Then she finds that she is herself that which she sought, namely, the Kingdom of God, or otherwise that "the soul is God"—not perhaps ab origine but in her final estate. The end, if not the beginning, is therefore pan-theism, so far as the soul is concerned. But as in other writings this seems to be virtually—if not categorically—denied by Eckehart, the inference is that advanced mystical experience, being ineffable, is liable to contradictory appraisement, even by those who know it at first hand, when reduced to the terms of logical understanding. This is borne out by the unintended testimony of mystical records, and this also is why they are not a guide to doctrine. In another article Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst gives his personal understanding of Wagner's "Parsifal." We have met with more than one recent interpretation, and a few have been mentioned in these pages. Hermeneutics of this kind are of course no criterion of the meaning intended by a given writer and therefore present to his mind. A different significance is found by each who comes to the work of unfolding; the value of this finding lies in its measure of suggestion and is a variable quantity. For Mr. Wilmshurst the "Parsifal" is "a stagespectacle of the Christing of man"; our readers know his talents

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and will be prepared for that which he provides-namely, deep

intimations of spiritual life in commentary.

We have drawn attention on some previous occasions to an exceptional position occupied by The Open Court among American periodicals and to the tireless activity of its editor, Mr. Paul Carus. The current issue is devoted entirely to Roger Bacon, and contains a memorable collection of articles which should be made available in permanent volume form. After some introductory remarks by the editor, a considerable biography of Bacon is reprinted from Old English Worthies, a London publication of 1853. There follows in the next place a comparison between "the two Bacons," developing the identity of their point of departure and the similarity of their enterprise, but designed to prove that, alike in character and results, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, was by far inferior to the thirteenth-century sage of Ilchester. This study is translated from Dr. Dühring's Critical History of Philosophy, and it is an exceedingly good piece of work, though much more trenchant than convincing, so far as the comparison is concerned. Mr. Alfred H. Lloyd next considers Roger Bacon as a philosopher and is followed by Karl E. Guthe, who writes on his position as a scientist. The symposium ends with remarks of Mr. P. E. Jourdain on "Roger Bacon, Logician and Metaphysician." It is said that Bacon "had a low opinion of the utility of logic, because reasoning seemed to him to be innate." We offer our congratulations to The Open Court for a remarkable issue, which is an honour to the memory of its subject, and we agree with the editor that Roger Bacon-within his particular sphere-was "the greatest man of the Middle Ages." There were, however, other departments and each had its greatest man; they cannot be compared with one another for want of a common ground.

We cannot help feeling that The Co-Mason is beginning to experience and illustrate the difficulties attaching to a classperiodical of this kind. It contains only 32 pages, apart from advertisements, it appears quarterly only, yet in spite of obvious care in editing the contents are becoming somewhat occasional and scrappy. They tend also to drift from what one would have thought was the periodical's sole work and object. The truth is that first-hand research on Masonic subjects is a difficult business and calls for particular qualifications. There is nothing of importance in the current issue, though a few things are interesting. We sympathise with our little contemporary because that is not forthcoming which it needs most. Larger ventures

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

are not immune from the same difficulty, witness the many uninforming and almost dull issues of Ars Quatuor Coronatorum.

The Co-Mason leads by a natural transition to its more orthodox and authorized confrère, which continues under the title of The New Age, though—as announced—it has abandoned most of its general features and is now devoted especially to Masonry. It has promised to be more comprehensive in respect of Masonic news, but it is still the official organ of the Scottish Rite in its Northern American Jurisdiction, and seems to have little horizon beyond it. We are confronted in a recent issue with some particulars of arival Supreme Council, called "the Cernea body"—anathemaamong the regular High Grades-which having instituted an action for libel against the Grand Lodge of Carolina has now moved for permission to vary the indictment, so that the defendants are charged by substitution with "a conspiracy in restraint of trade." The enemies of Masonry have called it by many names, but it has remained for the Cernea Supreme Council to suggest that the word "trade" is a synonym for the Royal Art.

Our Los Angeles contemporary Reason has surprised us on previous occasions, and we do not turn in vain, or perhaps unprofitably, to its recent issues. Comprehensive and unflinching, Mr. Edgar Lucien Larkin informs us that "the entire period of time since man appeared on earth may be called an age of delusions, deceptions, false impressions," etc. When these and the rest of them came to be recorded in writing there was begotten the most "appalling curse" of "inspired religion." At that dreadful moment it would have been "better that man had been annihilated." Another writer tells us that "Christianity was born in a séance." According to a third, who is proving Shakespeare to be "the world's greatest psychist," a ghost "is, necessarily, an evil spirit," because it "always comes for a sinister purpose." Macbeth is "the whole philosophy of spirit communications." Hereof is some transatlantic Reason. Now, what is its cause and cure?

The greater part of L'Influence Astrale is occupied by an elaborate study of the calculus of probabilities in astrology, which appears to be a serious contribution to its subject. It is continued from month to month and should interest English students.

There is one sense in which Modern Astrology is, in its last issue, rather like The Open Court, for it is devoted to one subject. In this instance, however, it is a recent law case, and it does not call

for remark on our part, as the episode was commented on in Notes of the Month some three issues ago. Mr. Alan Leo writes on the "Status of an Astrologer," and on astrology as "the Law of God." There are "readers' views" on the question whether astrology is fortune-telling, and a sheaf of personal testimonies to the value of horoscopes drawn by Mr. Alan Leo. . . . Los Angeles has of course its theosophists, probably in great numbers, and these have not only a "United Lodge," but a magazine established last year and now drawing to the close of its second volume. It is entitled Theosophy, and in the issue before us has several papers of almost archaic interest. One of them is on the reincarnation of animals, reprinted from an old volume of The Path. With perhaps a single exception, all the articles are derived from the past, either from the periodical mentioned, from The Theosophist, or from Lucifer. They are old enough to be quite new at the present date and in their place of issue. . . . There is good reading as usual in Light, articles on "Providence and Divine Fatherhood," on "Glimpses of God," and an editorial on a larger view of the present "World Tragedy" being among them. . . . The Journal of Abnormal Psychology, which is the official organ of the American Psycho-pathological Association and of the Psychomedical Society (England), appears at Boston, U.S.A. Recent issues have articles on Dream Interpretation in the light of Psycho-analysis and on Psycho-analysis itself, the latter by Professor Paul Janet, who tells us that it is "like a revolution in the science of psychology," though it had its beginnings in certain observations of Charcot. The American Journal of Psychology (Albany, N.Y.) has articles on the "Genetic Study of Fear "from a synthetical point of view, and on what is called the "perseverative tendency," being "the fact of abnormally persistent repetition or continuation of an activity "-e.g. "the frequent speaking or writing of a given word or words in unsuitable places." . . . The Hindu Spiritual Magazine has a curious article on the alchemical dream concerning an elixir vita, or medicine of adepts for the health of human bodies and the prolongation of physical life. There is nothing new so far as the West is concerned, but recipes of a similar kind are said to be numerous in Hindu medical works and in Tantras. Mercury and micopresumably a kind of vegetable butter-are said to be the male and female principles of Nature, and the combination of these principles in a human body leads to rejuvenation.

REVIEWS

THE TRUE MYSTIC. By the Rev. Holden E. Sampson. Crown 8vo, 210 pp. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE assumption by the author of the necessary qualifications for differentiating between Mysticism "true" and "false" is based on the claim that his own life bears personal witness to the validity of mystical Christian experience. At the outset he urges that the orthodox systems of organized religion are for the most part hindrances to true mystical development. Within the narrow confines of the creeds the Saint may flourish, but the point of differentiation between Saint and Mystic lies in "Initiation," from whence the true mystic walks alone. The author himself is a man of no little originality and independence of thought. Take, for example, his theory that the existence of Evil is attributable to the Fall of man dragging down with him the whole of terrestrial nature; the consequent suspension of Evolution; and the substitution of the process of Redemption "to restore to the system of Creation the lost and shattered parts broken and disorganized by the disobedience of man "-a theory worked out in detail in his larger works on "Progressive Creation" and "Progressive Redemption." That this conception invites criticism is obvious, and we venture to think will give rise to much discussion. Although inclined towards asceticism, the author, we may note, defines this as "an attitude of mind, and will," an effect rather than a cause, the absorption of the inner life automatically relegating the physical faculties to their proper place in the life of the mystic. Those who have yet to make the acquaintance of Mr. Sampson's work will find in his writings a great deal provocative of thought, and in the little treatise under consideration a handy introduction to the subject as a whole.

H. J. S.

THE GOLDEN MEAN. By Hugh Churchill Mason. Cr. 8vo, pp. xv, 173. London: Kegan Paul. Price 4s. 6d. net.

I am tempted to think that this somewhat miscellaneous volume, which is pleasant within its modest measures, may have been written originally for personal use—to clear certain issues in the author's mind. Such an expedient has been adopted on many occasions, has proved helpful, and has had an appeal occasionally beyond its first province. It is not too easy to see where such appeal may lie in the present instance, but some observations and contemplations stir reflection in the reader. I have found on my own part a certain freshness, and this makes for service. A subtitle describes the book as the faith of an unbeliever, and analogous confessions are to be met with at the present day. Mr. Mason feels that he has proceeded so far that he can term his opinions a philosophy, but seeking a more definite title he has decided to call them "fideism"—meaning a habit of faith in the power of Faith itself," or perhaps more logically in the value of the will to believe. It has psychological suggestion for a basis, and as Mr. Mason is in some respects agnostic, one of his chapters

is on faith apart from creeds. He debates, however, whether an agnostic religion is possible and, facing the mystery of the universe, he concludes that an attitude akin to worship is not only tolerable but proper. So also he has an apology for prayer, because of its "beneficial effect on the subjective life of the worshipper"; and he would rationalize it, though this is difficult. He gives us prayers of his own in a kind of rosary. It is not a book which will please the less "negative" agnostic, and it is all too vague for the theistic school. This notwithstanding, I call it sincere and truth-loving after its own manner.

A. E. Waite.

THE UNKNOWN HISTORY OF THE JEWS, DISCOVERED FROM THE ANCIENT RECORDS AND MONUMENTS OF EGYPT AND BABYLON. By E. E. Jessel. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. $\times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in., pp. xii + 158 + 29 plates. London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Price (paper cover) 6d. net; (cloth) is. net.

What are regarded as the historical portions of the Old Testament were written by Ezra and his fellow-scribes during the Exile. They embodied in their books traditions belonging to several different races, particularly the warlike Israelites, who were a dark-skinned race akin to the Arabs. The Jews, on the other hand, are the descendants of the Amorites and Hittites, closely-related fair-skinned peoples. The Hebrews constitute still another tribe. Ezra's object was the inculcation of monotheism and the ascendency of the priestly power. Such is what Mr. (Miss, Mrs.?) Jessel calls the unknown history of the Jews, though his theories are not very clearly expressed, and, in his anxiety to discredit the orthodox view, he seems occasionally to put forward suggestions which mutually destroy one another. The author describes himself as "one who claims no special knowledge," and he may be taken at his word. But his style is certainly readable, and at a work of a confessedly imaginative character he should H. S. REDGROVE. prove not unsuccessful.

More Rays of the Dawn. By Rachel J. Fox. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd, Broadway House, Carter. Lane, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

The author writes interestingly upon the teachings of some Old Testament problems, and Mr. T. Troward, late Divisional Judge, Punjab, India, contributes an earnest introduction. There is much conviction in Miss Fox's volume, and it will find acceptance with many readers. Some inspiration for it is claimed by the author: "It was not planned or carried out by human wisdom; what was begun in almost childlike simplicity, steadily grew in intricacy and subtilty till, as it were, the flower opened and I saw the reason for the state of the bud." Students of the Old Testament should add this book to their collection.

L'Initiation Maçonnique. Par Charles Nicoullaud. Préface de M. L'Abbé Jouin. Paris: Perrin et Cie. Pp. xvii. + 306. Prix 3 fr. 50.

"Free-Masonry has accomplished its work of ruin and demoralization." That sentence from our author's last page is indicative of the morbid and ludicrous details and allegations contained in his book. From the point

REVIEWS

of view of the folk-lorist and the student of religious or pseudo-religious eroticism, M. Nicoullaud is decidedly worth listening to. He takes us back to Isis, whose rites are, we are invited to believe, paralleled by modern secret societies. Silence is the soul of secrecy, and therefore we must not look forward to refutations and revelations from members of the Grade of Séraphine or of any other of the high mysterious grades of free-masonry.

W. H. C.

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED. By Reginald B. Span. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, W. 1914. Price 6d. net.

The pamphlet before us is a collection of some previous experiences which have happened to Mr. Span, who has had many more experiences of a very varied kind than have come to most people. There is a wealth of evidence in this book, told in simple and convincing language of things and affairs associated with the Author, and which would not only interest, but even instruct.

THE COMING OF CHRIST. By Johanna. Letchworth: Garden City Press,
Ltd. 1914. 5s. net.

THE Coming Christ is the general title of what we might call a series—at least there is to be another volume by the same author, "Jōhannā." This first book concerns "Christ in You," while the second work, which we understand will shortly be published, will concern "Christ in Humanity." This too will be published at five shillings net, and will be duly reviewed in these pages. The spirit of this good work is to be found on the title page, and gives the keynote to a well expressed and reasoned consideration of the subject: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The book is very helpful, and gives us a guidance which all thoughtful persons will be glad to have. We have seen a good many books which have come from the Garden City Press, Ltd., and we have come to the very definite conclusion that the art of typographical excellence is very fully understood by the Directors. X.

PERSIAN LITERATURE. By Claud Field. London: Herbert & Daniel, 96 New Bond Street, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.

Those who have had the good fortune to come across the anthology entitled The Charm of India and edited by Mr. Claud Field, will have remarked on the good taste that graced the selections in that volume. The same pleasing quality has been extended to the quotations in Persian Literature, which touches upon practically every phase of the literature of Irán, beginning with Zoroaster, the reputed author of the Zend-Avesta, and ending with Abbas Effendi (Abdul Baha), the venerable promulgator of Universal Peace. The chapter on Sufism is one of the most striking chapters in the book, though I think Mr. Claud Field is rather hard on Bayazid, who was an adept of no mean order. In conclusion, I will add that lovers of the beautiful, be they never so fastidious, will revel in Persian Literature.

THE BAREFOOT LEAGUE. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, W. 1914. Price 6d.

MR. James Leith Macbeth Bain is an earnest man, and he has written an earnest little pamphlet. The present reviewer does not accept his opinion, but he accepts and respects his sincerity. The plea for naturalness needs no justification, but is in itself justified. The booklet in front of us is "a têle-à-têle on the virtues and delights of barefoot walking, between you and your brother in life." We advise our readers to get this little book, even if it only be for an exercise in toleration, and become acquainted with a new point of view.

X.

THE CHURCH AND FOOD REFORM. By Rev. A. M. Mitchell, M.A. London: Order of the Golden Age, 153-5 Brompton Road, S.W.

WE have travelled a long way from home, and the way back becomes every hour more difficult. It is easy enough to cry, "Back to Nature," but we are walled in by the accumulated appetites of centuries—all of them unnatural, undesirable and detrimental, repudiating alike nature, humaneness and dietetic values. There is the whole position, well put by the author of this trenchant little pamphlet, and our case is as bad as that of Israel in the wilderness, who cried aloud: "Give us meat to eat or we die." If the argument of this brochure does not appeal to the human carnivora it is not on the grounds of inadequacy or lack of evidence regarding the superlative value of a natural diet, but rather because the appetite for flesh food will not permit of a dispassionate and sober judgment of its merits. If every carnivorous man were compelled to go out and kill his own prey before he could eat there would presently be a well-worn short track between his home and the nearest fruit shop or orchard. It is, however, in its bearing on life and character that the Food Reform is chiefly desirable, and much that is valuable on this point will be found in these pages.

SCRUTATOR.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS. By Dorothy Field. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. 1914. Price 2s. net.

This is the latest addition to Mr. Murray's well-known series, "Wisdom of the East." Sometimes we had thought that this wonderful collection of little books was published at too high a price, but we have finally come to the conclusion, bearing in mind the valuable subject-matter in each volume, that such is not the case. In these works, of which quite a goodly number have appeared, there is, in terse, simple, and therefore understandable form, a wealth of the most deeply interesting information. It is provided in a manner unique in itself, and we know of no other series like it. The collection makes a library dealing with eastern thought, which should find a place on the shelves of all serious-minded people. And what a museum of philosophy, religion, and knowledge there is in the mystic East, of which we know hardly a tittle! The little book in front of us tells of the Sikhs (disciples) and their "pure, lofty monotheism, which sprang out of an attempt to reform and to simplify Muhammadanism and Hinduism." There are many wise things in this book: wise enough to save the souls of many, many Westerns. It is a worthy little book.

LIFE'S ORCHESTRA, AND OTHER ESSAYS. Hallie Killick (Mrs. Eustace Miles). Eustace Miles. Paper, 7s. net.

The present generation have, or think they have, rediscovered the influence of sound on personality. Whether we read a book on education, or a book like this one intended to remind a busy world of the silver lining to every cloud, we find the same insistence on sound.

Many of us feel that we are only too well aware of the effect of sound, and would far rather bring forward the claims of silence. Certainly neither church bells nor the human voice inspire us all with the feelings Mrs. Miles would have us entertain. Doubtless, we are to blame.

Seriously, there is indubitably much waste of pleasure and happiness going on in the world, and anything that can be done to stop this extravagance is to the good. Therefore, we would advise all to read Mrs. Miles' little book. Though we may feel we have heard a good deal of it before, "to have heard" is not always "to have in mind," and it is well to be reminded that life is full of beauty if we will but look for it.

CLARE ELIOT.

THE WAITING PLACE OF SOULS. By the Rev. Cecil E. Weston, M.A. Pp. viii, 72. London: Robert Scott. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THESE brief sermons are clear, sane and hopeful in their contemplation of an intermediate state. As to their particular subjects, they are Paradise, Recognition, Purification, Communion of Saints and Prayers for the Departed -" all that is nearest and dearest to us in a future state of being," as a Masonic Ritual says. Mr. Weston puts forward certain wholesome facts which may prove a little unpalatable to any elements of Protestantism which remain among us. When the Reformation rejected an intermediate state of souls and determined once and for all their everlasting future, either in height or depth, it removed whatever reason might attach otherwise to the idea of resurrection and judgment therein. Mr. Weston does not exactly enforce this, but it arises from his strictures on popular noncatholic notions concerning the immediate post-morten state of human beings. Persons of all shades of opinion, even within our own movement. will do well to read these sermons. I confess that I have profited on my own part, though the voice of Mr. Weston is speaking to me at I know not what distance from my own paths of thought.

A. E. WAITE.

Pour Combattre L'Envoutement. Par Papus. Paris: Henri Durville, 23 Rue St. Merri.

The subject is considered under three heads: The rendering of the mind to a positive attitude; The increasing of the spiritual forces; The action of astral forces. Under these three heads, Mons. Papus has been able to collect a lot of curious information including the effects of magnetization, the magical processes of the Hermetists, and the remedial processes derived from talismanic magic, etc. The pamphlet, which runs to 44 pages, is a strange conglomeration of bizarre notions and occult traditions which come strangely from the pen of Dr. Papus, and it is hardly to be expected that the brochure will advance his reputation.

Scrutator.

THE OCCULT REVIEW

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION. An Examination of the Education Problem in the Light of Recent Psychological Research. By St. George Lane Fox Pitt. 7½ in. × 4¾ in., pp. ix + 83. Cambridge: The University Press. (London: C. F. Clay, Fetter Lane, E.C.) Price 2s. 6d. net.

This is a closely-written little book which has very much in it of interest and value. The writer takes a broad and comprehensive view of education, in which he sees, as all must see, the main factor in the solution of the problems of modern life. His psychological attitude is that of the modern school of thought which has more affinity with Herbart (whose shortcomings, however, are recognized) than with the older "faculty" psychology. Education for him means the development of character—self-realization in the sense of the realization of that great complex which constitutes the whole personality, not merely the aggrandisement of one lesser complex or ego-centric phase of mind above the rest.

He is rightly critical of the too commercial outlook of the modern day. "The economic sphere," he says, "has become too dominant, too insistent; it no longer occupies its proper place in our lives. The instrument, or servant, has become master!" And again: "The delusion that money is an universal power, meeting all human needs, is a supersition amounting almost to idolatry." It is, indeed, true, as Mr. Pitt says, "If we concentrate our energies upon commercial pursuits and deliberately adopt their methods, aims and ideals, as our own, making them the dominant purpose and mainspring of our lives, to the neglect, or subordination of our spiritual capacities and potentialities, we can, beyond doubt, achieve a certain kind of temporal success; but the spiritual side of our nature will not for ever be denied."

As an epistemological idealist, Mr. Pitt recognizes the futility of materialism. Materialistic views of the nature of mind have too largely dominated educational methods. It is only a completer study of mind that will make a better educational theory and practice possible. The faculty-training fallacy must be given up; and, whilst the needs of the body must not be forgotten, they must be subordinated to those of the spirit. That, I think, is Mr. Pitt's message to modern educationalists:

H. S. REDGROVE.

KING DESIRE AND HIS KNIGHTS: A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN AND SOME PARENTS. By Edith F. A. U. Painton. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co., 18 East Seventeenth Street. Price \$1.00.

This is a clever exposition of "New Thought" for children, under the guise of a fairy story in which many old ideas will be recognized under their modern garments. To "count ten" before speaking, when angry, and to say "I will try," instead of "I can't," were maxims inculcated by one's elders, and these old-time suggestions have been elaborated so much in the present day as to threaten, perhaps, to become somewhat pedantic, for children will not follow ethical laws by rule of thumb. Nevertheless, such patient sowing of "New Thought" seeds must surely bear good fruit in the long run, and this earnest little story of the White Knights of good resolutions, and the Black Knights of bad habits, is well worthy of its author's aim.

OCCULT REVI

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER. NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

" Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT was said of Rousseau that his Contrat Social became the Bible of the French Revolutionists. It is even stated that Napoleon went so far as to remark that if Rousseau had not been born the French Revolution would never have taken place. This, of course, is an exaggeration, but what we are entitled NIETZSCHE to say is that if Rousseau had never lived, the French Revolution would have taken a very different form AND GERMAN to that which it actually did. In the same way MILITARISM. it has been declared that the writings of Nietzsche became the Bible of the military caste of Germany. A quotation from one of his aphorisms appeared on the title page of the original edition of General Bernhardi's book, Germany and the Next War, which has created such a sensation at the present time. "War and courage," it runs, "have done more great things than the love of the neighbour." General Bernhardi amplifies this quotation as follows:-

War is a biological necessity, an indispensable regulator in the life of mankind, failing which there would result a course of evolution harmful to the species and also entirely antagonistic to all culture. War, said

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Heracleitus, is the father of all things. Without war inferior or demoralized races would only too easily swamp the healthy and vital ones, and a general decadence would be the consequence. War is one of the essential factors of morality. If circumstances require, it is not only the right, but the moral and political duty of a statesman to bring about a war.

In this last sentence we doubtless see the Kaiser's justification of his action from his own personal standpoint. Certainly this is not more than dotting the i's and crossing the t's of Nietzsche, who writes again: "You will have to pardon my occasionally chanting a pæan of war. Horribly clangs its silvery bow, and though it comes along like the night, war is nevertheless Apollo, the true divinity for consecrating and purifying the state. For nations that are growing weak and contemptible war may be

prescribed as a remedy.'

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Nietzsche's gospel is, in fact, in the nature of a counterblast to the Sermon on the Mount. It is an attack not on the truth or otherwise of the records of Christianity, but of Christian morality itself. "Are," he asks, "Christian morals worth anything, or are they a perversion and an outrage, despite all the arts of holiness and seduction with which they are enforced?" Nietzsche maintains that they are the latter. "Christian altruism," he says again, "is the mob egotism of the weak." "The Will to Power," the German philosopher maintains, is the dominant human instinct, and it is an instinct therefore to be encouraged. "Passion for power," he says again, "is the earthquake which breaketh and upbreaketh all that is rotten and hollow. The rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres." He goes even further than this: he maintains that the criterion of truth lies in the enhancement of this feeling of power. In other words, the only true argument is the very forcible one of knocking the man down who disagrees with you. That might is right is the obvious corollary of this philosophy. Nietzsche vehemently repudiated the Christian God, but the Kaiser has taken

a different line and has set himself to remodel him in order to make him fit in with the Nietzschian philosophy. This is at any rate a tour de torce. It used to be maintained that the Israelites were God's chosen people. In a contrary sense it may be said that the German god is the Kaiser's chosen deity. It is not only the Kaiser who has made this mistake. Other people have had, and still have, their pocket deities, whom they are ever ready to trot out in support of the theories of right and wrong which they find most convenient to their own interests.

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You cannot, however, patent your own deity, and it is in vain that you exclaim to the world, "Beware of spurious imitations, none others are genuine." When the time of crisis arrives the deity in whom you put your faith will prove to be what he is, neither more nor less than the graven image that you have made yourself, and set up for worship as Jeroboam did the golden calves at Dan and Bethel. Neitzsche started with a radically false concept. It is not the Will to Power which is the ruling impulse of mankind, but rather a very different thing, the will to achieve. As Longfellow says:

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

It may be well to add that the will to achieve, where great ends are to be obtained, must be ever united with the unselfishness of the ideal aimed at. Underlying all Nietzsche's philosophy,

however ingeniously disguised, is the predominant conception of the glorification of selfishness. We know the Superman to-day for what he is, a bully and a braggart who has been found out. I have said that Nietzsche's philosophy was a counterblast to the Sermon on the Mount. A word of caution is, however, necessary. If we took the Sermon on

the Mount as literally as Bernhardi does his Nietzsche, we should lapse into an equally mistaken attitude at the other extreme. If the Allies had adopted it as their motto we should be under the heel of the Prussian tyrant to-day. The adoption of an attitude of passive resistance defeats its own end. It may be retorted that the injunction is a counsel of perfection intended for an ideal world. But in the ideal world the smiter would not be there to smite. Bismarck had his policy of blood and iron, and it was a policy which succeeded. But Bismarck always recognized the limits of the possible. He systematically declined to quarrel with Russia, and declared that the interests of Austria in the Balkans were not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier. One of the besetting sins of little men in high places is their mania for imitating great ones, but the Kaiser might have at least remembered that Napoleon went nap and failed. Russia spelt the doom of a greater man than William the Braggart.

The great success of Russia in the present war seems to have come rather as a surprise to a large proportion of the public. But this surprise was certainly confined in the main to those who

had no knowledge of what was going on behind the scenes. Since the Japanese war the entire Russian army had been re-organized from top to bottom, and no care, labour or expense had been spared in its training and equipment. In the Japanese war it had had practical experience of actual warfare with a first-class military power, which the German army lacked. In the numbers it could enrol it far exceeded the armies of neighbouring nations, and there was every reason in consequence to regard it as the most formidable fighting force in Europe. To myself personally the Russian victories in the present war were as much

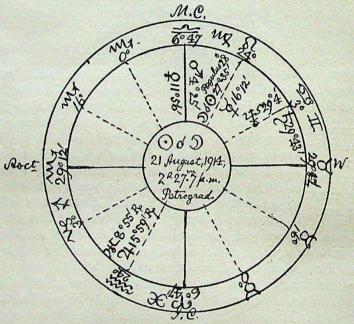


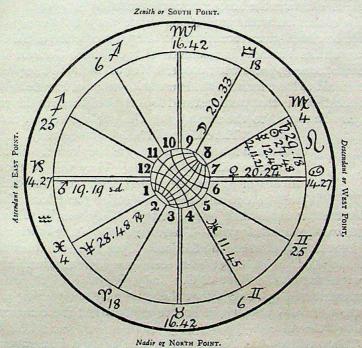
FIGURE FOR ECLIPSE AT PETROGRAD (ST. PETERSBURG).

a foregone conclusion as her defeat in that with Japan. What surprised me rather was that the Kaiser, knowing as he must have done the actual facts with regard to the Russian army, should have been so misled by his overweening conceit as to underrate it so egregiously.

One did not need to be an astrologer to foresee the striking series of Russian victories which have signalized the commencement of the present campaign. It is worth noting, however, in view of the observations made in a certain recent pamphlet,* that the

^{*} An Astrological Survey of the Great War. London: Foulsham & Co., 5 Pilgrim Street, E.C. 6d.

figure for the recent eclipse fell more favourably at St. Petersburg than at any other great European capital. It will be observed by a reference to the appended figure that Venus dominates in its own sign and is attended by, but elevated above, the planet Mars, a sure indication of success in war. It may also be noted that, although the eclipse fell in square to the Czar's Sun, it fell in exact trine to the place of Mars at his birth—another very pointed omen of victory. In the case of President Poincaré, whose horoscope I also reproduce, by kind permission of the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, it will be seen that while the eclipse falls exactly on his Sun,



Horoscope of President Poincaré.

the Sun at his birth was too close to Saturn for the indications to be propitious in their character, and the invasion of France by the Germans immediately followed. A reference to this interesting horoscope in which Mars is rising afflicted, but in its exaltation in Capricorn, shows the two benefics as the nearest planets to the seventh angle.* No one with such a position need fear being

^{*} The seventh house rules open enemies, and in another sense partnership.

defeated by his enemies. The very remarkable and, in some ways, very threatening horoscope of Frederick the Great gives a similar position to the planet Venus. Without this position Frederick, astrologically speaking, would have undoubtedly fallen a victim to the combination of European Powers arrayed against him. Though he had, in most respects, a far more splendid horoscope, Napoleon suffered from a similar position of the malefic planet Uranus, and invincible as he once appeared, his enemies, typified by the seventh house, proved in the end too powerful for him. The effect of the presence of Mars alone close to the seventh angle is shown in the horoscope of the Austrian Emperor.

In connexion with predictions about the war, some prominence has been given recently to an alleged prediction of the Curé d'Ars (Father Vianney) in reference to the Franco-German War, and its successor, the Great European War of to-day. The prediction is said to have foretold the Prussian invasion of France in 1870 and the disasters that were destined to overtake France in this campaign. In regard to the second war the prediction (as quoted)

"The enemy will not go immediately. They THE will again return and destroy as they come. Effective PROPHECY resistance will not be made. They will be allowed OF THE to advance, and after that their communications CURÉ D'ARS. will be cut and they will suffer great loss. They will retreat towards their own country. They will be followed. and few will reach their goal. Then all that they have taken away will be restored and more in addition. Much more terrible things will happen than have yet been seen, but a great triumph will be witnessed on the Feast of Our Lady (September 8)." It will ' be remembered by readers that this date gave the turning point of the German campaign in France and marked the commencement of the retreat.

This prophecy has been suspected of being a fake invented specially for the occasion, and its bona fides still requires substantiation, in spite of the fact that the Daily Chronicle has gone out of its way to give chapter and verse for its origin. This prediction, says the London paper in question, "has aroused the indignation of a Sutton reader, who alleges that he speaks for a syndicate of readers in demanding documentary evidence of the supposed prophecy." The Daily Chronicle continues as follows:—

Sutton's susceptibilities must be soothed. The prophecy is not a fake. It occurs in "Voix Prophetiques, ou Signes, Apparitions et Predictions Modernes, tome 2, Paris, 1872, Victor Palmé, editeur, Rue de Grenelle,

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St. Germain." Father Vianney is credited, on page 182 of this work, with having foretold that a great triumph would be witnessed on a certain day last week. The great rout of the Germans began last week. Singular, is it not?

In face of this very bold assertion I almost blush to state that I hold in my hands at the time of writing the two volumes alluded to, and that their title is quite accurate; that the date of publication (1872) agrees with the statement of the Daily Chronicle; and that the name of the publisher, Victor Palmé, of 25 Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, Paris, also agrees with the statement made. There is, however, no mention, or indeed reference to, any prophecy of Father Vianney on p. 182 of either volume; nor, in fact, has a careful investigation of the contents enabled me to discover any reference to the Curé d'Ars in either of the two volumes. I am driven to observe, in the words of the Editor of the "Office Window" column—" Singular, is it not?"

Father Vianney, who died in 1859, was a person of some note in his day. He was remarkable as a psychic healer and inspirational preacher, and a translation of his "Life" may be obtained from R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., of 8 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

A further prediction has enjoyed some reputation in Germany. It dates from the year 1854, and is called the Prophecy of Mayence. The prediction comprises eighteen verses, of which the first nine are already fulfilled. For the benefit of my readers who have not seen it in *The Referee* or *Light*, where it has been recently quoted, I give it in full.

I. When the little people of the Oder shall feel themselves strong enough to shake off the yoke of their protector and when the barley is sprouting from the ears their King William PROPHECY shall march against Austria.

OF

2. They will have victory upon victory up to the gates
MAYENCE. of Vienna, but a word from the great Emperor of the West
shall make the heroes tremble on the field of victory, and
the barley shall not be gathered in until he has signed the peace, shaken
off the yoke, and returned triumphantly to his country.

3. But at the gathering in of the fourth barley and that of the oats, a dreadful sound of war shall call the harvesters to arms. A formidable army, followed by an extraordinary number of engines of war that hell alone could have invented, shall start towards the West.

4. Woe to thee, great nation, woe to you who have abandoned the rights divine and human.

The God of Battles has forsaken you; who will succour you?

5. Napoleon III, mocking his adversary at first, shall soon turn back

towards the "Chene-Populeux" where he shall disappear, never to

reappear.

- 6. In spite of the heroic resistance of France, a multitude of soldiers, blue, yellow, and black, shall scatter themselves over a great part of France.
- 7. Alsace and Lorraine shall be carried away from France for a period and half a period.
 - 8. The French shall only take courage again as against each other.
- Woe to thee, great city, woe to thee, city of vice! Fire and sword shall succeed fire and famine.
- 10. Courage, faithful souls, the reign of the dark shadow shall not have time to execute all its schemes.
- 11. But the time of mercy approaches. A prince of the nation is in your midst.
- 12. It is the man of salvation, the wise, the invincible, he shall count his enterprises by his victories.
- 13. He shall drive out the enemy of France, he shall march to victory on victory, until the day of divine justice.
- 14. That day he shall command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of Bouleaux between Ham, Woerl, and Paderborn.
- 15. Woe to thee, people of the North, thy seventh generation shall answer for all thy crimes. Woe to thee, people of the East, thou shalt spread afar the cries of affliction and innocent blood. Never shall such an army be seen.
- 16. Three days the sun shall rise upwards on the heads of the combatants without being seen through the clouds of smoke.
- 17. Then the commander shall get the victory; two of his enemies shall be annihilated, the remainder of the three shall fly towards the extreme East.
- 18. William, the second of the name, shall be the last King of Prussia. He shall have no other successors save a King of Poland, a King of Hanover, and a King of Saxony.

All the first part of this prophecy up to the ninth verse inclusive is verified by the war of 1866, then by that of 1870, and then by the Commune of 1871. Here are the last nine verses:

- 10. Courage, French patriots, Germany cannot carry out its schemes of supremacy.
- 11. The time of retaliation approaches. The Czar shall come in the midst of you to seal the alliance.
 - 12. That is the man of salvation.
- 13. He shall chase the enemy of France, he shall conquer Germany until it is completely destroyed.
- 14. The last battle on the field of Bouleaux, near to Paderborn, in Westphalia, shall reunite seven allied peoples against three.
- 15. Woe to thee, Prussia, thy seventh generation shall answer for the wars thou hast made upon all the people. [Seven generations make 30 years × 7=210 years. The realm of Prussia dates from 1713. The seventh generation is, then, living between 1893 and 1923.] Woe to thee, Austria! Never such a battle shall have taken place.

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16. It shall last three days in the smoke of the conflagration.

17. Finally Prussia and Austria shall be annihilated. Hungary shall fly towards the extreme East.

18. William II shall be the last King of Prussia. Germany and Austria shall form three realms: Poland, Hanover, and Saxony.

The remarkable point about the Mayence prophecy is its detail. There are many predictions of so vague a character that the question arises whether they have actually been fulfilled or not. Here we have one which appears clearly to allude to the present war, and actually supplies us with the exact locality of the final battle. Time will show whether the field of Bouleaux, in Westphalia, is destined to witness the climax of the war; but it is at least open to anyone interested in these matters to locate the site alluded to for himself, by reference to a map of modern Germany. The same verse that alludes to this battle mentions seven allied peoples being united against three. Some ingenuity may be required to identify the various peoples intended by this number. Of the seven there is no doubt about French, English, Russians, Belgians, and Servians.* The progress of the war may serve to elucidate the names of the missing two. The Japanese are obviously inadmissible, as they are not fighting in Europe. Is this a hint of the intervention of other Powers? the three, what country, it may be asked, is the third after Germany and Austria? Hungary is apparently intended, although at present forming part of the Dual Empire. The fulfilment of the first portion of the last verse of all is likely to give general satisfaction. In his very drastic efforts to obtain for himself a "place in the sun," the German Kaiser, it may be surmised, will have been successful, at any rate, in securing [for himself a warm corner somewhere!

A correspondent writes me with regard to the record of the mirage of war referred to in my last number, as seen by the Cowley Fathers, that the description tailies very closely with the naval engagement which took place off Heligoland on August 27. The day of the week was alone given in the record in the Occult Review, but the actual date of the vision was, I understand, August 19. My correspondent writes: "The description given in the papers tallies exactly with the battle seen in the mirage, inasmuch as it was an engagement of cruisers (two and three funnels), and one of the

^{*} Perhaps we may add India to this list.

enemy's ships was burning when last seen after being severely handled by the British fleet. The ships appearing later on like specks might well be the destroyers which came up and saved the wounded afterwards." My correspondent continues: "I should be glad to know if anyone else has noticed this coincidence." I would say that it struck me immediately on reading the account of the battle in the papers. My correspondent then proceeds as follows:—

"I also write to know if anyone made mention of a most extraordinary cloud phenomenon seen in London about 10.30 on a night in July of the present year—I cannot quite find the exact date now, but it must have been about the 20th to the 22nd of the month—very shortly before the war broke out. The whole sky appeared to be embraced by a huge many-branched column of cumuli, the whole effect being like the smoke rolling up from some huge prairie fire. It had a lurid appearance, and the moon was apparently smothered in it. Several people noticed it, and wondered what it portended. I said it looked like 'a world in flames.' At that time there was no hint of war, but it was just after the British fleet had been inspected at Spithead."

If any other of my readers have made similar observations, perhaps they will kindly record them. It is, of course, easy to imagine pictures in the clouds, and to the clairvoyant eye these may afford a background very similar to the crystal, the magic mirror, or even the tea-leaves in the cup.

Readers will remember the observations I made with regard to the curious kabalistic prediction as to the date of the duration of the German Empire in my last number, and also will recall the fact that I suggested that the prophecy in question, being doubt-

ISTIC PREDICTION —A CON-FIRMATION.

THE "KABAL-ISTIC" PREDICTION —A CON-FIRMATION.

TO THE INFORMATION IN TH

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

Sir,—In the summer of 1899 I chanced to be sitting with the present German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Jagow (then a secretary of the German Embassy in Rome), on the balcony of the Embassy, the

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Palazzo Caffarelli, on the Capitol. In the course of conversation Herr von Jagow expressed the belief that no general European war was likely to occur before the end of 1913. He gave as his reason the influence of a prophecy made to the Kaiser's grandfather, Prince William of Prussia, at Mayence in 1849. Prince William of Prussia, who was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles on January 18, 1871, was in 1849 wandering incognito in the Rhine Provinces, attended only by an aide-de-camp. He had incurred great unpopularity by his attitude during the Berlin revolution of March, 1848, and had been obliged to spend some time in England, whence he returned, still a semi-fugitive, to the Rhineland. At Mayence a gipsy woman offered to tell him his fortune, and addressed him as "Imperial Majesty." Not a little amused—for at that moment his chance of succeeding even to the throne of Prussia seemed slight—the Prince asked, "'Imperial Majesty,' and of what empire, pray?" "Of the new German Empire," was the reply.

Then follows the record of the prediction as I gave it in last month's issue. The correspondent of *The Times* observes, in conclusion, that the story soon spread in Prussian Court circles. "Prince William became German Emperor in 1871, and died in 1888. The effect of the double fulfilment of the prophecy on the mind of the present Kaiser was great, and, as my experience shows, it entered into the calculation of Prussian diplomatists as long ago as 1899." In the light of these observations there does not seem much doubt that my surmise was a correct one. Special interest attaches to this record as showing how the mere making of a prediction may tend to modify its fulfilment. In this connexion the prophecy of Jonah about the fall of Nineveh will be present to the minds of all.

As I go to press, yet another prediction of the present war reaches me, this time from Norway, though the author of the prediction is stated to have been a Portuguese priest by the name of Dom Bosco, who died ten years ago, and the quotation is a translation from the well-known French paper, *Le Matin*, in which it appeared in June, 1901. The communication reaches me opened and passed by the censor, so apparently its influence on the fortunes of the war has been sufficiently discounted. It runs as follows:—

"In 1913 or 1914 a great European war will break out. Germany will be completely torn to pieces, but not before the Germans have penetrated into the heart of France, whence they will be forced back to the further banks of the Rhine. An arrogant man will see his family tree cut in splinters and trampled upon by all the world. Great battles will take place on August 15 and September

15. At that time the Pope will die, and live again. Belgium

stronger than ever. Poland will get back her rights."

This prophecy is not a little remarkable in regard to the numerous important points which it covers in a few lines. The dates of the battles are perhaps the least satisfactory point, individual days for battles having little meaning in the present war.

will undergo fearful sufferings, but will rise again and become

The unanimity with which all predictions foretell the defeat of Germany is a striking point in view of the fact that until quite recently the forces of the Triple Alliance were regarded as the most formidable fighting combination in Europe. The predictions are also approximately in agreement as regards the date of the great struggle, though 1913 seems to be more in favour than the present year. The above prediction is not unique in predicting that the death of the Pope will synchronize with the outbreak of the war.

While I am on the subject of prophecies, the election of a new successor to St. Peter's Chair will serve to call to mind the curious series of predictions, if we may so describe the Latin mottoes attributed to St. Malachi, and which are supposed each to have reference to one particular tenant of St. Peter's Chair from the days of Innocent II (A.D. II43) onwards. This long list of Latin

THE PROPHECIES OF ST.

MALACHI.

mottoes has already reached the ninth from the end. It is therefore to be assumed, if this curious prediction is to be taken seriously, that there will be only eight more Popes after the one just elected, viz., Benedict XV. The last of all is described as

"Petrus Romanus," and of him it is said, "He will feed his sheep in tribulation. The city of the seven hills will be destroyed, and the great Judge will judge His people. Amen." In view of the destruction of the cathedral at Rheims almost immediately after his election, it is not a little curious that the motto for the present Pope is "Religio depopulata" (religion ravaged or laid waste). If we may credit Madame de Thèbes, it is possible that his tenancy of the chair may lead to a still more significant interpretation of the saying. The late Pope's motto, "Ignis ardens" (a burning flame), might be held to allude to the ardent piety of Pius X. Some of these mottoes are singularly appropriate, though the same cannot be said of all. The motto for Pius VII, for instance, was "Aquila rapax," a rapacious eagle, and during his pontificate the imperial eagles of France invaded the Papal States and

brought the Pope himself into captivity. Again, Pius IX's motto, "Crux de Cruce," was held to be symbolical of his loss of the temporal power. St. Malachi, the alleged author of these sayings, was a native of Armagh, in Ireland, to the archbishopric of which he finally attained. He enjoyed a high reputation for working miracles, not quite a unique distinction in those days. Whether he was the actual author of the predictions alluded to it would be difficult now to say.

I am asked to draw the attention of my readers to an ingenious attempt to interpret scriptural prophecy in terms of the present war, which has just been published by the Crystal Press, of 90 Regent Street, London, W., and is entitled, How the War will End. The author is Mr. F. L. Rawson, M.I.C.E., etc., a gentleman whose activities have covered a very wide field, ranging from football, cricket, and engineering, to mental healing, psychometry, and the predictive art. Mr. Rawson identifies Assyria with the modern German Empire, and quotes as applicable to the Kaiser the text, "I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the King

of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. For he saith, 'By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom . . . I have put down the inhabitants like a violent man, and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people'." Mr.

Rawson predicts the Kaiser's death by quoting Isaiah xxxvii. 7: "I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land." The appeal of Germany to England to remain neutral in the contest is, ingeniously discovered in the verse in which the emissary of the King of Assyria bids the Israelites to "make an agreement with me by a present, and come out to me, and eat ye every one of his vine and every one of his fig-tree." Again, the attack of the Russians upon Germany is claimed to be foreshadowed in a text from 2 Esdras xv.: "Also the Carmanians raging in wrathshall go forth as the wild boars of the wood, and with great power shall they come, and join battle with them, and shall waste a portion of the land of the Assyrians." All this is very reminiscent of the late Rev. Mr. Baxter, and can hardly be taken seriously, except in the sense in which many of the prophetic books of the Bible have a sort of universal application. I suppose, however, there will always be those who will refer to the Jewish scriptures for a foreshadowing of present and future events. The use of the Bible as a means of augury in the same way that Virgil's poems were used in the Sortes Virgilianæ is really a good deal more legitimate.

There have been a number of instances lately of psychic or automatic paintings which have attracted attention, partly owing to their own intrinsic merit and partly to the curious manner in which they have been produced. Within the last few months my attention has been drawn in particular to three artists of this kind, and one of these has an exhibition of her pictures on view in London at the present time. To the productions of the two others, Miss Heron Maxwell, and Mrs. Diver, I hope to allude subsequently. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove has been good enough to supply me with a critique of Miss Seth's work, which I subjoin for the benefit of readers who are curious in the matter:—

Note on an Exhibition of "Mystical" Paintings by Miss Florence Seth.

An exhibition is now being held at 169 Piccadilly, W., which will no doubt be of considerable interest to readers of the Occult Review. Miss Florence Seth, who is there exhibiting a remarkable collection of what she terms "mystical" paintings, is a miniature-painter, whose work in that department of art may be familiar to some readers. "mystical" paintings differ from her orthodox ones as much as the proverbial chalk from the proverbial cheese. They are produced automatically, though in a state of apparently normal consciousness, the phenomenon having first occurred with her about a year ago. She works rapidly, with no sense of effort, and with no feeling of fatigue afterwards. The medium she usually employs is water-colour, using any sort of paper or card that may be handy. She has told me that she is quite unconscious of what she is going to paint, and that in order to produce a satisfactory result it is necessary for her to remain as negative as possible, so that she may become a passive vehicle for the influence that is at work. How far we may ascribe the results to subconscious activity, and what part, if any, the free play of fancy may contribute, are problems that await investigation. Her own belief is that she is being utilized by spiritual consciousnesses distinct from her own-good influences that are endeavouring to express some message, through her, though what this is does not yet appear. Occasionally, however, she asks that a special revelation may be given her, as in the production of a slight but charming picture of the soul leaving the body, partially reminiscent of Blake.

Miss Seth has told me that in painting many of her pictures, her hand will move quite sporadically from point to point on the paper, putting colour on here and colour on there, seemingly in quite an aimless manner, the unity of the picture not appearing until after completion. It is interesting to note that, in spite of this erratic manner of production, the finished picture invariably either fills the paper or is centrally placed thereon. Moreover, although her pictures all lack symmetry, one gets a sense of balance and unity from even the most fantastic of them—and many of them are, indeed, very fanciful and futuristic in quality.

Their unity is like the unity of a dream—the synthesis of incongruous elements. There is one, for example, where bird and rock, a mass of human heads, and I know not what other things, are blended into a curious

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whole. One is reminded of the hypothesis that discarnate spirits have to pass into a sort of dream-state in order to communicate with this world through the medium of a "psychic." Or may we assume the existence of a dream-consciousness latent in the waking soul?

Some of Miss Seth's productions are rather designs than pictures in the ordinary sense—quaintly beautiful designs, in some cases—fantastic combinations of curving line and rich colour. Others remind one of anatomical studies, and are exceedingly curious, though hardly works of art. Several of her pictures might be called "architectural dreams."

The phenomenon, to which I suggest giving the name of "non-visual art," is an interesting one, and one to which I hope to draw further attention in these pages.

SECOND SIGHT IN WAR

BY MARY L. LEWES

IN the whole of Napier's History of the Peninsular War, there are few more moving passages than the one wherein are described the deaths in battle of Colonel Thomas Lloyd and Lieutenant Edward Freer. Both fell at the battle of the Nivelle, on November 10, 1813; Freer in the 43rd Regiment and Lloyd (formerly also of the 43rd) leading the 94th, of which the course of promotion had given him the command. In the distinguished but simple language of which the great soldier-historian was a master, he gives a touching description of the end of the two officers who by some extraordinary gift of personality had endeared themselves particularly to their comrades, and had displayed a bravery brilliant even where all were brave; but the point of the narrative is, for the moment, the fact that each of these men, both courageous beyond the ordinary, were deeply impressed with the premonition that the fight on that 10th of November would be their last.

Freer was but a lad of nineteen; "rich in honour, for he bore many scars . . . and had seen more combats and sieges than he could count years. So slight in person and of such delicate beauty that the Spaniards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing, he was yet so vigourous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle . . . and would obey his slightest sign." On the night before the battle, Napier was stretched on the ground, covered with his cloak, when young Freer came to him sobbing as if his heart would break, and creeping beneath the cloak, he breathed to the kindly senior, who in vain tried to soothe and console him, his firm conviction that he should lose his life in the coming battle, confessing that his distress was caused by the thought of his mother and sister in England. Next day he was pierced by three balls at the first storming of the Rhuno rocks, and "the sternest soldiers in the regiment wept, even in the middle of the fight, when they heard of his fate."

Colonel Lloyd, "like Freer, was prescient of and predicted his own fall, yet with no abatement of courage. When he received the mortal wound, a most painful one, he would not

suffer himself to be moved, but remained watching the battle . . . until death came."

The above instances are matters of history; and the other psychic occurrences connected with military men and their friends contained in the few notes that follow may be equally well-known. But, at the present time, when our thoughts as a nation are so much with our soldiers, it may not be inappropriate to recall some of these strange happenings, most of which seem to confirm the belief that the stress of emotion and passion aroused by circumstances of war, danger or long separation, result quite often in a disturbance—or, maybe a heightening—of soul vibrations which in certain temperaments are bound to produce some outward manifestation. Occasionally—perhaps generally—these manifestations affect only the subject himself, resulting in the heavy premonition of approaching danger or death. But there are many instances on record, as all students of the occult know, where in time of crisis the subject's thoughts, reverting with love and longing to absent friends, have sent them a warning of some kind; sometimes in a dream, sometimes by an actual presentment or apparition of the thinker. Probably many amongst us could quote stories of this type, either from personal knowledge or from hearsay; they form a large class amongst recognized psychic phenomena. But though numerous, such cases are always interesting, often poignantly so, from the nature of the circumstances giving rise to them, perhaps through the very intensity of their human aspect bringing home, more forcibly than any abstract argument, the extreme thinness of the veil which hides the Unseen from the Seen.

General Sir Thomas Picton, "the hero of a hundred fights," as an historian has called him, and who met his death at Waterloo, left England the week before the battle with the presentiment that he would never return, a belief he is said to have communicated to the friends who accompanied him on the first stage of his journey. Badly wounded at Quatre Bras on June 17, he would not report his hurt lest he should be sent to the rear and thereby miss the decisive engagement. So his servant bound him up, and the morning of that eventful next day saw him at the head of his troops as usual, where the fate he felt approaching, but would not avoid, met him as he waved his sword and cheered his men on to success. Here we have another instance of a very strong personality visited by anticipations of death which might never have reached a lesser soul, well illustrating how the spirit of such a man, lofty and courageous, while acknowledging the truth

of what he feels, is spurred by the knowledge, rather than hindered in the path of honour and duty. Only to the strong does the vision come, we may be sure.

But examples of presentiments, such as the above, are in most cases so much alike that to multiply their recital would be monotonous for the ordinary reader; so we will turn to those instances where the psychic vibrations set up by impending disaster have produced external manifestations to distant friends. Sometimes these (the vibrations) occasion corresponding phenomena of an apparently inconsequent character; but invariably, whatever their nature, they arouse an unshakeable feeling—often amounting to certainty—of the nearness of bad news. A good illustration of this type of warning is supplied by a story related by Flammarion, in his book L'Inconnu, which perhaps I may be excused for quoting. As is well known, Flammarion collected hundreds of letters from all sorts of people regarding psychic phenomena of every description. Amongst these correspondents, J. Meyer (whose letter I will paraphrase in translating) writes:—

"In 1835 my grandfather lived at St. Maurice, near Rochelle. My father, the eldest of the family, was a lieutenant in Algeria, where he spent ten years of the early days of the conquest. His letters fired his younger brother Camille with the desire to join him. He disembarked at Algiers in April, 1835, and hastening to meet my father at Oran, took part in an expedition against Abd-el-Kader at the end of June. The French were obliged to retreat on Arzow, and lost many people in crossing the marsh of Maeta. My uncle was three times hit, but not seriously wounded. However, when bivouacking, a French soldier, in cleaning his gun, accidentally let it off and wounded my uncle in the thigh. He was operated on, and eventually

died.

"Communications were slow in those days, and my grandmother knew nothing of these facts. According to the fashion of the day, she had a very fine china coffee-set arranged on the mantel-piece of her reception-room on the first floor. Suddenly, in broad daylight, a frightful noise was heard in this room.

"My grandmother rushed upstairs, followed by the servant. What was their stupefaction at the sight that greeted them! The whole of the coffee-set lay in pieces by the side of the chimney-place, exactly as if they had all been swept there together. My grandmother was terrified, and felt sure that some misfortune was threatened. The room was minutely inspected, but none

SECOND SIGHT IN WAR

of the suggestions made, by way of calming my grandmother, could be made to fit the facts . . . a violent draught, the passage of rats, a cat shut in by mistake, etc., etc. The room was absolutely closed, so there could have been no draught; then neither rats nor cat could break the china entirely and collect the pieces neatly along the hearth. There was nobody in the house except my grandparents and their servant.

"The first post from Africa brought the news of my uncle's death, which happened on the exact day that the service was

broken."

The above incident reminds one of the very common belief that the unexplained fall of a family picture is a presage of misfortune or death.

Many cases are recorded of death warnings being conveyed to distant friends by the apparition of those in danger. The following, which is a well-known instance of this kind, has, I believe (though I have not read the book myself), been referred to by the late Edmund Gurney, in *Phantasms of the Living*:

In September, 1857, Captain Wheatcroft . . . of a certain cavalry regiment, left England for India to rejoin his corps, leaving his wife at Cambridge. On the night of November 14, Mrs. Wheatcroft dreamed that she saw her husband looking very anxious and ill, and woke up feeling much disturbed at her dream. But hardly had she realized that she was wide awake when, by the light of the full moon which came into her room, she again saw her husband, standing beside her bed. He was in uniform, his face pale, his hair disordered, and his hands pressed tightly against There was no doubt she saw him as plainly as she had ever perceived anything in her life. He seemed to lean towards her and make an effort to speak, but no sound came. The apparition lingered about a minute, and then vanished. Mrs. Wheatcroft's first idea was to make sure again that she was not dreaming; she rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and listened carefully to the breathing of a little child who slept with her, finding she could hear and see quite normally.

Next day she told her mother of the experience, and expressed the conviction that her husband had been fatally wounded. From that day she refused to go out or take part in any social gathering, declaring that she was already a widow, and would go nowhere till she had received a letter from her husband dated later than

November 14.

In December came news that Captain Wheatcroft had been killed before Lucknow, on the 15th of November. But his solicitor,

to whom Mrs. Wheatcroft had told the story of the apparition, affirming positively that she had seen it on the night of the 14th, made further inquiries at the War Office, which still confirmed the date as the 15th. However, in the March following, a brother officer, returning to London, explained the true facts, which proved that Captain Wheatcroft had been killed at his side, not on the 15th, but on the afternoon of the 14th, and that the cross which marked his grave bore the latter date.

Another case of a "warning," sent from a distant battle-field in a dream, happened in the days of the Peninsular War.

On the night of June 21, 1813, a lady living in the North of England dreamed that her brother, then an officer in Spain, appeared to her and said: "Mary, I die this day at Vittoria." Before the famous battle, Vittoria was a place almost unknown in this country, and, amongst many other people, this dreamer had never heard of it; but her first care on rising was to get a gazetteer and discover if such a place existed. On finding that it did, she immediately ordered her carriage and drove to her sister's house some miles away. Her first words to her sister were: "Have you heard anything of John?" "No," was the reply, " but I know that he is dead. He appeared to me last night in a dream, and told me he was killed at Vittoria. I have been looking in the gazetteer and the atlas, and I find there is such a place, and I am sure that he is dead." And so it proved; the young man died that day in the battle of Vittoria. The circumstance of the warning being conveyed simultaneously to the two sisters, and to both in a dream, makes this story unusually interesting.

I came across the following story in Mrs. Crowe's Night Side of Nature, and although it belongs to a date of long ago it possesses a particular interest in view of the sad fate which later befell the unfortunate subject of the dream. It will be remembered that Major André, a British officer of exceptional ability, being employed in the American War by General Clinton on a secret service mission of peculiar delicacy and importance, was captured by the enemy in the performance of his duty, tried as a spy by General Washington's orders, and finally condemned and hanged. His death, which he met with the greatest fortitude, excited great indignation in England, and in 1821, his remains were brought home and interred in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Crowe says: "Major André... was a friend of Miss Seward's, and previously to his embarkation for America, he made a journey into Derbyshire to pay her a visit, and it was arranged

they should ride over to see the wonders of the Peak and introduce André to Newton, her minstrel, as she called him, and to Mr. Cunningham, the Curate, who was also a poet. Whilst these two gentlemen were awaiting the arrival of their guests, of whose intentions they had been apprised, Mr. Cunningham mentioned to Newton that on the preceding night he had had a very extraordinary dream which he could not get out of his head. He had fancied himself in a forest; the place was strange to him, and whilst looking about he perceived a horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood, when three men rushed out of the thicket and seizing his bridle, hurried him away, after closely searching his person. The countenance of the stranger being very interesting, the sympathy felt by the sleeper for his apparent misfortune awoke him; but he presently fell asleep again, and dreamt that he was standing near a great city amongst thousands of people, and that he saw the same person he had seen seized in the wood, brought out, and suspended to a gallows.

"When André and Miss Seward arrived, he was horror-struck to perceive that his new acquaintance was the antitype of the man in the dream."

In this dream it is rather interesting to note that the sympathy felt by the dreamer for the person in trouble awoke him. I have noticed repeatedly when dreaming, that the point of connexion between sleeping and waking consciousness seems to be that moment when the emotions of the sleeper, whether pleasurable or the reverse, are aroused. As long as one is a mere spectator in dreamland, the dream continues; but always the critical instant, the point when feeling comes in, is the moment before waking. "I was so frightened that I woke up," a person recounting a nightmare will say; and it is the same with dreams of happiness, the realization of happiness leads to waking. It is as if, detached from self, the spirit can see and perhaps do much in the world of dreams; but that its powers fail when earthly emotions are touched.

An acquaintance of mine whom I will call Miss X——gave me the following experience of her own.

One of her brothers, an officer in the Army, went out to the South African War, and on his way to the Cape made a will, leaving what he possessed to her. Eventually he was badly wounded, and died in the hospital at Durban. In due time his effects and papers were sent home, but no will was found amongst them although his relations knew that one had been made. Some

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time passed and much correspondence with the brother officer who had undertaken the return of the deceased's belongings, but to no purpose. At last one night, Miss X—— dreamed that she saw her brother floating in the sea, with a great wound in his head. He cried out to her "Oh, B—— come and take me out. I want to tell you about the will. Why haven't they looked in my dispatch-box? They will find the will there." Then Miss X—— awoke, but the dream had made such a strong impression on her mind that she again wrote to Captain Blank, asking him to have fresh search made for a dispatch-box belonging to her brother. In due course the dispatch-box and a pistol-case, both previously overlooked, came back to Miss X——, and in the box was the missing will.

I will conclude with the classical instance of Frederick the Second's dream on August 6, 1769, that a star fell from Heaven, and occasioned such an extraordinary glare that he could with difficulty find his way through it. He told his dream to some of his Court, and it was afterwards observed that on that day

Napoleon Bonaparte was born!

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BLACK MAGIC

BY VERE D. SHORTT

THE present cults of spiritualism, crystal gazing, fortune telling and occultism generally are all lineal descendants of beliefs which are older than history itself. From the beginning of the world man has ever been a seeker after knowledge, and his endeavours to understand and control the hidden powers and forces of Nature have given rise to practices which are collectively called "Magic." Magic consists of two kinds, White and Black, of which the former is beneficent and used for the good of the human race at large, whilst Black Magic is magic used for a selfish purpose, or for personal benefit. Even should the purpose for which the magic is used be entirely harmless, if it is practised for a selfish motive it becomes Black Magic, and therefore forbidden. Chief among the practices of Black Magic are those of Necromancy or traffic with the spirits of the dead, evocation of non-human spirits and witchcraft.

There are two kinds of necromancy, the necromancy of light and the necromancy of darkness, the first belonging to White Magic, and consisting of evocation by prayer and perfumes, and the second belonging to Black Magic, and consisting of evocation by blood and sacrilege. The first of these varieties does not enter into the scope of this article, but a few words on the

second may not be without interest.

According to ancient records, the absolute essential for an evocation of this kind was blood. The sorcerer first of all dug a trench in some lonely place and then filled it with the blood of a black goat or ram, and it was by the fumes of this blood that the spirits were drawn to him. There is every reason to believe, however, that professors of Black Magic did not confine themselves to the blood of goats, but on occasion used human blood. In fact, it is highly probable that the direction to use goat's blood in the Grimoires, or text books of magic, was simply a synonym for the human element. In the Middle Ages Necromancy assumed its most hideous and disgusting aspect. Its professors profaned tombs and compounded ointments with the fat of corpses mixed with poisonous fungi. They heated these horrible mixtures over fires of human bones and crucifixes stolen from

churches, to which they added the ashes of consecrated hosts, and then evoked the spirits of the dead. Small wonder that the fear of the witch and wizard entered into men's hearts, and that to be even suspected of Black Magic was a short cut to the stake!

The Grimoires plainly hint at sacrilege, murder and theft as a means to the end of the evocation of spirits; in fact, it may be broadly stated that to practise Black Magic, owing to the nature of the procedure involved, it was absolutely necessary either to be without or to destroy any moral sense. I am not hinting that modern spiritualism has anything in common with those disgusting orgies, but still even though undertaken from the best motives, it has its dangers. Whether there is any truth in Magic or not, it is quite certain that all around us-probably on different planes of existence to ours-are entities of which we know little or nothing : some benignant, and some unspeakably malignant to the human race. It is quite probable-more than probable, in fact-that some of these entities for purposes of their own personate the spirits of the dead, and having been brought into contact with persons in whom the mediumistic faculty is strongly developed, assume at first partial and later on almost complete control over them. Hence the danger of spiritualism. In late years many cases of mental aberration have taken place among mediums both professional and otherwise, and as long as practices continue having for their motive communication with disembodied entities, whether human or ab-human, so long will this danger continue.

Closely allied with necromancy is witchcraft generally, the principal difference being that whereas the necromancer seeks knowledge from the spirits of the dead, the witch or wizard seeks power from other sources, which are not and never have been human. Witchcraft, always being used for selfish purposes, whether to satisfy hatred or for material gain, is necessarily evil, and therefore its professors must seek aid from the evil powers. The stories of the witches' sabbath must not be dismissed as pure invention. They were gatherings of men and women to worship and propitiate the evil forces, and to gain power from them, which being of themselves evil and intended to be used for evil purposes and to satisfy evil longings, could only be obtained from evil sources. The traditional scenes of the sabbath, though they probably never took place in reality, yet owing to the use of intoxicating drugs and self-hypnotism took place in the minds of the participants and were real to them.

It must be remembered that the whole aim and object of all magical ritual is to fix the will immovably on one object, and that the ritual and ceremonies of magic, while of themselves incapable of producing any result, serve to do this. Matter is the external form of mind, and reacts on intelligences, whether human or otherwise. The human will, sufficiently strongly exercised, can produce a thought elemental, and it only depends on the strength of the will how powerful for good or evil the elemental produced by it is. Thought forms were produced by devotees of Black Magic, and were physically real to them, as the hundreds of authentic reports of witchcraft trials prove. As people suspected of magical practices were as a rule hated and feared, and therefore badly treated by their fellow men, it stands to reason that the thought forms evoked (probably in most cases unconsciously) by them were malignant, their power of doing evil being only bounded by the strength of will of their creator. Results like these having been obtained by people who were working in the dark, naturally men and women who were fully initiated into these practices obtained much greater results. As a matter of fact, occultists of both the White and Black schools of Magic did and can produce artificial elementals of enormous power. These were the "familiar spirits" mentioned in the Bible and so many times in the reports of witchcraft trials. A magician, whether White or Black, can maintain a communication with his elemental, and can guide and control its actions, whether for good or evil, at no matter what distance. By certain processes of Black Magic well known to adepts, elementals of great power for evil may be created and do much damage. If, however, these things are used against some one of greater power, whether for good or evil, than their creator, they are baffled, and in such a case turn against and destroy their master. The mediæval stories of wizards being torn in pieces by their demons is an example of this.

These thought elementals, however, given that the force which created them has been strong enough owing to the death or weakening of the will of their master, often escape from his control. In such cases the creative force having been very strong, the elemental is proportionately so, and is dangerous in direct proportion to its strength. They can exist on their own vitality for a time, but their whole means of continued existence depends on the same cause which gave them birth—the human will—and they invariably attempt to prolong their life either by obsessing human beings or influencing them to worship them as

gods. Almost all the gods of savage tribes, especially those who demand blood sacrifices, are of this order. Their powers, though limited in some directions, are very great in others, and it is only too probable that the fear of the consequences of withholding sacrifices from these "gods" held by their unhappy worshippers is well founded. When the outward and visible sign of one of these beings is any material object, such as an image, stone or tree, the elemental becomes part of that object, and should it be destroyed, is destroyed also. This accounts for the extreme dislike and jealousy shown by the gods of savage tribes to anyone approaching their shrines except for the purpose of worship, and explains the otherwise inexplicable fulfilment of curses on those who have interfered with savage deities.

We of the twentieth century shudder at the savagery of our ancestors of only three hundred years ago who burnt men and women alive for alleged commerce with Satan, but we must remember that these same ancestors were men with, in all essential things, very much the same thoughts and ideas as ourselves. Is it reasonable to suppose that the wave of witch-burning which swept over Europe in the beginning of the seventeenth century was quite causeless? Doubtless many perished at the stake who were innocent of anything but the desire to do evil, but behind all the grotesqueness of the witch with her cat and broomstick lay a very real terror, only half understood and therefore doubly terrible, of the evil forces of nature. The punishment of burning was a terribly cruel one, but in comparison with the other punishments of the day for quite trivial offences, not inordinately so. At that time certain persons had rediscovered secrets and practices infinitely older than the world as we know it, and the wisdom of our ancestors decided that these practices were a danger to the human race and must be put a stop to. Before condemning the men who lived three hundred years ago as ignorant and superstitious children, let us remember that they were the men who had maintained successfully a war of high diplomacy against the great empire of Spain for years, and finally broke her power and shattered her fleet on the sea.

The negro cults of Voodoo and Obeah are also closely connected with Black Magic, as are the beliefs of so many primitive people. They are both of West African origin, but whereas the former is simply a form of worship, the latter is more a species of witchcraft, plus a certain amount of propitiation of an evil power. The word Voodoo is derived from Vaudoux, a sect of Protestants in France who were supposed to indulge in human

sacrifices, precisely as the ancient Christians were accused of doing by the Pagan Romans and the Jews are said to do by the Russians to-day. Voodooism is practically the state religion of Hayti, and Obeah was brought by slaves to the West Indian Islands, and thence has spread to the negroes of the United States. The rites of both are of a nature which cannot be described here. It is enough to say that they embody the foulest rites of the lowest form of Black Magic, and that human sacrifice is an integral part of them. The outward and visible sign of the power which both cults adore is the snake, and it is served by a priest and priestess called in Voodooism Papaloi and Mamaloi. From human sacrifices to cannabalism is only a step, and as regards this the externally civilized negro of Hayti is probably no whit in advance of his African brother.

Closely allied to Black Magic, but still not of it, is Devilworship. This consists again of the adoration of the Evil Power of the Universe as opposed to the Good, and is carried on by the disgusting and obscene ceremony of the Black Mass. This latter consists of an obscene parody of the Sacrifice of the Mass, where among other things a consecrated wafer is exposed to every imaginable indignity and insult in the hope of pleasing the Evil Power. It throws a strange light on the mental processes of the unhappy persons who indulge in this vileness to reflect that they must be believers in God, otherwise their profanation would be meaningless. If they were freethinkers or atheists they would only be profaning a morsel of bread, whereas to their minds what they are insulting is the veritable Presence of God. Paris is the home of the Black Mass, and the police are constantly discovering and breaking up coteries of Satan worshippers.

THE STRANGE STORY OF KNIGHTON GORGES

BY ETHEL C. HARGROVE, F.R.G.S.

[In view of the remarkable phenomena occurring periodically at Knighton Gorges, the record of which has already appeared in the Occult Review, it appeared to me likely that an account of the history of this much-haunted spot would be of interest to my readers. The subjoined account has been written by Miss Hargrove, to whom readers are indebted for the original account of the hauntings.—Ed.]

KNIGHTON is derived from the Celtic Neithan, the place of a fight. The mere word in itself suggests a train of thought, and Knighton Gorges has witnessed many conflicts bodily, mental and spiritual!

The authentic history of the spot dates from the reign of Henry III, when it was held by John de Morville, who founded the north chantry, or transept at Newchurch Church (afterwards to become the burial-place of the Dyllington family). The de Morvilles came from Cumberland. After the death of John, Ralph de Gorges, husband of his daughter Elen, enjoyed the manor in her right, and built a chapel there in the year 1301.

Their son left an only child Eleanor, who married the celebrated Sir Theobalde Russel. In 1340, after successfully repulsing a French invading force at Saint Helen's Point, Bembridge, Sir Theobalde was severely wounded, and his retainers carried him from the battlefield to Knighten Gorges, where he shortly afterwards passed over to the spirit-world. The manor remained in the hands of his descendants till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. when one George Gilberte of Whitcombe sold it with other property to Antony Dyllington of Poole in Dorsetshire. His family continued to flourish till early Georgian days, when Sir Tristram, the last male representative of his race, had the dire misfortune to lose his beloved wife and their four children within a few days. The cause of this tragedy was some bad type of fever. The shock turned Sir Tristram's brain, causing him to drown himself in a pond hard by the mansion. The faithful butler concealed the cause of his master's death, thus retaining

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the estate* for the two Miss Dyllingtons, sisters of the ill-fated baronet, the survivor of whom bequeathed it to General Maurice Bocland. In 1765 it again passed on to another family, the Bissets. George Maurice Bisset, a man of intellect and culture, kept open house, and the notorious John Wilkes wrote in his diary, "Knighton Manor supplies me very kindly with melons and other fruit." Wilkes then lived at Sandown, and it was his custom to attend Shanklin church on Sunday mornings, and after meeting David Garrick and his wife, the trio would leave the old cliff path to walk over the fields to dine at Knighton Gorges.



Copyright,] [G. Ancell, Sandown, I.W. THE OLD GATE POSTS, KNIGHTON GORGES.

The house, an ancient ivy-covered building in the Gothic style, contained many fine apartments, and was situated on the edge of a hill; a wayside road at the rear led direct to some antique earthworks attributed to the Danes, but probably of much older date. In the early years of last century it was demolished stone by stone to verify the oath sworn by an irate uncle that his nephew, the next on the entail, should never enter his dwelling. Mr. Bisset died just as the workmen had completed their extraordinary task.

^{*} Had suicide been proved the estate would have escheated to the Crown.

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In 1914 nothing remains but the original gate-posts, a few stones, and an arbour now used as a potting-shed in the walled garden. Probably David Garrick, Wilkes and other Georgian wits drank wine and told anecdotes of London life to their genial host on the grass plot that then existed in front of this arbour.

Since then indeed till about seventeen years ago six skeletons have been discovered within two feet of the surface of the vege-

table beds. They were reverently re-interred.

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Apart from the interesting recollections connected with Knighton Gorges, deeper and more psychic associations cling to the deserted site, which is best viewed from the Rookery overlooking the walled garden and what was once an avenue of stately trees. Now some of these giants have fallen and their dismembered trunks are half covered with rank fungi of different species, but the scent of the limes still pervades the atmosphere on summer evenings, and the wind sings softly in the leafy recesses of an enormous fig-tree.

A few Sunday evenings ago I was walking on the road that passes the old gate-posts between the hours of seven and eight. engrossed in conversation with a friend, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a very loud noise, apparently made by children playing with wire railings. We could not ascertain the cause, but as there were several schoolboys about we passed on

and thought no more of the circumstance.

It would never have occurred to me to give it another thought but for this coincidence. On Monday, July 6, I was sitting on one of the fallen trunks shortly before eight o'clock p.m. The hope of hearing the mysterious music I have already described in a letter to the Editor was strong within me. Last time it had been noted at ten minutes to twelve on New Year's Eve, 1913–14, when in company with a sister and three villagers I had walked the mile from Newchurch on a cold still night to experience the marvellous aural manifestation of "a lady singing soprano, then a duet with tenor or baritone, and part songs to the music of a spinet or harpsichord. Lastly came some very dainty and refined minuet airs. . . ."

This July evening I was destined to hear music of a different stamp. Again it delighted my ears, but this time it was the voices of a church choir. I listened with great joy, till I was disturbed by contending elements . . . the self-same noise I had attributed to the mischief of children knocking some wire railings. This time it was simply deafening. "Children playing

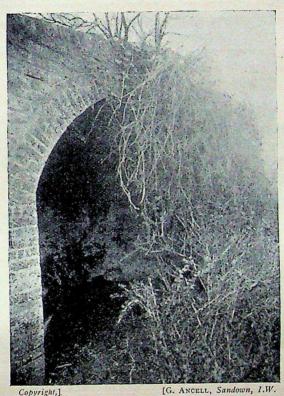
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again," I reasoned; but it had in it an affinity to the sound of clashing swords.

"Do be quiet," I shouted, for the sacred music was hardly

distinguishable in such a din.

Finding this had no effect, I rose to my feet and approached the spot from whence the tumult proceeded—the corner of the



THE ARBOUR.

walled garden. When I arrived there it suddenly ceased; but neither boys nor railings could be seen!

"Neithan"—The Place of a Fight. Surely in days of yore, a conflict must have taken place, and even now the forces of good

and evil appear to war against each other.

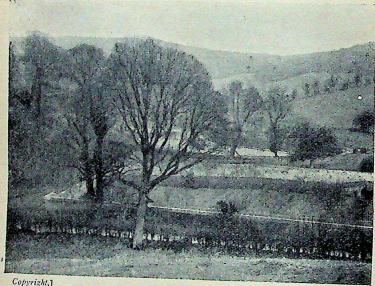
Not every day is a manifestation vouchsafed. I have often wandered on the rugged hillside without hearing anything beyond the singing of birds, or the hurried flight of numerous rabbits, or perchance the advent of a solemn round-eyed owl. Every spring primroses and yellow gorse strive to restore the long-lost splendour

of the scene, but the atmosphere of "never more" permeates the deserted shrine of old-world life.

Naturally many stories of supernatural (so called) and other happenings are interwoven in the history of Knighton Gorges.

I have been fortunate enough to establish a link reaching back 150 years with the place in the person of an aged farm labourer, who told me thus:-

"When I was a boy, between sixty and seventy years ago, I knew an old man who told me his grandfather used to work for the Dyllingtons in the kitchen, boiling potatoes for the pigs,



[G. Ancell, Sandown, 1.W VIEW FROM THE ROOKERY.

and," he added, "the tongs would move across the room by themselves!"

The same individual also mentioned the rumour that a great fortune, composed of gold coins, is supposed to be buried in the grounds of the estate.

Other incidents are cited by various authorities. Knighton was reputed haunted and that a Brading priest was once engaged to exorcise the demons.

Charles I is said to have visited the then owners of the Gorges. Sir John Oglander, who wrote his memoirs at that period, quotes: "They had a park there on ye west side of ye house,"

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and "they had theyre chappell and there manie of them buried and had fayre monuments; ye chappell is nowe tourned to a brew house and ye church yarde to an orchard." The later fact apparently explains the finding of the skeletons in the walled garden, and to this day a barn at a neighbouring farm is still reported to be the remains of a mediæval chapel!

Thus the years roll on, kingdoms rise and fall, new discoveries are made, and old faiths questioned. Yet the eternal never changes, and events are chronicled, to be stored in the universal gramophone of Nature. What has been remains; actions repeat themselves; melody is stored in waves of ether, God's music

of the spheres-

Lingering and wandering on as loth to die Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof That they were born for immortality.

A VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

BY KATHERINE G. LEWIS

This story was related to me by a schoolmate, as her own personal experience. The convent setting is absolutely true. The name of my friend is fictitious.

ELEANOR MAYNARD was not popular at the convent. It was not because she was twenty-three years old, and occupied the muchenvied position of "parlour pupil," with its perquisites of a room or cell to herself, instead of the crowded dormitory, and permission to wear street clothes, in place of the unbecoming black uniform. As a matter of fact, parlour pupils were no novelty among the French girls, for many orphans, after finishing school, remained under the sheltering wing of the convent, there to await the selection of a suitable parti or become nuns. It was because of her stolid English reserve and a detached interest in her surroundings, which irritated the demonstrative temperament of the French girls, and caused them to leave her severely alone. She had come to Paris frankly for the purpose of learning French, and for no other reason, hence the indifference of her classmates affected her not at all, and she trailed around the grounds in her good-looking clothes, her fair head held high, and her tall, lithe figure swaying like a reed. They called her la grande anglaise, accompanied by a shrug and uplifted brows.

It was a murky day in the early part of June, and a miserable half-hearted rain had driven every one into the châlet during recreation, where the little novice in charge intermittently told her beads and scolded the girls. Bored by the whispered confidences of a love-lorn miss of seventeen, my gaze strayed to the door, which opened to admit Eleanor Maynard. She crossed the room with the swinging step of the Englishwoman accustomed to outdoor life, and spoke to the novice. The eyes of the latter travelled swiftly from group to group, and finally rested upon me.

"Kittie Willis," she called in her fluty French; and, excusing

myself to my companion, I joined her.

"Mère Madeleine wishes you to go over Eleanor's French with her," she told me; "so you may be absent until salut."

I rather liked the lonely English girl, for though five years my senior, she seemed, in her odd way, to fancy me. Perhaps

A VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN

my being American, and in sympathy with her poor French, had something to do with it!

As we left the châlet together, she said, "Let us go to my cell, where we can be alone." I readily agreed, and, passing through the chapel and adjoining refectory, we soon found ourselves within a long, narrow passage, which was practically a funnel, catching and conveying the mingled sounds from numerous pianos in the adjacent cells, where the nuns were giving music lessons.

Eleanor's room was located at the end of the hall, and it was with a sense of relief that we entered, and, closing the heavy door behind us, shut out the din and the rest of the world. It was my first visit, and I glanced about curiously, then with heightened interest, and felt as though I had stepped into a secret niche of the Arabian Nights. The stone floor of the cell was covered with a bright-coloured rug, the bare walls were hung with East Indian trophies, a military helmet swung from a nail, a cavalry sabre stood in one corner, and a silver cigarette case with the monogram "R.M." lay upon a strip of black satin embroidered in oriental gold, that was stretched across the table. An intangible Eastern odour assailed my nostrils, and for a moment I stood still. Next, my attention was drawn to a boyish face, strikingly resembling Eleanor's, which looked out, at all ages, from numerous photographs scattered about the room. I saw him as a child, propped against the little shell holy-water basins on the wall, which served his Protestant sister as photographholders, and I followed him successively, by aid of the camera, right up to the time when, in a silver frame, and resplendent in the uniform of a British army officer, he proudly ornamented Eleanor's bureau.

"Oh," I breathed feelingly, "what a wonderful place you have ! -It is such a treat to get away from bare floors and benches, and the chaste eyes of painted saints staring at you from every cloister and dormitory."

Eleanor smiled wistfully, and looked through the window at

the gently falling rain.

"I would not have come," she said, "if I could not have had

my treasures with me."

"Well," I retorted, "you are lucky to be a parlour pupil! They even made me take down my little American flag, because it was worldly."

She smiled a little and seating herself on an inlaid stool opened her French book. I drew up my chair to the table and we started the lesson. To the majority of English people, French does not come easily, and Eleanor Maynard was no exception. Over and over again we read certain passages, and it seemed to me that her accent became more sing-songy and impossible every minute, until suddenly she closed the book sharply and pushed it from her.

"It is no use to try to read to-day, of all days," she muttered tensely.

"Why not?" I asked. "Just put your mind on it!"

"I can't, not to-day." She turned to me and continued with a peculiar earnestness in her voice. "Do you know that you are the only human being in this place who has a particle of feeling? The nuns are so busy saving their own souls that they have become wooden, and the girls are simply machines."

"You have never given them the opportunity to know you. Then, too, when you can really speak French you will feel differently. Come, let us look over the lesson once more."

"Not to-day," she repeated almost fiercely; "not to-day."

"And why not to-day?"

She was silent for a moment, then she turned to me, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Because to-day is the anniversary of the saddest day of my

life," she murmured haltingly.

Instinctively I put out my hand and touched hers sympathetically.

"I am so sorry," I faltered, "perhaps some time you will tell me about it." Suddenly she leaned her arms upon the table, and her whole body shook with sobs. Utterly amazed I slipped my arm about her shoulders and held her close, not knowing what to say. For a few moments she abandoned herself to her grief with a wildness that frightened me, but gradually, like a storm that has spent itself, the sobbing ceased and she finally grew calm again.

"I must talk to some one," she murmured brokenly, "or I shall go mad. You see, I have no one now, for mother died a year ago." She hesitated a moment, then took up the thread of her story. "My brother and I were twins"—she pointed to the photograph on the bureau—"as you can plainly see, and all these things belonged to him. Our father was an English army officer, and died in India shortly after we were born, leaving poor mother to bring us home when we were barely out of long clothes. Well, we settled down in a little cottage in Surrey and lived a quiet uneventful life. Richard and I were devoted to each other and almost inseparable. I shall never forget the void in my life when,

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following our father's profession, he went to Sandhurst, leaving me alone with mother. It seemed to me that part of myself had been taken away; I could not eat or sleep or play with the same spirit. I even imagined that I had lost some of my physical strength. At any rate, there existed a peculiar bond between us that could not be explained. For instance, soon after he left I was taken ill with measles, and a few days later he wrote that he was sick, but could hardly define his symptoms. Later on, he was thrown from his horse, and that afternoon while standing before the mirror, I suddenly felt as if I had been struck a blow, which resulted in a bad headache. I realized afterwards that I had experienced these sensations about the time that he had met with his accident.

"Time wore on, and he finally graduated with high honours, to the delight of his family and many friends, and the last few weeks of his leave of absence spent at home held a happiness which I shall always remember. What wonderful times we had! Every moment was precious. We dug up all the books we could find on India, as he was ordered there to join his regiment, the 22nd Dragoons, and we read aloud to each other by the hour. The mention of his departure was avoided as much as possible, but as his stay became briefer, we would walk together sometimes for miles in silence, both realizing what the separation meant to us all, for even then mother was very frail."

Here Eleanor rose and paced restlessly up and down the room, while unconsciously my eyes dwelt upon the regular designs of the rug, and I caught myself counting so many squares to the right, so many to the left. Finally she paused in front of me, her arms folded.

"Never shall I forget the day he sailed for India," she continued.

"It was really very interesting to me, never having seen a military embarkation. How bright and gay everything seemed on the great ship, rocking gently at the dock, while scores of dapper officers, with their families and sweethearts, went aboard. I can see now the brilliant coats of the soldiers swarming against the rails of the lower decks, and I can hear the shrill bag-pipes of the Highlanders, conspicuous in their bare legs and picturesque plaids, and lustily playing 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.' The whole ship was a blaze of colour and life, and the laughter mingling with the music reached us long after we had gone ashore. Of course we lingered as long as possible, each dreading the moment of separation, yet wishing it over. Finally the last signal was given, and mother, her eyes swimming with tears, clung to her

boy, as only mothers do. At length releasing her, with a husky, 'Cheer up, mother; it won't be long,' he held out his arms to me. Just then a singular thing occurred. A sudden gust of wind hurled a woman's yellow hat, trimmed with black roses, straight against his breast, where it caught on a button. After some little difficulty I succeeded in detaching it and restored it to its owner, but the incident, accompanied by a few drops of rain, somehow put the last strain on my self-control, and I burst into tears. Of course this was hard on Richard, who had been bearing up for mother's sake, and he held me close for a long moment, murmuring low, with a half-sob (for he was only a boy after all) 'My little sister, my little sister,' then, ashamed of his emotion, he tried to smile, repeating, 'It won't be long.'

"'No,' I echoed mechanically, 'it won't be long'; and the next thing I knew I was leading mother across the gang plank, and we were soon watching that mighty vessel, with colours flying and band playing, sail away with our precious boy."

Eleanor reached over and picked up the cigarette case,

patting it as though it were human.

"How many, many times he has held this!" she mused thoughtfully, then she continued: "I will not go into the details of how I experienced in a measure his sea-sickness, and other physical ills, but suffice to say that he reached his destination safely. His first letter after he arrived was full of enthusiasm for his station and brother officers. He was enjoying himself immensely, and every mail brought us glowing accounts of his life in the colonies, his military duties, his social successes, his athletic sports. He was having a splendid time and making the most of every minute. He spoke of the kindness of his Colonel, of the regimental balls, the tennis tournaments, a prospective hunting trip, his strenuous practice for the polo team, and his dandy pony. He was learning Hindustani, he loved the army, and as we read his letters, we lived every moment of his joyous life with him.

"Time passed, and mother was gradually failing. She always took her breakfast in bed now, but managed to get up later in the day, and I tried to save her all unnecessary worries."

Eleanor flung herself into a chair by the window, and a tenderness crept into her voice, while the dull sound of the continual "drip, drip" of the rain in the pipe outside made me nervous.

"Two years ago to-day," she resumed, "the 12th of June, I awoke feeling strangely depressed. The damp, sultry air fell

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heavily upon my spirits, and a dank earthy smell from the garden penetrated my nostrils and somehow oppressed me. As far as I knew, I was physically perfectly well, but I felt curiously nervous, and wandered about restlessly until, thoroughly vexed with myself, I put on my high storm boots and splashed for hours through puddles and across meadows. When I returned I felt somewhat better, still I paid a dozen unnecessary visits to the rose bed, snipping off imaginary dried leaves, then I dusted the library so often that poor, patient mother finally begged me to sit down.

"' What ails you, child?' she asked; 'you seem completely

unstrung.'

"I got through the day somehow, and toward evening the sun burst through the clouds just above the horizon, blazing like a ball of fire, edged with a tiny circle of black, and as I glanced up casually I felt the inexplicable dreariness of the morning returning; however, concentrating all my will power, I succeeded finally in releasing myself from the spell that bound me, and

managed to swallow a few mouthfuls of supper.

"The day had been insufferably warm, and by the time I had prepared mother for bed, I was quite ready to turn in myself, and completely worn out, both physically and mentally, I soon fell asleep. I never could remember just how it occurred, but I suddenly found myself sitting bolt upright in bed with every sense awake and listening; then faintly, as though coming from a distance, I heard my name called clearly. 'Eleanor, Eleanor,' said the voice, 'open your top bureau drawer.' Three times the command was repeated before it appealed to my unresponsive ears; then dazed, and as though controlled by a hypnotic spell, without even the power to challenge the strangeness of it, I mechanically rose to obey. It took but a second to pull out the drawer, which lay in the path of a moonbeam, and there, stretched across the top from one end to the other, appeared to my astonished gaze a broad band of deep, yellow satin ribbon, bordered with black. As I looked at it, stupefied (for I had no such article in my possession), I suddenly felt myself almost overcome by a peculiar sensation of suffocation, and found myself fighting for breath. I shut the drawer hastily, and, rushing to the window, flung it wide, breathing deep into my lungs the mild night air.

"In a few moments I felt calmer, and with idle curiosity, glanced at my watch by moonlight. It was a quarter to two. Still trembling a little, I threw myself on the bed, but not to sleep, for a throbbing headache, such as I had never before experienced, pounded upon my temples; besides just as I was considering the advisability of applying a cold compress, the voice drifted to me again. This time I listened more quietly, for I realized that unconsciously I had been awaiting a second summons. My mind, though in a sense clear, was held in the grip of some strange power, and I rose, slipping into my slippers, and dressing-gown, and prepared to obey its orders.

"'Eleanor, Eleanor,' called the voice again, 'go down into

the garden.'

"Mystified, but, as before, so dominated by this invisible force that it left me powerless to question the absurdity of its command, I stole downstairs without awakening mother, and into the garden. Instinctively I turned to my cherished rose bed, and stopped short. Right in the centre, standing tall and straight, appeared an alien flower, which I could have sworn had not been there a few hours before. Of the order of a lily, it rose majestically on its stalk and burst at the top into a gorgeous bloom of deep yellow, spotted with black. An iciness, a sinking of the heart, enveloped me, and I felt myself straining my ears for some sound, but the night was silent as the grave, while the heavy odour from the strange plant mingled with that of the roses, producing a sickening sensation of nausea. Again that feeling of suffocation stole over me, and I suddenly became very ill; pains shot through my body, and my mouth was parched, while the cold perspiration oozed upon my brow. I got out of the garden somehow, and staggered up to my room, where on the table in the moonlight just where I left it, my watch recorded the hour of Two o'clock. Shivering, though the night was warm, I crawled under the bedclothes, and after some time finally fell into a restless sleep.

"When I awoke next morning the sun was pouring in my window. I stretched myself wearily, and felt sore all through my muscles, but the headache had disappeared. When I had collected my scattered senses I rushed to the bureau drawer and opened it, to find the ribbon—gone! Utterly amazed, I looked again and again, but in vain. What could it mean? There was no sign of it anywhere. I dressed feverishly and hurried into the garden; the roses were blooming abundantly, but quite—alone. The strange visitor of the night before had disappeared. It had neither been stolen or destroyed, for the ground had not been disturbed; only a few weeds marked the centre of the bed. I pressed my hands to my temples and

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asked myself if I were going mad; then, retracing my steps, I

slowly returned to the house.

"Methodically I prepared mother's breakfast tray (a duty that I never left to the servants) and steeled myself to listen to her commonplace chatter, though my mind was occupied with other thoughts. Gradually the lameness in my muscles left me, but my heart was heavy, and I felt myself awaiting something, I knew not what. Late in the afternoon when mother was taking her nap, I saw a telegraph boy coming up the street, and instinctively I knew that he was looking for our house, so I stepped off the porch and went to meet him."

Here Eleanor went to her desk and, opening it, took out a worn piece of paper, which she placed in my lap. Completely wrought up by the weirdness of her story, I shrank from opening it. Finally, however, I overcame my nervousness sufficiently to unfold the cable and glance at it, and I am quite sure that for a few seconds my heart actually ceased

to beat.

"Bombay, India, June 12, 1900." I read.

"Mrs. Richard Maynard, Ackworth Grange, Leatherhead,

Surrey, England.

"It is my unpleasant duty to inform you death of your son, killed about six this morning while hunting, by tiger. Heartfelt sympathy. "CRESSWELL, Colonel."

The paper fell to the ground, and my face was hidden in my hands as Eleanor said: "And the difference in time between

Bombay and London is just about four hours."

The silence that ensued was broken presently by the sound of the chapel bell, tolling for salut. Quietly Eleanor and I put on our white veils, and slipping out into the corridor, followed in the wake of a procession of nuns, who, clad in their picturesque lavender and white robes, were chanting in dull, monotonous rhythm: "Domini, patro et filio et Spiritu Sancto."

THE RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM OF THE HAND

By G. M. HORT

ALL over the world, from the very earliest times, the human hand has played an important part in the symbolism of Religion and Magic. The palmists of Ancient India who wandered about that country, like learned gipsies, some seven hundred years before Christ, told fortunes and prophesied future events, by a careful scrutiny of the marks on the body; but pre-eminence, in this augury, was early given to the hand, which was not only, according to their faith, the chosen writing-tablet of a man's guardian genius, but also, in a peculiar way, the index of the man himself, the time-honoured symbol of his inner personality.

We are so accustomed to the scriptural phrase, "the hand of God," that we hardly realize the force of the idea behind it. As Grant Allen aptly puts it, "The hand is the part of the man with which he does things"; and so "the hand of God" became the reverent and expressive euphemism for the Deity Himself

and for all He is capable of doing.

A hand emerging from a cloud is one of the earliest emblems of God the Father employed in Christian art; and a particularly happy one, since it embodied an idea already familiar to converts from Paganism, and suggested, by association, the right line of thought. To see the hand was to see the whole Person, and to be conscious at once of His protecting presence.

In some parts of the East, at the present day, the mere outline of a hand traced on the walls of a house is thought sufficient to avert ill-luck, and places the household under the protection of

Heaven

This identification of the hand with the personality lies at the root of all the folklore in which the symbol figures. It applies equally to good and evil, beneficent and malignant influences.

It is believed in the East that evil spirits enter the body by way of the hand; and the Jews, in their ceremonial washings, were careful to hold the hand downwards, with fingers apart, so that the water from the ewer might flow over each one, and

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"wash off any evil spirits that may have happened to lodge there."

This too, of course, explains the Jewish dread of a mysterious defilement that would arise from a meal eaten with unwashed hands (St. Matt. xv. 20). The demons might be inadvertently swallowed with the food, and demoniacal possession result; while if the hand were guarded, the whole body was felt to be secure. It was not, therefore, only in a figure of speech that Eastern faith associated clean hands and a pure heart. The two were substantially the same, and mutually dependent.

The symbolic importance of the hand is no less remarkable

in Christian lore.

In mediæval England, it was the fashion to dedicate each joint to a calendar saint; just as in palmistry each finger receives the name of a planet-Mercury, Apollo, the Sun, and so on -and is supposed, in some mysterious way, to bear the signs of that planet's influence. Palmistry, as a matter of fact, revived among the "black arts" of the Middle Ages very much as it has done in our day; and, no doubt, simple people were alarmed at its heathen language, and suggested the finger-saints as an antidote.

And we trace the same thought of a precaution against evil in the bridal custom of touching each finger of the bride's hand with the wedding-ring, and pronouncing at each the name of a Person of the Trinity, before letting it rest on the third (or, as it may be more strictly called, the fourth!) with the word Amen.

The palmist's dedication of the third finger to Apollo or the Sun, and, thence, to all lucky influences, may or may not have affected the choice of it as, pre-eminently, the ring-finger. But the "touching" was, in any case, an exorcism, a warning to any evil presiding genius to begone. Quite apart from this, all rings were originally used as amulets, as a means, that is, of turning away ill-luck from a part of the body universally regarded as representing the soul.

Christian custom of all ages associates the joined hands with the act of prayer; but among the older faiths there were certain homely superstitious prayers which could be expressed, without

a word, by the mere position of the fingers.

Thus the help of Priapus, the god of fertility, was invoked by placing the thumb between the first and second fingers; a prayer to Diana was implied by closing all the fingers except the first and little one, a sort of crude imitation of Diana's emblem, the crescent or horned moon. This latter gesture, as every one knows, survives in Naples as a charm against the evil eye, and its frequent and indiscriminate use at the approach of strangers has caused a good deal of annoyance and indignation on the part of the suspected persons. The Neapolitan cab-driver would seem to be the worst offender, which, after all, from his point of view, is not so very surprising or blameworthy. In the matter of fares, he can be no respecter of persons, and common-sense and piety demand that he shall run no unnecessary risks!

This silent petition was also, we know, put up to the Egyptian moon-goddess, Isis. Models of the hand in this position have

been found among the amulets of Ancient Egypt.

Another manual prayer—this time of real dignity and pathos—is expressed in the Jewish custom of disposing the hands of the dead in the form of the Hebrew letter, Tau, the last in the alphabet, and connected by many mystics not only with the end of all things but with the crux ansata, the symbol of resurrection, which its form remotely suggests.

We must not forget, either, that prayer—in the sense of complete submission to the Divine Will, coupled with a desire to further the Divine purposes—found, for early religious thought, its best manual expression in the outstretched and uplifted hand.*

Thus the hands of Moses were instrumental in bringing victory to Israel, in the well-known Old Testament story: "Joshua fought with Amalek, and Moses and Aaron and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed" (Exod. xvii. 10, 11).

The Christian custom, before referred to, of praying with clasped hands is explained by the great preponderance in Christian prayer—at any rate, in public or communal prayer!—of depreca-

tory petitions.

To put the hands together expresses a desire to avert a threatened evil, or impede a dreaded design; and prayer with clasped hands would seem to be the religious form of the primitive motion that clasped hands had a hindering effect. Frazer, in the Golden Bough, mentions certain savage communities in which it is forbidden to clasp the hands in the presence of a woman in labour, as it will retard her delivery; and at the sacrifices of Ancient Rome it was also of ill-omen for anyone present to be seen clasping his hands.

Here the hand is evidently regarded as the vehicle by which

^{*} Which would, also, be opened. The clenched hands uplifted to Heaven are symbolic of imprecations.

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the latent thwarting capacity of the individual is brought to bear on the event, or enterprise, of the hour.

The idea of occult power residing in the hand, and rendered active by its means is, practically, an axiom, both in religious ceremony and magical rite.

The hand of the priest is lifted in benediction, to call down the blessing of Heaven on his flock. The hand of the Bishop, laid on the head of the kneeling candidate, confers the gifts of God.

And in folklore the hand quâ hand is credited with a portion of this priestly authority. In the Hebrides, when anyone goes to view the dead, he will be careful to lay his hand upon the corpse, in order to keep the ghost from haunting him, or, as the phrase goes, "lest he should chance to see it again."

It was once thought that documents on which the whole hand had been laid were peculiarly binding. Even nowadays, we know how, after the ordinary signature to an agreement of bequest, the lawyer will direct one finger to be laid upon the seal, while the words "I deliver this as my act and deed" are formally pronounced.

In folk-medicine, the resemblance of any herb to the fingers of the hand made a herb a lucky one to use, since it was suggestive of a power that would make the cure work. But one "finger" or leaf had to be stripped off, as of ill-omen; clearly, as symbolic of the "unlucky" middle finger, known to palmists as Saturn's, and recording only misfortunes and bad qualities.

This finger, by the way, has always bulked large in evil charms and witch-lore. Here is an Italian recipe for winning back a faithless lover: "Go at night to a churchyard; dig up the body of an assassin, and cut off with your left hand three joints of his left hand third finger. Scrape the bones, and mix them with the faithless lover's drink. His affections will then certainly return to you."

The evil personality of the dead man is here, evidently, conceived as centred in the finger and as still active after death. Death, indeed, was supposed to confer additional occult power, and the dead hand appears mightier than the living one, as in the case of the famous "hand of glory," cut from the body of an executed criminal, and carried by thieves to give them success in their undertakings!

The gang who were happy enough to possess this ghastly talisman found house-breaking a simple task; for all bolts and bars gave way before the hand of glory. In the darkest places also the hand would emit a weird light, and proved an in-

fallible guide to hidden treasure. Mr. Grant Allen has an ingenious theory to account for the special selection of the hands of executed criminals to work cures or spells. "Criminals," he says, "were originally victims offered to a god, and, therefore, by a well-known principle identified with him"; in other words, with the divine power the god himself possessed.

A pleasanter thought has been handed down to us by the Catholic tradition regarding relics. The hand or finger of the dead saint was considered as efficacious in working miracles or extending protection as his whole body. The possession of it was as eagerly coveted; and the spiritual and temporal benefits to the township or convent were substantially the same. Indeed, it may be said of the dead saint that he resembled, in one particular, Emerson's Sir Jenkin Grout, "Whoso touched his little finger drew after it his whole body," thereby establishing a claim on his remembrance and on his magnanimity.

This ruling idea of the Ages of Faith is not so crude as it sounds. It is even doubtful whether it can be ever, logically, repudiated by the disciples of One Who declared that He cast out devils by the Finger of God, and Whose dead outstretched

hands have drawn His people to Him.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the Occult Review.—Ed.]

IS THE EARTH ALIVE?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—This startling question is thoughtfully considered in an interesting and suggestive article by J. A. Hill in the August number of *The National Review*. I venture briefly to summarize it for the

benefit of your readers.

Some of the ancients thought the earth was an animal, its rocks and soil corresponding to bone and flesh, its seas and rivers to blood, and the rhythmical flow of its tides to a blood pulsation or breathing, while its interior heat was comparable to animal warmth, and so on. Modern approximations to this view have been chiefly poetic, and are pan-psychic rather than animistic. But the various poets and thinkers, while suggesting a soul-side of the material universe, have not ventured to attribute spirits to specific collections of matter such

as the planets.

The nineteenth century, however, produced a thinker who revised the animistic idea in an improved form. He elaborated it into a system of philosophy, welding into it the discoveries of science, and leaving room for any further additions to our knowledge. At the same time he showed that his system was essentially religious, and quite consistent with Christianity in its best interpretation. But he was before his time, and his writings fell almost dead from the press. This was Gustav Theodor Fechner, who was born on April 19, 1801, at Gross-Särshen in Silesia. He studied at Leipzig, and was appointed professor there in 1834. The elements of man's body, he tells us, are the same as those of the earth. He is bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh. At death his body returns to the earth-body and similarly his soul joins the earth-soul. But it may be asserted that the inorganic part of our planet presents no evidence of life or mind. It does not act as if it were alive and conscious. True, non-living matter does not exhibit vital activities, but it manifests others. Have we not chemical affinity and molecular movements? The distinction between life at its lowest, and non-life at its highest (crystals?) is indistinguishable. Again, may not cohesion and chemical affinity be regarded as a kind of elemental affection? Drops of oil exhibit amorboid movements, and at the lower end of the life scale the slime mass becomes so undifferentiated as to be very nearly a borderland between the two

states. Nature does not jump—she glides. The universe is continuous, and the earth spirit is part of the universe spirit or God, just

as the human spirit is part of the earth spirit.

It is perhaps at first difficult to think of the earth as having life and consciousness, for we are scattered over its surface and cannot, therefore, regard it as a whole. We are like an eye which looks at the body of which it forms a part and finds it difficult to believe in auditory, tactile and olfactory experiences, and more difficult still to conceive of pure thought, emotion and will. If, however, the earth seems dead, think of the human brain. It is a mere lump of whitish filaments seen from the outside; but its inner experience is the rich and infinitely detailed life of a human being. So, also, may the inner experience of the earth be incomparably richer than its outer appearance indicates to our external senses. Objectively our brains are part of the earth; subjectively we see in ourselves a part of what the earth sees in itself.

Yours faithfully,

A. BUTCHER.

UNWELCOME COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In Sir W. F. Barrett's little volume on Psychical Research he mentions a case, in the eighth chapter, of an auditory impression being transmitted to a great distance, i.e. from London to Exeter. He concludes that chapter with the surmise: "It is quite possible, therefore, that if we knew how to effect this transfer, unfailingly and accurately, from the outer to the inner self and vice versa, telepathy would become a universal and common method of communicating thought."

This transmission is stated to have occurred during that period between sleeping and waking which we recognize as favourable for the presentation of thought, by the sub-conscious to the conscious mind.

A similar case has come to my notice in which a young man who, generally an early riser, yet one day a week in the winter months had a custom of remaining in bed till midday. It was at such a time whilst dozing, that he had a voice come to him which he at first thought due to some disorder of his mind. This voice communicated with him very frequently, and consequent on its presenting to him certain items of news which it was impossible he could have been cognisant of, either consciously or sub-consciously, he was forced to the conclusion that it was the voice of another person. After some little time the voice declared itself to be the voice of a certain woman known to him by repute but with whom he is not acquainted.

The young man is very psychic and has led a very lonely life for many years, and, because of that, has been given much to introspective thought and visualization, and believes himself to have quite unwittingly attained to a state of the subconscious mind presenting at will to the conscious mind and vice versa, impressions, auditory and visual, at any time of wakefulness.

The woman in question appears to be a very powerful psychic and has, according to his account, persecuted him for four years, and owing to his unfortunate situation gradually increased her power over him.

Certain steps have been suggested as a means of stopping the communication, but the woman will not permit of his breaking the connexion.

Is there no redress in a case of this kind? Cannot the woman be made to discontinue these unwelcome attentions?

Yours obediently,

LONDON, N.

WITNESS.

THE DEFENCE OF COMMON-SENSE PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

SIR,—If you will permit me to trespass once more, I would like to point out that Mr. Khalid Sheldrake, in his ultra-exoteric letter in your current issue, gives utterance to very many mistaken statements in his so-called defence of Mohammedanism, which no one to my knowledge had attacked.

First, let me point out to him that the doctrine of re-incarnation is not a theory by a long way, as some five per cent of those who either hold or teach this line of philosophy know it to be true, either by having been able to function consciously on the plane on which the ego sees the past, present, and future, and having continued at will in this state of consciousness when back on the physical plane, or by having chosen or cultivated a personality which includes a physical brain efficient enough to record the ego's memory. This knowledge may be acquired more generally than it is now, but a high percentage of people are still in relative ignorance, and continue to identify themselves solely with their personalities, and ridicule what they cannot understand or will not investigate. As a personal testimony I may say that within seven weeks after first reading about re-incarnation in my present earth life, I began acquiring psychic faculties, and within fifteen months I knew my last two incarnations (1792-1813 and 395-312 B.C.), simply because I considered it imperative that I should KNOW so that in some small way I might teach, as I could not consciously teach what I had simply read in a book and did not personally know to be true. Faith and belief were never even in the same street as knowledge, and if anyone doubts this let him review what the indefinite, illogical and unintelligent teaching has brought the religious sects of Western civilization to to-day.

Secondly, Mr. Sheldrake once more falls into error when he suggests that re-incarnation is not a practical teaching. Let me illustrate my point simply. Let me postulate that A, being wealthy and

philanthropic, comes across B, who has just failed in a line of business which he does not understand. A is willing to re-set up B, but if he is reasonably intelligent he will point out the causes in the PAST which brought about B's present distress, so that with the fresh opportunities which are being afforded him, he may avoid a repetition of the disaster in the future. The same applies to re-incarnation teaching, as if a man knows or believes that his present position is the result of his past actions, he will reform his actions accordingly in order to secure a more congenial future.

Your correspondent's suggestion that the type of love as taught by the Master Jesus is of the negative kind because he did not marry, reveals, in my opinion, marked ignorance of the laws which govern the expression of consciousness through form, and when he talks of "the fusion of one man and woman" he does not lead us forward, as his gospel of "love" is simply a glorification of the fleshly organism. In all individual cases such experience has been necessary, and in many cases it is necessary still, but it is a gross absurdity to state that a human entity which had either finished or was within one incarnation of finishing its human evolution, as the Master Jesus was, when his personality was used by the Christ, was an inefficient teacher or example to humanity because he had long since ceased to go mentally on all-fours. Humanity is, roughly speaking, divided into three great classes—those whose personalities respond to the animal consciousness, the child consciousness, and the human consciousness, while some of the first two are reflected jointly in certain personalities. The first type are people who give definite expression to sex instincts and the coarser and more brutal form of "sport." The second are recognized in the so-called pleasure lovers, those who patronize the lighter games to excess, are "theatre mad," and who mingle in society foolishly and indefinitely. Lastly, those who have reached the human stage of consciousness are deeply rooted in philosophical knowledge, are definite in action and teaching, and while tolerant of all actions are not attached to the results of their own. Most of the human entities who have reached this stage of evolution are still at least seven incarnations off mastership, but they have completed their necessary experiences with regard to marriage in past incarnations (the writer, for instance, knows one who married for the last time while incarnate in 365 B.C.). Thus when a human entity acquires a personality which responds purely to the human consciousness, such a one knows that sex sensations and the "consummation of love," as it is very erroneously described, are worthless to them, illusory, and perhaps revolting. reason the immortal Lâo-tsze pointed out that he who having experienced incarnation in both male and female forms and now combined the consciousness of both, was a channel for illumination. Further, as most of your readers will know, all the great ethical teachings mention the importance of celibacy at a certain period of evolution,

(i.e., of course when one has acquired a suitable personality). "Firm in the vow of Brahmachari," says the Bhagavad-Gita, while the Christian Initiate Paul points out that he that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, but he who is unmarried how he might harmonize with the Lord (the "Lord" being the human being's own ego, who is seldom on entirely harmonious terms with the personality).

Yours faithfully, A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

IS THE EARTH THE FULCRUM?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Annie E. Cheney in her article, "The Fulcrum Earth," says she believes "that earth is the fulcrum from which we proceed," and that "all facts and all laws bear out this postulate."

When this lady uses the word "all" in connexion with "facts" she certainly means to leave the impression that she has examined "all facts" and knows whereof she speaks.

I wish to show at least one fact that she has failed to examine, or turned it down as unworthy of examination.

The growth or creation of all matter or temporal things comes forth from an unseen source. The activity or energy behind the elements that unite to form a seen composition is unseen and unknown to the five senses, yet it lives and acts for it is the very source of living and action.

Those very elements which unite to form anything known to the senses gain their permission to act from something outside of themselves; these elements in turn are being subdivided, and life or energy is not found within them.

The only evidence the senses of man have of life is in the activity that it causes to be and the results obtained.

Therefore if a something unknown to the senses form and build the senses, surely that something is more capable, more intelligent, more substantial than these temporal things which we see built.

Now what reason have we to believe that matter is the only substance or form of substance that this intelligence builds?

Such intelligence must have thousands of ways of expressing itself, thousands of substances and formations.

This particular composition of elements may be one way, but it is foolish to believe that this is the only way that life or man can know himself as a substantial being.

Rocks and matter certainly look real to these senses, but what reason has anyone to believe that this material composition is the only or greatest result of the creative energy or thought which builds all things? Yours faithfully,

RALPH THOMPSON.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hindu Spiritual Magazine gives us further and fuller particulars concerning the apparatus called Dynamistograph, of which we gave an account some two or three years ago on the basis of particulars in certain French periodicals. It appears that the inventors, who are two Dutch scientists, have published a work on the subject entitled "The Mystery of Death." It gives an exhaustive description of their invention, "by means of which they have been able to talk to their deceased relatives and friends," the instrument being-by the hypothesis-the sole As the apparatus has been described in the Occult REVIEW for February, 1912, we will mention at present only the conclusions that have been reached as a result of alleged communications: (1) The form of life in which man survives death of the body is not pure spirit but a finely attenuated organism, the weight of which has been registered; (2) it has the approximate density of air; (3) the head and shoulders are more developed than the rest of the body; (4) the next life is one of aimless wandering; and (5) this is terminated by a second death, which means annihilation. The "spirits" communicating through the machine are responsible presumably for the last two points. If the story as a whole happens to be true in fact, the most probable explanation is that the operators are themselves mediums, as suggested indeed by their private séances before the instrument was invented, and as such gained little advantage from its use. The notion of the after-life is not worth discussing, as the production of messages by means of mechanical appliances does not render them more reliable, and these particular communications are in disagreement with the whole cloud of witnesses throughout the history of spiritism.

We are indebted to *The Progressive Thinker* for reproducing from *The Denver Post* a long recital of a prophetic rhapsody spoken, so it is alleged, in some kind of trance by Count Leo Tolstoi and recorded by his grand-niece, Countess Nastai Tolstoi. If the whole thing is not a fabrication, then the Russian novelist was also among the prophets. His vision foretold a great war-conflagration, beginning in 1912. It was to originate in the countries of South-Eastern Europe, and in 1913 the seer beheld "all Europe in flames and bleeding." About-1915 a new Napoleon will rise up in the North, and Europe will remain in

his grip for a period of ten years. The "great calamity" will end in 1925, leaving no empires or kingdoms, "but the world will form a federation of the united states of nations"—consisting of Anglo-Saxons, Latins, Slavs and Mongolians. All other races will apparently have vanished. The vision goes on to promise a great reformer, about 1925, who will inaugurate a religion of Pantheism. This personage is already "walking the earth, a man of active affairs," and is a Mongolian Slav. The light of symbolism will outshine "the torch of commercialism," and thereafter the relations of the sexes will be based on "poetic conceptions of life." It is not a very convincing vision, but it is curious that Tolstoi—assuming the truth of the story—should have fixed on 1913, like several other prophets and their prophecies, for his expected war of the world.

The graces of unexpected instruction come to us from many quarters, but it has remained for The Spiritual Journal, published at Boston, U.S.A., to enlighten us after its own manner on the subject of the Instituted Mysteries, and this at a time when we had almost forgotten the Rev. G. S. Faber and had ceased to regard Dr. Kenealy either as a Divine messenger or the precursor of one who was to come. Our contemporary reminds us that in days which are gone there were Lesser and Greater Mysteries, but over the first it passes lightly, for they were merely ceremonies used as symbols of spiritual things. Those which were termed Greater are, however, of its special province, and a beginning is made with Atlantis, which founded the Hermetic Brotherhood. One receives the information with much the same feelings as if a trance-medium had told us that Atlantean spiritists were under the guidance of John King. This kind of dead may be buried by the dead past as piously as circumstances will permit, for after all the real question is one of present day Mysteries. There is one school in the Himalayas, and of this H.P.B. was messenger and spokesman. The other is located in Mexico, and is just beginning a propaganda in close communication with the world beyond the region of the Dalai Lama. It is a Lodge of Initiation, and is known-or otherwise-as the Brotherhood of Atlantis. It has a concordat with the circle beyond the Himalayas, and between them the two undertakings are proposing to issue transactions which will proclaim the inauguration of a Golden Age in 1925—much after the manner of Tolstoi, but with the exception that the Second Advent is timed for that period and that "the Christ will assume both spiritual and temporal dominion, as a living Saviour and a just and impartial ruler and judge." One is disposed to wonder what baleful star presides at the birth of such inventions, so that they invariably give themselves away when they begin to speak. A moderate acquaintance with the history of the word "Hermetic" would have saved this last pretence from a singularly illiterate blunder. We may add that the Mexican variety of the Hermetic Brotherhood of Atlantis—which sounds perilously like the Hermetic Brotherhood of Luxor, of disastrous memory—has a mass of MSS., and any confiding person who would like to assist in the issue of things which might not stand on their own merits with publishers "are privileged to address the writer" of the article. Him we forbear from naming on our own part—not that we anticipate his appeal influencing our readers.

We have mentioned on previous occasions a Spanish review entitled O Estrella de Oriente, which claims to be the official organ of an Order of Oriental Initiates working under the auspices of a Supreme Council of Worshipful Masters of Thibet. Perhaps it should look to its laurels, having regard to the preceding intimations; but as a fact it seems less concerned with the Mysteries than with vegetarianism, spiritism and the reproduction of

theosophical articles from other reviews.

Dr. J. D. Buck writes in The New Age on "Morality as a Science," and treats his subject from a Masonic point of view. No secret attaches to the fact that Masonry describes itself as "a peculiar system of morality," and if it were not more than this there would be no justification for its secrecy, its pledges and its somewhat ridiculous threats in penal clauses of rituals, for there is nothing arcane about morality, either as system or science. while it so happens that Masonry has nothing to tell its members beyond trite and hackneyed conventions on rules of conduct which have never been questioned and are older than most of the hills. Dr. Buck's own contribution belongs to a very poor order of intellectual exercise, abounding in false definitions and crass statements. There is relief when one turns from it to a short study on the dispersal of old cathedral builders. This has some hazardous speculations on degrees worked by Operative Masons, but otherwise is a sound article. The last issue of The New Age is, for the rest, interesting as a Masonic journal, and it is regrettable that there is no review representing the craft in our own country. The Scottish Rite of the Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A., has suffered a great loss by the death of its Sovereign Commander, James Daniel Richardson, at the age of 71.

We have borne witness previously to the interest which always

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

attaches to certain editorial notes which appear in The Expository Times, and the current issue is no exception to the rule, though the questions are old questions—the atonement, miracles and the resurrection. The particular occasions are the views and counter-views of Dr. Sanday and Professor Scott Holland. They lead up to what strikes us as an original aspect of certain Old Testament passages, regarded by the New Testament as prophetic of Christ. Professor Scott Holland goes far to prove that "it is not the prophecies which suggest the facts, but the facts which select and extract the prophecies." In other words, "the facts were the first," or alternatively, on the mythos hypothesis, the parable-story of Christ was devised independently of the prophecies, these being utilized subsequently as evidence concerning its truth. "Out of Egypt have I called my son" could not have suggested to a maker of parables that there should be a journey of the Infant Christ into that tabooed land. "In Rama was a voice heard" could never have suggested the massacre of the innocents. Above all, "the Virgin prophecy" in Isaiah is not a "prophecy which suggested the Virgin birth, but the belief in the Virgin birth which imposed its meaning on the prophecy." Professor Scott Holland points out (a) that this prophecy was never understood to be Messianic and (b) that the word translated "virgin" means any young unmarried woman, and in this case one who "would be married and bear a son."

We have to thank The Vahan for its affecting Requiescat in Pace occasioned by the death of His Holiness Pope Pius X. There are a few paragraphs only, in part of "humble tribute" and in part of personal recollections of the "simple man in plain white garments, with thick white hair and wonderful deep understanding grey eyes, bringing the sense of a most perfect peace." There is also a subtle sense of peace communicated by these memorial lines.

The October issue of *The Hibbert Journal* has not reached us in time to notice at any length, but it may be said that it is devoted largely to various moral issues involved in the War and to its deeper causes. It opens with an article by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, entitled "The Supreme Duty of the Citizen in the Present Crisis." There are further articles by Sir Henry Jones, the Bishop of Carlisle, Professor Gilbert Murray and the Editor. Contributions also appear dealing with the relations of the War to German literature, including a special study of Nietzsche as partly responsible for Prussian militarism.

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RECONCILIATION OF RACES AND RELIGIONS. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D. Demy 8vo, cloth. Price 6s. net. It is the view of the author that peace among the nations must be preceded by peace among the Churches. The author has therefore endeavoured to study the great religions from their best side, and to show what may, by the leaders of one's own religion, be borrowed with advantage from other religions. He is of opinion that, in the case of Christianity, such borrowing may well be from the reformed Indian and Persian religions, though he does not deny that even the noblest forms of Indian and Persian religion are susceptible of expansion and enrichment. Great attention is paid in this volume to the history of the origin and development of the great Bahai Movement.

THE DHARMA PRESS.

STUDIES IN THE SECRET DOCTRINE. By L. Bosman. Paper. 6d. A Transaction of the Secret Doctrine Study Group of the H.P.B. Lodge of the Theosophical Society.

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A. C. FIFIELD.

FROM EXISTENCE TO LIFE: THE SCIENCE OF SELF-CONSCIOUS EXISTENCE. By Dr. Porter Mills. A new and enlarged edition of a work formerly issued under the title "Health, Concrete and Abstract," (Ready shortly.) New and enlarged editions of "Illumination" and "The Way," by the same author, will be published in November.

GARDEN CITY PRESS.

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unto Hermes, that he should bear it unto the sons of men.

THE IDEALISTIC REACTION AGAINST SCIENCE. By Prof. Antonio Aliotta, Royal University of Padua. Translated by Agnes McGaskill. 8vo. 12s. net. Henri Bergson: An Account of his Life and Writings. A. Ruhe and Nancy Margaret Paul. Extra cr. 8vo. No price mentioned. A popular introduction to his thought. The main features of his doctrine have been gathered together, in the philosopher's own writings.

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EVELEIGH NASH.

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REVIEWS

.VITAL ISSUES IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D., Principal, New York City Christian Science Institute. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press. Price 10s. 6d.

Some five years ago a dispute arose in America among certain of the followers of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy concerning sundry points of discipline. At the urgent request of a large body of Christian Scientists throughout the world, and of many other persons who are interested in the Christian Science Movement and are desirous of having an authentic statement of the controversy, the present volume has been issued to the public. It describes itself as being "a Record of Unsettled Questions which arose in the year 1909 between the Directors of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts, and First Church of Christ Scientist, New York, Eight of its Nine Trustees and Sixteen of its Practitioners." No fewer than 405 pages are devoted to an exhaustive examination and discussion of the said questions, together with the evidence of numerous witnesses in regard to them, which has been carefully chronicled and will doubtless be followed with deep interest by students of Christian Science. A number of interesting excerpts and facsimiles of Mrs. Eddy's letters to Mrs. Stetson are also included in the EDITH K. HARPER. book.

LE CIMETIÈRE D'AMBOISE, and STANCES SUR L'ORIGINE ET LA DESTINATION DE L'HOMME. By L. C. de Saint-Martin, with Preface by Papus. Paris: Librairie Générale des Sciences Occultes, Bibliothèque Chacornac: 11 Quai Saint-Michel.

The little paper-covered volume containing these two poems by Saint-Martin (known as Le Philosophe Inconnu) forms one of a series of similar works entitled Petite Collection d'Auteurs Mystiques, which includes gems of devotional thought from the musings of such famous illuminates as Madame Guyon, William Law, and Jacob Boehme. Saint-Martin's verses breathe a lofty idealism tinged with the inevitable melancholy of his school of thought. He perceives the Cimetière d'Amboise wherever the "spiritually dead" are embodied in an existence of dense materialism. "The dead are in great numbers among the few who live." Dr. Papus emphasizes this simile in his brilliant preface, and speaks of Claude de Saint-Martin as "le Maitre de la Mystique moderne."

THE SUBSTANCE BETWEEN SPIRIT AND MATTER. By David Goyder, M.D. 8 in. × 5\frac{3}{4} in., pp. 24. Boston: W. B. Libby, The Garden Press, 16 Arlington Street.

DR. GOYDER believes in the existence of a "nerve-spirit," consisting, probably, of organized ether. His thesis is that just as the bones, the muscles,

the vascular system and blood, and the nerves, each approximate to the human form, and constitute, as it were, a man, each one more perfectly organized than the preceding, so is the ether or electric fluid infilling the nerves organized into a man, forming a sort of spiritual body, or rather natural basis for the body of pure spirit, which will remain intact after the death of the purely material body. He uses this concept to elucidate two or three disputed passages in the works of Swedenborg, and applies it to the explanation of apparitions. The thesis will no doubt commend itself to students of occultism who believe in the existence of what is called "the etheric double." The booklet is well worth reading, and has much in it that is worthy of consideration. Some notes added on an inset, by Mr. E. J. Frost, containing several unreliable statements, do not, to my mind, help to elucidate the question.

H. S. Redgrove.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE AND SOME OF ITS SPOKES. By V. E. M. Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton. Bournemouth: Horace G. Commin. Price 2s. 6d. net cloth.

This little book of less than fifty pages deals with such diverse subjects as love, space, time and sound, and in the result we are a little bewildered. Miss Fetherstonhaugh-Frampton shows evidence of much reading, but the opinions she has reached are only hinted at, and we feel we should like to stop her and ask her to enlarge and explain. Fragments are apt to be somewhat unsatisfactory.

CLARE ELIOT.

THE POSSESSION OF ELIZABETH. By Hope Rea. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 1s.

The case of Elizabeth is one of surpassing psychological interest, and the story of how she became obsessed and the strange happenings that followed in consequence thereof is exceedingly well told. The author adopts the diary form of narrative, and thus secures a certain vraisemblance which otherwise might not be attained, for the incidents are of the occult order and so passing strange as to excite challenge in the reader's mind. But nevertheless, the facts are quite in accord with the revelations of modern psychology. The story is told as a true one, though for obvious reasons it will appear merely fictional to those uninstructed in experimental psychology.

Scrutator.

RÉGIME DE L'INTELLECTUEL. Par Ernest Bosc. Paris : H. Darragon, 96-98 Rue Blanche. Prix 1 fr. 25 c.

An interesting pamphlet on the peculiar position of the man and woman of intellect in an age of rush, agitation and feverish effort.

It is pointed out that the dietary and regime of the brain-worker requires to be entirely different from that of the manual labourer, and very strong reasons are adduced for this conclusion. The author gives us some rules for guidance and many valuable hints which are the result of his own personal experience, which, if followed out, will enable us to work with the greatest facility and the least expenditure of vital force. A point emphasized is that brain work is more devitalizing than manual work. It produces more speedy intoxication of the organism than any sort of occu-

pation and is the origin of all the evils to which we are subject. The methods employed by the author lead to speedy disintoxication and rejuvenation of the system, good health, and ability for arduous and sustained work. Such are the conclusions placed before the reader and they certainly deserve attention, as representing some of the latest results of psycho-physical culture.

Scrutator.

THIS WORKADAY WORLD AND THE NEXT: The Creed of a Journalist and other Articles. By "Ben Adhem." Liverpool: The Weekly Post, Victoria Street. Price 6d. net.

"Ben Adhem" has sent an unpretentious little collection of articles into the world under this heading, whose chief charm is their sincerity and innate humour and whose great fault is their journalistic sentimentality—I say, journalistic sentimentality, which is as far removed from true poetical sentiment as bathos from pathos. "Ben Adhem" opens his slender volume with a pretty touch in "A Preface about a Photo." He has promised his portrait to the world at large but stricken both by the fear of his rash promise and his fear of breaking it, he inserts a photograph of himself at the innocent age of six months on his grandmother's knee—an idea which quite disarms the most seasoned critic. Despite the journalistic touch aforesaid, which is as irksome in volume form as it is pleasant in the daily paper, the book contains much original thought on the problems of life, and the occult experiences of "Ben Adhem's" wife make interesting reading.

MASTER KEYS. By Captain Walter Carey, R.N. London: The Order of the Golden Age, 153 & 155 Brompton Road, S.W. Price 1s. net.

Captain Carey has given his pamphlet a good title. He divides it into seven "Keys": Understanding, Happiness, Life, Death, Purpose of the Animal Creation, Health, Progress. In the course of nearly one hundred and forty pages the author covers a number of subjects, many of which have given us much controversy in the past, and will do so in the future; but Captain Carey seems to conclude that a good deal of the "faultiness" of our life is the result of the lack of intelligence; which is, of course, true. We found the booklet very interesting.

HEREAFTER. Notes on the Fiftcenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Verses 20 to 58. By Hilda, Baroness Deichman. Published for the Author by the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.

BARONESS DEICHMAN received these notes on the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians through the medium of automatic writing. They are published "in the hope that, by the power of God, the simple words may bring comfort to those that mourn and seek the Light." They have been translated into German by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania. Hereafter is a good bridge between the orthodox Christian religion and Theosophy (Divine Wisdom). It is a book for the multitude, not for the

few. There are many earnest and deeply religious Christians who find it difficult to reconcile the teachings of Theosophy with Christianity as taught by the Christian Church. To such as these *Hereafter* will prove a "stepping-stone to higher things."

MEREDITH STARR.

THE TALK OF THE HOUR, OR THE EXPLANATION OF THE HUMAN RAYS. By Mrs. Northesk Wilson. New York: Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., 45 John Street.

AFTER a serious illness in 1905 Mrs. Northesk Wilson tells us she discovered a luminous aura, at night, around her arms and fingers. As she regained her health, the emanations were seen to be brighter and stronger. She then discovered the power of healing, and after many experiments could see the immense forces of light and colour in the world. Ever since she has attempted to bring these facts to the notice of other than occultists. The present little book is "only a faint outline, a sketch, only the placing of a key in the door which will open to show the splendours beyond, and," she adds, "it is as well to realize that the physical power must be perfected like the tuning of an instrument before anyone can hope to use the forces of the Psychic. Physical training, purification of the body (and mind); control of the senses must precede the practice of any development on the lines of which I write." Amongst other things a history of the rays is given and the different interpretations Mrs. Wilson attributes to the principal colours. Her knowledge of the latter is incomplete, but good as far as it goes. Every colour has two opposite meanings. There is the livid blue of the corpse, as well as the blue of the sky. There is the "whited sepulchre," the white of hypocrisy, as well as the pure Christ-emanation. The little book contains a remarkable chapter on healing. There is much thought-provoking and soul-stimulating material in The Talk of the Hour. MEREDITH STARR.

AN EGYPTIAN LOVE SPELL. By Maris Herrington Billings. New York, The Central Publishing Co. Pp. 64. Price 50c.

The pen is ambitious that tries to portray Semiramis and make her play a part on the stage of fiction, but it cannot be said that in this case either the imagination or literary skill displayed is very considerable. Nevertheless this little story, in which reincarnation enables two lovers, whom Semiramis separated, to unite in the twentieth century, is easy to read, and will please romantic young people who are predisposed to like the magical and remote.

W. H. C.

Freedom of Expression through Interior Understanding. By Alfred W. Berry. Sudbury, Suffolk: The Author.

MR. BERRY writes "for the purpose of planting liberating ideas in the minds of those who require them." He holds that the only way to freedom of expression is through interior guidance. If through the spirit of service the conscious mind identifies itself with the Sustaining Law, the power of lower conceptions is obliterated and the life becomes positive and free. "When determination has once been made to get into touch with Law (through love), Love (the law) will get into touch with us." Thus a man has to work out his own salvation by identifying himself

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with the Love principle. By ascending through discipline in Love, the meaning of spiritual truths will become plain, and by co-operation with the Law he fulfils his purpose of existence and finds his plane of free expression. The author appears to be willing to help those who desire to work these ideas out in practice.

S.

BRIEF EXPOSITION OF COSMIC PHILOSOPHY.

REALITY AND VARIETY OF SPIRITUAL RACES PEOPLING THE INVISIBLE WORLD. By G. de Tromelin.

Paris: Frenand Drubay, 53 bis Quai des Grands Augustins. Price I fr. each.

THESE two brochures in French are published from the Librarie "Le Progrès Vulgarisateur," and are each of 32 pages. The first of them, Cosmic Philosophy, is intended to supply the elementary needs of those who essay the study of the Cosmic Tradition as embodied in the Occultism and Spiritual philosophy of the day. The brochure advances many new concepts and rehabilitates many that are old. These concepts, which throw considerable light on psychic matters, deserve to be fully examined, and in defining the métier of the Philosophie Cosmique the author has greatly facilitated our approach.

Des Races d'Esprits is a preliminary discussion of the state of Beings in the world beyond. It will be found of vital interest to all who are interested in the question of Soul Survival and the condition of those who inhabit the invisible worlds. It is, in short, an aperçu of the Mystères de l'Univers, whose author claims to have been in constant communication with certain Beings and to have recounted only that which he has seen and heard for himself.

POEMS FROM BEYOND. By J. R. Mallett. Plymouth: W. H. Smith & Son. Price 1s. net.

THE BROOD OF LIGHT. By C. R. Crowther, M.B.

IN THE SILENCE. By Eila Deene.

London: A. C. Fifield. Price 1s. net each.

Poems from Beyond is a somewhat disconcerting little book, inasmuch as the introductory poem is serious, while in the rest the experiences of a soul after death are treated with a flippancy that is not always humorous. The final poem strikes a serious note again, and is a warning to the nation against the dangers of luxury. The author of The Brood of Light has taken a vast subject—the story of Evolution—which only a Milton or a Dante could deal with adequately. But his work contains really fine passages, and some phrases that remain in the memory, such as this:—

Then to our mind philosophy unbars

The unseen ways where ceaselessly beats through
The life that fills the courses of the stars.

The "prose poem" with which the third-named volume opens is very beautiful, and has more music in it than most of the rhymed pieces that follow. Yet some of them have a quaint charm, and more than once an original note is struck. "My Ladye's Garden," "The Password," and "My Friend and I" are among the best.

E. M. M.

THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT. By Orison S. Marden, author of "He Can Who Thinks he Can," "The Optimistic Life," "The Miracle of Right Thought," "Be Good to Yourself," etc. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8-11 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

The remarkable demand for literature of what is called the "New Thought" school is ever on the increase, and no doubt a very cordial welcome awaits Mr. O.S. Marden's latest book, The Secret of Achievement, which Messrs. William Rider & Son have just published. Each of its fourteen chapters is brimful of the vigorous philosophy and "wisdom for everyday" which have won for this author's writings their great measure of popularity. His doctrine is the glorification of optimism, of individuality, of all the positive virtues. Not only is it an excellent antidote to that morbid class of literature sometimes called "realistic" -whose squalid and dreary pessimism must, according to the "New Thought" gospel, have flooded the mental atmosphere of the world with unhealthy ideas-but the author places before his readers definite "ideals of noble character, to illustrate the qualities essential to lofty achievement; to stimulate, encourage, and inspire them to be and to do something in the world; to teach them how to acquire practical power and how to succeed in life." The chapters on "Self-Control" and "Tenacity of Purpose" are particularly admirable, and one would be glad to see them become part of every school curriculum; while "The Art of Keeping Well" may be strongly recommended to hypochondriacs and valetudinarians and the large class of persons whose only malady is "too much to eat and too little to do." Mr. Marden embodies his bracing and buoyant thoughts in the terse phraseology that one has grown to regard as essentially transatlantic, and his maxims are always EDITH K. HARPER. 'Right There!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE STARS. By Bessie Leo. Crown 8vo, pp. 201. London: "Modern Astrology," Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A snort story or a novel may be regarded from two points of view—from the point of view of the teaching or the moral it embodies, or from the standpoint of the story, the play itself. Perhaps the ideal form is that in which neither the didactic nor the dramatic factor is unduly emphasized. In this collection the tendency is to subordinate the dramatic element to the didactic, although not to the extent to weaken the action of the plot itself. In each the characterization is eminently lifelike, due, no doubt, to the fact that the several personages moving across the stage are drawn from actual horoscopes. This all makes for actuality, besides initiating the reader into the prince of occult sciences—Astrology. Some of the stories, such, for example, as "The Blasted Tower," are founded upon fact, and although they naturally vary in merit, some are remarkably powerful, and should prove an excellent anodyne at this period of strife, relieving the tension and helping us to forget awhile the frightful carnage of the War which is taking place on our very threshold.

H. J. S.

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER. NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba/magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

"IT is the traveller with the open mind who makes discoveries."-So says the communicant of Letters from a Living Dead Man. This statement is as true of one world as it is of the other, and it is the clue to the whole attitude taken up in the book before me. These letters are really "the letters of a traveller in a strange country. They record his impressions, often his mistakes, some-

times perhaps his provincial prejudices; but at least they are not a re-hash of what somebody else LETTERS has said." It is obvious that the writer took over FROM A with him to the other side the keen intelligence of LIVING DEAD MAN. an investigator as well as the impartiality of the judicial mind, which his occupation on earth had been the best means of cultivating. I question if the same can be said of any previous communication from the other world, and it is this very fact that renders Letters from a Living Dead Mun so original and so supremely absorbing. Compared with it, all previous records

seem trivial and commonplace.

At the commencement the difficulties both of the communicator and the scribe were considerable, but, in spite of this, the task was commenced under the most favourable auspices. scribe was unused to automatic writing. She was also totally ignorant at the time of the first communication of the fact that . the communicator, with whom she was fairly well acquainted, had passed over to the other side. He signed himself by a name which to her gave no clue as to his identity. The message, therefore, in the first instance, had no meaning to the writer. Subsequent inquiry established the fact that the signature corresponded to a name given by his intimate friends to a well-known American lawyer, who was also a profound student of philosophy, an author, and a man whose ideals and enthusiasms were, in the words of the transcriber, an inspiration to every one who knew him. The writer, moreover, was unable to recollect that she had ever discussed with him in life the question of post-morten consciousness. Reluctant, therefore, as she was to make herself the medium of these communications, she started on the task with a weight of evidence in favour of their genuineness which was altogether exceptional.

Life has no true meaning to those who think of it in terms of the present material existence only. I think the same may be said with almost equal truth of those who think of it in the light

of a preparation for an endless unchanging and unrealized eternity. To quote my author again, "The object of life is life, and eternity is long enough for the full development of the ego of man." It is

useless, then, to say, "If I had my life to live over again, I would do so and so." For no man has any particular life to live over, but every man has his next life to prepare for. The experiences of life and even life's failures are not wasted for those who are willing to utilize them. Failure, still more for the totality of existence than for this particular life here, is, if it is rightly regarded, merely the stepping-stone to success; and even for our life here the statement may be taken as a true one.

Eternity as it is popularly understood is a conception that grates on many people's nerves. The thought of the monotony of it is intolerable. It may not take the very materialistic form of the orthodox heaven—of angels with harps sitting on damp clouds, etc.—but at least it conveys that intolerable sense of weariness and boredom which is inseparable in the mind of man

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from the endless continuance of any specific state or condition, however agreeable or delectable such state might be or appear to be for a limited period. The author of these Letters strikes the true note when he says:—

You should get away from the mental habit of regarding your present life as the only one; get rid of the idea that the life you expect to lead on this side, after your death, is to be an endless existence in one state. You could no more endure such an endless existence in the subtle matter of the inner world than you could endure to live for ever in the gross matter in which you are now encased. You would weary of it. You could not support it.

The true philosophy of life and after-life is that all creation is subject to the law of rhythm, action and reaction, flux and reflux. Even booms and slumps are not peculiar to the Stock Exchange. The mere fact that you use up your vital forces in this life serves to show that, perhaps in most cases after a much longer period, you will use up your spiritual fuel in the life to come. The true eternity that the soul of man sighs for is an eternity

without monotony. Even the maid-of-all-work would grow tired at last of "doing nothing for ever and ever." The conceptions of eternity in the various religions have been many, but they have all been crude. The Mohammedan has dreamt of an eternal succession of honeymoons with the houris of Paradise. Think only of a single honeymoon on earth lasting for a whole year, and shudder, as you well may, at the thought! The Jews have dreamt of resting for ever in eternal contentment on the breast of Abraham, with a strange lack of consideration for the point of view from which the worthy patriarch would regard the situation. As the doggerel rhymester tells us:—

Mary Ann has gone to rest To sleep, they say, on Abraham's breast; It may be nuts for Mary Ann, But it's deuced rough on Abraham!

The religions of the world, then, fail us because they fail to realize the eternal working of natural law in the rhythm of supernature.

Nature and Super-nature are but allied departments of one universe. Let us not forget that they are both ruled by the same God, and that the laws of nature are the expression, not only of His will, of His good pleasure if you like, but of His essential Self. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and "the heaven of heavens is His footstool." The Psalmist tried to escape from Him: "If I ascend into heaven Thou art there. If

I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand find me and Thy right hand shall lead me."

If the laws of nature ruled life only and not after-life, we should be confronted with a dualism which would falsify all the higher conceptions of Divinity. The suicide's delusion is that there is a way of escape, but in reality there is none.

"Do you start," asks our communicant, "at the term 'natural objects' as applied to the things of this world? You did not fancy, did you, that we had escaped nature? No one escapes

nature, not even God. Nature is."

Another delusion that people hug with, I think, little satisfaction to themselves, in regard to the future life, is that there is no time there. They think of the story of the man who awoke to consciousness unexpectedly in the other world, and not realizing his condition, asked what o'clock it was, and a voice beside him replied, "Eternity!" Eternity is a state, but the very conditions in which this state exists imply a sequence of events or sequence of sensations, and time, under any and every condition,

TIME AND
ETERNITY. This is a point on which it is necessary to lay stress, and I have already alluded to it in former issues of the magazine. We can, of course, postulate a condition which we may term Nirvana, or anything else we like, in which past, present and future are merged into one and exist simultaneously. But this is neither here nor there. Such a condition stands as much in antithesis to the life after death as it does to the present existence, and the tendency to confuse the two is like mistaking the relative for the absolute, and can only lead to a condition of hopeless intellectual chaos. "As soon as the soul attempts to examine things separately sequence begins and time is manifest." The whole conception of rhythm implies sequence. The whole conception of evolution, spiritual or material, implies time.

There is another conception in connection with the spiritual world about which a great deal of confusion exists. This is the idea of the Fourth Dimension. We can conceive in this world three dimensions: extension in length; the plane, including superficial area in length and breadth; and solidity, implying cubical contents. The conception of the Fourth imension is in reality permeability. It is the existence of two substances different in their magnetism and rates of vibration in the same place, regardless of each other.

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The idea implies interpenetration, but, speaking personally, I question whether the expression Fourth Dimension has any mathematical justification. The expression, in fact, tends to the popularization of a misconception. The word "throughth," which, if I recollect aright, Mr. W. T. Stead was fond of employing, was truer to nature and therefore to super-nature, which is merely nature on another plane and acting under the conditions which are normally different even while they correspond to states which exist in our world abnormally. Says the author of the Letters:—

You must understand that the two worlds are composed of matter, not only moving at a different rate of vibration, but charged with a different magnetism. It is said that two solid objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time; but that law does not apply to two objects—one of them belonging to your world and the other to ours. As water can be hot and wet at the same time, so a square foot of space can contain a square foot of earthly matter and a square foot of etheric matter.

"In what way," it may be asked, "does the so-called spiritual world differ from this material plane?" Mainly, perhaps, in the fact that whereas the predominant condition here is objective,

PLANES
OBJECTIVE
AND SUBJECTIVE.

the predominant condition there is subjective. In
Letters from a Living Dead Man, the communicant
refers to the observation made by T. Jay Hudson
in his Law of Psychic Phenomena, that the subjective
mind is incapable of inductive reasoning, and will

accept any premise given by the objective mind, and reason from that premise logically, but that the tendency of the subjective mind is to accept the premise as a basis, and not to go behind it. The author, arguing from this statement, observes that people in his world reason from the premises already given them during their objective earth existence. That is to say, they start from the views they have here imbibed, and their whole outlook on the other world is coloured by them. He adds: "This is why those who last lived in the so-called Western lands where the idea of rhythm or rebirth is unpopular, came out here with the fixed idea that they would not go back into earth life, and hence most of them still reason from that premise."

The point is an important one, and implies that what people believe they are going to be in the other world is largely determinative of what their actual experiences will be. "Those," continues our author, "who do not believe in rebirth cannot for ever escape the rhythm of rebirth. But they hold to their belief until the tide of rhythm sweeps them along with it and forces them into gross

matter again, into which they go quite unprepared, carrying with them almost no memory of their life out here." The author is careful to explain that the subjective is no more universal there than the objective is here, but merely that the tendency towards the subjective is as strong in the other world as the tendency towards the objective is in this. The transference of consciousness from one plane to the other is a matter of change of focus.

It is, I suppose, because of the predominance of the subjective in the other world that the imagination there plays so important a part, and that the possibilities of creation through thought power are so much greater there than they are here. Says our author: "If you create something on earth in solid matter, you create it first in thought substance, but there is this difference between your creation and ours. Until you have moulded solid matter around your thought pattern you do not believe that the thought pattern really exists save in your own fancy. . . . The dullest man out here has something which most of you have lost-the faith in his own thought creations." In other words, on the other plane thought acts directly on the tenuous matter of that plane. Here it acts indirectly, owing to the greater density of physical matter. Hence the vivid imagination of the child, who has not so entirely lost touch with the other plane as the adult, and who has brought over with him a memory of the way in which he utilized his imagination on the other side.

One word of warning the author gives to those who have passed over. It is the caution given to, and forgotten by, Lot's wife: "Don't look back." To those who have recently passed over, the body in which they have lived so long ATTRACTION possesses an almost irresistible attraction. "It is the terrible curiosity to go back and look upon that OF THE thing which we once believed to be ourselves." BODY. Impress upon your mind here and now that your body is not yourself, and the hold it will have on you when the time to be parted from it comes will be correspondingly less. Many spirits, if reports from the other world speak truly, are earthbound, and the centre of attraction may be either their physical body, some scene of tragedy connected with their death, or the sphere of their earthly activities. Thus a rich man may be tied by his affections to his earthly home, or a man of business to the routine of his business life. For "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Another cause of attraction to earth may be regret or remorse

for something done or left undone in the earth life, which cannot now be rectified.

"Beware," says our author, "of deathbed repentance and its afterharvest of morbid memories. It is better to go into eternity with one's karmic burdens bravely carried upon the back rather than slink through the back door of hell in the stockinged feet of a sorry cowardice. If you have sinned, accept the fact with courage, and resolve to sin no more. But he who dwells upon his sins in his last hour will live them over and over again in the state beyond the tomb. . . . If you recognize the fact that you have sinned, set up good actions more powerful than your sins, and reap the reward for these."

One of the most entertaining chapters in this volume is headed "A Victim of the Non-existent," and deals with the after-death experiences of a lady who had in life been the inmate of various American boarding-houses, the discomforts of which seem to have preyed on her memory. Passed over, she still fancied herself the inhabitant of a boarding-house worse than those which she had known on earth. Our author met her on the astral plane, tried to discover the secret of her unhappiness, and to lead her on to better things. He was not a little amazed to realize the illusions under which she was labouring. Nothing but a full extract will give the true flavour of this delicious chapter.

"Suppose," said our author to this victim of illusion, "that you unburden yourself to me. Tell me your troubles. I will promise not to run away."

"Why, I hardly know where to begin," she answered. "I have found so many unpleasant things."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, horrid people. I remember that when I lived in —— I sometimes told myself that in the other world I would not be bothered with boarding-house landladies and their careless hired girls; but they are just as bad here—even worse."

"Do you mean to tell me that you live in a boarding house here?"

"Where should I live? You know that I am not rich."

Of all the astonishing things I had heard in this land of changes, this was the most astonishing. A boarding-house in the "invisible" world! Surely, I told myself, my observations had been limited. Here was a new discovery.

"Is the table good in your boarding-house?" I asked.

"No, it is worse than at the last one."

" Are the meals scanty?"

"Yes, scanty and bad, especially the coffee."

"Will you tell me," I said, my wonder growing, "if you really eat three meals a day here, as you used to do on earth?"

"How strangely you talk!" she answered, in a sharp tone. "I don't find very much difference between this place and the earth, as you call it,

except that I am more uncomfortable here, because everything is so flighty and uncertain."

"Yes, go on."

THE LADY "I never know in the morning who will be sitting next AND THE me in the evening. They come and go."

BOARDING- "And what do you eat?"

HOUSE. "The same old things—meat and potatoes, and pies and puddings."

"And you still eat these things?"

"Why, yes; don't you?"

I hardly knew how to reply. Had I told her what my life here really was, she would no more have understood than she would have understood two years ago, when we lived in the same city on earth, had I told her then what my real mental life was. So I said—

"I have not much appetite."

She looked at me as if she distrusted me in some way, though why I could not say.

"Are you still interested in philosophy?" she asked.

"Yes. Perhaps that is why I don't get hungry very often."

"You were always a strange man."

"I suppose so. But tell me, Mrs. ——, do you never feel a desire to leave all this behind?"

"To leave all what behind?"

"Why, boarding-houses and uncongenial people, and meat and potatoes, and pies and puddings, and the shadows of material things in general."

"What do you mean by 'the shadows of material things'?"

"I mean that these viands and pastries, which you eat and do not enjoy, are not real. They have no real existence."

"Why!" she exclaimed, "have you become a Christian Scientist?" At this I laughed heartily. Was one who denied the reality of astral food in the astral world a Christian Scientist, because the Christian Scientists denied the reality of material food in the material world? The analogy tickled my fancy.

"Let me convert you to Christian Science, then," I said.

"No, sir!" was her sharp response. "You never succeeded in convincing me that there was any truth in your various fads and philosophies. And now you tell me that the food I eat is not real."

Our author next attempted to bring back the actual facts to this poor soul by convincing her that she was dreaming, and recalling to her the fact that she had already died and passed over into a different world where boarding-houses only existed in the imagination. He inquired of her if she was aware that she had left her body. She looked down at her form, which appeared as usual, even to its rusty black dress rather out of date. "'But I still have my body,' she said. 'Then you have not missed the other one?' 'No!' 'And you do not know where it is?' My amazement was growing deeper and deeper. Here was a phenomenon I had not met before. 'I suppose,' she said, 'they must have buried my body if you say I have left it, but this

one is just the same to me." Finally he carries her off to some similitude of the orthodox heaven, where she is left joining in the worship with others of a like mind with herself.

I feel that in this rather lengthy notice I have given a quite inadequate impression of what seems to me the most unique book which I have ever had the pleasure of perusing. It is brimful of humour, pathos, and originality. There is not a commonplace page in it, and the variety of its contents is truly astounding. Parts deal with the profoundest problems of philosophy, and other parts read like the most fascinating fairy tales. In a book where the comic justles with the tragic and the serious with the frivolous, one is amazed at the artistic completeness of the whole picture. Perhaps the secret of this lies in the fact that all the sheaves are bound together by a golden thread of human love

bound together by a golden thread of human love and sympathy, and an ideal of life as a whole which blends and embraces all the strangest and even the most incongruous experiences. I will not here introduce my readers by more than a brief word to the "Darling of the Unseen," that "Beautiful Being" who conducts our author through scenes mundane and celestial, and acts as his charming if somewhat irresponsible companion—an Ariel evolved to a higher type, if there is such a thing in the Cosmos as a super-Ariel. Any attempt at description would only spoil the original. Let my readers go to the fountain-head, and themselves make the acquaintance of this sexless denizen of the ethereal world. I can only say that if they derive as much pleasure from the volume as I have done, they will be richly rewarded.

Certain correspondents have written to me with regard to my observations made two months ago in connection with the Gospel records of the Nativity. One of the main difficulties in dealing with the criticisms which have been brought to bear in this direction from the orthodox standpoint lies in the fact that there are scarcely two interpretations of the facts adduced to support the orthodox hypothesis which are not in themselves HISTORICAL mutually contradictory. And I would add that there is not one of these various interpretations FACT AND that is in any sense whatever a satisfactory defence CHRISTIAN of the Gospel narratives. To start with, the narratives of Luke and Matthew are palpably inconsistent, and to defend the two is more than even the most ingenious perverter of historical facts could possibly succeed in doing. Our knowledge of the facts, as Miss Dallas points out in a letter which I published in last issue, is, of course, by no means complete, but the historical evidence is certainly not as weak as she seems to imagine. We know, for instance, that Quirinius became Imperial Legate in Syria in A.D. 6, and that it was during this governorship that he carried out the census and valuation of Judea and Samaria. We also know the names of the Imperial Legates in succession for an appreciable period before this date. There is no evidence to suggest that at an earlier date Quirinius held another governorship of Syria. In fact, all we know points in the other direction. But it is undoubtedly true that he held a military appointment in this neighbourhood, when he subdued the Homonadenses, and in consequence received the insignia of triumph.

A very ingenious explanation designed to cover some of the discrepancies of the Gospel narrative is sent in a long letter by Mr. Cecil Worster-Drought, not so much on his own account as on behalf of a clerical Modernist friend. The suggestion here is, that the Herod of the Nativity was not Herod the Great, who died 4 B.C., but Herod Antipas, who succeeded his father as Tetrarch (not King, be it noted) of Galilee and Perea. This, however, does not help us at all if it is intended as a defence of the Evangelists. To quote merely one discrepancy, Matthew states that when Joseph, on his return from Egypt, "heard that Archelaus was reigning over Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither, and being warned of God in a dream, he withdrew into the parts of Galilee and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." Now it is quite true that Archelaus succeeded his father Herod as governor of Judea and Samaria, but

he certainly did not succeed his brother Herod THE TWO Antipas. It is noteworthy here that Matthew im-HERODS. plies that the family lived in Judea, presumably in Bethlehem, whereas Luke alludes to Nazareth as their original home. In Matthew's narrative it appears as a sort of city of refuge. The idea in any case that the Roman authorities would have overlooked a wholesale massacre of children, either by Herod the Great or by his son Antipas, is quite unthinkable, and to all who have any knowledge of the conditions of the period, utterly absurd. The suggestion that Bethlehem was another city of the same name in Zebulun, and not Bethlehem close to Jerusalem, is more ingenious than convincing. The choice of Bethlehem as the birthplace of Jesus evidently arose from the attempt to invent an imaginary genealogy of Jesus, or rather of his father Joseph, as a descendant of David.

NOTES OF THE MONTH

One writer, whose letter I have not here printed, goes so far as to attempt to defend the supposed going up of Joseph and Mary from their home at Nazareth to Bethlehem for a census because. as the narrative states, they were of the house and lineage of David. I did not think it necessary in my last Notes to enter into a detailed criticism of so incredible a statement. Whatever view we take of it, it is equally absurd. Did this stipulation of the Roman census-takers apply only to the descendants of David or did it apply to the whole community? If the latter were the case, the chaos resulting may be SENSE AND readily conceived. But even accepting the former THE CENSUS. hypothesis, that David's innumerable descendants could even have found standing room within the limits of Bethlehem is of course incredible.* How, also, after the lapse of over a thousand years, were they to be identified? There are not half a dozen pedigrees in England to-day which can be traced back authentically for so long a period. But England, with a few intervals, has remained for many hundred years in a condition of comparative peace and stability. Do the people who take such statements seriously realize the fact that for a long period immediately preceding the reign of Herod the Great himself the whole of Palestine was in a condition of utter anarchy? That between the time of David and the time of Herod the inhabitants had been taken captive and carried away wholesale to distant countries. And that, except possibly among the priestly tribe of the Levites. the discovery of a single pedigree dating back to the time of David would have been absolutely impossible? Even assuming the existence of certain alleged pedigrees, how was a Roman official to establish their authenticity? The writer of the letter referred to instances the Egyptian regulations under Roman government by which the inhabitants at the time of the census were compelled to return to the towns in which they lived. Nothing could be more natural or more reasonable, but to return to the town which a supposed ancestor had inhabited a thousand years before is quite another proposition. And why start with any particular ancestor? Why not start with Jesse in preference to David, who probably had no connection with Bethlehem? I merely raise these points to show the utter ineptitude of the whole idea. The census referred to was not, of course, as

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^{*} It will be noticed that Luke says in this connection that every one went to be enrolled "to his own city." This is obviously in contradiction to the other statement that Joseph went to be enrolled to a city of an ancestor of his who had died some 1,000 years previously.

St. Luke states in his usual loose and inaccurate style, a census of "the whole world," but merely a census of Judea and Samaria.

The present occasion may be a not unsuitable one to make one or two more detailed statements as to what we actually know historically, firstly with regard to Quirinius, story of secondly with regard to the position of Palestine and its rulers at this period. Publius Suplicius QUIRINIUS. Quirinius (called Cyrenius in the Authorized Version) was a person of some consequence in his day. We are not aware of the exact date of his birth, which probably may have been somewhere about 50 B.C., but we know that he held the Roman Consulship in 12 B.C., that he was appointed tutor and adviser to Caius Cæsar, grandson of Augustus, and that on the death of Lucius, Caius Casar's brother, the Lady Lepida, Lucius's betrothed, was given by Augustus to Quirinius as wife. The marriage was not a happy one. A divorce took place and Quirinius charged his wife Lepida with attempting to foist upon him a child which was not his own. Quirinius, as already stated. obtained the Syrian Governorship in A.D. 6, and he died in the year A.D. 21. Governorships such as that of Syria were directly appointed by the Emperor, and it was doubtless owing to his intimate association with the Imperial family that he was granted this position. Quirinius was also on friendly terms with Tiberius, who subsequently became Augustus's acknowledged heir. Tacitus states of him that his memory was not cherished by his colleagues on account of his matrimonial quarrels and his avaricious and overbearing old age.

Herod the Great was even more unfortunate in his domestic affairs than Quirinius, and the breaking up of his kingdom at his death was doubtless partly due to the domestic conflicts between his wives and their various families. But all the evidence points

HEROD
AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

To the fact that he was a successful and resourceful ruler, and probably by no means more unscrupulous than other rulers of his day. Palestine, at least, owed him a debt of gratitude, as he restored settled government to that country for a considerable period of years, and rebuilt the Temple at Jerusalem in a manner that aroused the pride and excited the admiration of his subjects. His constant policy of keeping in with his Roman suzerain doubtless did not add to his popularity, but he had the wisdom to see that the stability of his government was dependent on his friendship with Rome. At his death in 4 B.C. he was succeeded by his sons Arche-

laus, Antipas and Philip. Archelaus became ruler of Judea and Samaria; Antipas, as already stated, of Galilee and Perea, and Philip of the country north of Galilee. Archelaus was deposed ten years later (A.D. 6), and, in consequence of this, Judea and Samaria were brought under the direct rule of Rome as part of the province of Syria, under Roman Procurators. Pontius Pilate occupied this position of Roman Procurator from A.D. 26 to A.D. 36.

Most of my English readers will be familiar with the name of the Open Court Company, of Chicago, and will learn with satisfaction that they have opened a branch in London at 149 The Strand. The Open Court Company, with which Dr. Paul Carus has been associated since 1887, has always specialized in Comparative Religion and Science, Philosophy, and Psychology in their bearing on the fundamental bases of religious truth. Thus, the very interesting works of M. Alfred Binet and Professor Ribot find a place in their catalogue dealing with the Psychology of Reason, the Diseases of Personality and of the Will, the

Evolution of Ideas, and the Power of the Creative OPEN COURT Imagination. On the other hand, they have brought out many interesting publications on the religions of India and the East, and especially on Buddhism. In these the relation between Christianity and Buddhism, their parallelism and contrasts, have been dealt with very exhaustively. The origins of Christianity are treated of in such books as the Pleroma and the Age of Christ, by Dr. Paul Carus, and The Life and Ministry of Jesus, translated from Rudolf Otto's able German work by Dr. H. J. Whitby. The great philosophers, especially those who have treated philosophy from a religious standpoint, come in for special notice in this list, notably, Bishop Berkeley, Kant, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and the worthy Chinese philosopher Lâo-tsze. In some of the volumes of this series the attitude is more rationalistic than will find favour with the majority of readers of the Occult Review, but the general tendency of the publications of this firm is notable for its extreme open-mindedness and breadth of view, and in their Library of Scientific and Philosophical Works are many which will be invaluable to the occult student in his search for knowledge and his investigation of religious beliefs.

OCCULTIST AND MYSTIC

A STUDY IN DIFFERENTIATION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

DEFINITIONS, like delays, are dangerous. Let us not, therefore, endeavour to define either Occultist or Mystic, but rather record the result of thought and meditation upon these two ways of approach to That in Whom all ways meet. Illustration is always better than Definition, because it gives play to imagination. Two specimens of the respective types will be useful for our purpose, for they will serve to express somewhat of the similarity and the difference between these two paths, a difference all the more real and vital because of its subtlety.

Browning's "Paracelsus," then, a typal Occultist. Johannes Agricola, a representative Mystic. Says Paracelsus—

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise From outward things, what e'er you may believe. There is an inmost centre in us all Where truth abides in fulness; and around, Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in, This perfect, clear perception, which is truth. A baffling and perverting carnal mesh Binds it and makes all error: and to KNOW Rather consists in opening out a way Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape, Than in effecting entrance for a light Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly The demonstration of a truth, its birth, And you trace back the effluence to its spring And source within us: where broods radiance vast, To be elicited ray by ray.

There speaks the Occultist, disciple of demonstration.

Now hear the voice of inward conviction and intuition; the Mystic, "Johannes Agricola in Meditation"—

There's heaven above, and night by night I look right through its gorgeous roof; No suns and moons, though e'er so bright, Avail to stop me; splendour-proof I keep the brood of stars aloof;

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For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory passed,
I lay my spirit down at last.

A brief study of the "inwardness" of these illustrations will suffice to sense the outer difference and the basic union between the two types more satisfactorily than any definition, however

clearly-worded or accurately formulated.

In all ages, men have approached the threshold of the greater life by these two modes. Within them, extend still further parallels and differences, the three Paths, or Clues, by right use of which the traveller may "unravel the knot of his own fate," and behold the star of his destiny: by Knowledge, by Devotion, by Activity. These modes or rhythms are followed alike by Occultist and Mystic, though, speaking broadly and generally, the Occultist attains the goal by Wisdom, the Mystic by Love. Occultist and Mystic unite in the power to discern the "within" from the "without": Nature and Man are regarded by them as parts of a whole, Symbols in the great Cosmic drama forever enacted — the Theatre Eternity, the Stage Space, the Curtain Time. Symbolism, in contradistinction to Materialism, that is the hallmark of minds occult and mystic alike—the deep, inlooking, contemplative faculty.

"Life is a Comedy to those who think, a Tragedy to those who feel." This saying has the essential falsity, the accidental truth, of most popular axioms. Life is higher than Tragedy, deeper than Comedy. Life, twofold in expression, universal in essence, manifests in dual relationship to Man and the Cosmos, i.e. (1) Consciousness turned outward-physical life, beginning in the mineral, Man the apex of the pyramid; (2) Consciousness turned inward, i.e. spiritual life, individualized, which, so far as our own system is concerned, begins with Man, and ends with Godconsciousness in Man. Now, it is with the unfolding of Spiritual Consciousness that the work of Occultist and Mystic is concerned, and it is here that they part company with many of the greatest minds, who are still absorbed in the form-side of life; limited by the cramping bonds of materialism, swathed in the bandages of formulæ, so that they can neither move toward nor even so much as behold the Light. "Do not let us get away from Nature," is their cry. "No nebular hypotheses for us. Here let us remain, on the firm dry land of facts proven and established, rooted to the soil of the actual, warmed by the Sun of Reality." Yes. But

what is "Reality"? What is "Natural"? Those are neverending queries. Is the Natural bounded by the tangible? Limited by the horizon-sweep of the lower mind? Or, is the study of the divine mind in nature a truer and saner way of regarding things? Life, a progressive science, an art of progressive revelations?

If we turn to Nature with an eye of contemplation, we behold a teacher of occult truth and mystic lore. Why is Beauty the Law of Manifestation, part of the Eternal Plan? Why springs the blossom from the rock-fission, image of joy issuing from pain? Why does the night-wind find an echo in the poet's song, and the proud passion of the lover exult in elemental combat, soaring on the wide-winnowing wings of storm? "Fire and heat, snow and tempest, wind and storm fulfilling His word": Nature the Temple, Garment, Body, a veil and a symbol of that which remains beyond, behind, yet within, all forms and images.

The Occultist seeks to learn, from every quality and faculty of Nature and Man, of that which is beyond both. He is the great experimenter, alchemist at once analytic and synthetic. Splendid are the results obtained in the laboratory of earth-experienceglorious both the down-fallings and up-risings. The career of Paracelsus is typical. He learnt, unlearnt, re-learnt, and went on fearlessly to the end (we may be sure), wringing "success from failure, good from ill." His was the indomitability of all original thinkers and pioneer-spirits, by no failures daunted, by no problems appalled. His the attempt to solve the riddle of the Universe (of which the Sphinx is the greatest image), and it is in this attempt, this attitude towards life, that Occultism finds its own reward.

There are certain distinguishing qualities, elements which

help us in the study of these twin forces.

If we look beneath the surface, we find the trilogy in Occultism -Endurance, Courage, Obedience. This is but the old-time formula "To Know, to Do, to Dare, to be Silent." For Mysticism, the requisite qualities appear to be Self-sacrifice, Patience, Sympathy. Each of these six, it will be observed, consist of an active and passive quality, respectively, with a "Harmonizer." The scientific reason for this is evident, when it is remembered that the three qualities of Matter-Stability, Motion and Rhythm (Tamas, Rajas, Sattva, the well-known Sanscrit terms)-inhere in everything, all differences being caused by the predominance of one or other, and the mutual interchange and interplay caused by the various rhythmic conditions and vibratory responses evoked from the three qualities.

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Here, therefore, is the Trinity of the Occultist—Tamas, for Stability, without which there can be no permanence nor sure centre; Rajas, Motion or Activity, without which there can be neither initial action, nor progress of events; Sattva, Rhythm, Harmony, "without which there can be neither Music, Order nor Measure in life and things create."

The correspondences between these cosmic qualities and those necessary to occult and mystic evolutionary progress will be doubtless apparent at once to the reader; nevertheless, they may be enumerated:—

a
$$\left\{ \begin{array}{c} Endurance \\ Tamas \\ Stability \end{array} \right\}$$
 b $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} Courage \\ Rajas \\ Motion \end{array} \right\}$ c. $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} Obedience \\ Sattva \\ Rhythm \end{array} \right\}$
2. Mystic Trinity.

a. $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} Patience \\ Tamas \\ Stability \end{array} \right\}$ b. $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} Self\text{-}Sacrifice \\ Rajas \\ Motion \end{array} \right\}$ o. $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} Sympath \\ Sattva \\ Rhythm \end{array} \right\}$

The mystic temperament, per se, is less concerned with outward events than is the occult; more given to "commune with its own heart, in its chamber, and be still": to remain "silent, upon a peak in Darien," while the foaming torrent of life flows by, unregarded.

This natural self-isolation (the protective instinct of a frail organism) is one of the favourite indictments made against the "Mary" of the other world by the "Martha" of this. On the other hand, it is almost a truism, nowadays, to declare that practical mysticism is the strongest force in the world, in any age. For the "inward centre" of the Mystic's sun of love radiates outward in sweet works of charity immortal, that spiritual gift without which none others have enduring life.

It is an interesting pastime to divide some of earth's greatest into these respective groups. There is no resisting the temptation to class Shakespeare and Spenser as Occultist and Mystic, likewise Bach and Beethoven (though here we tread debatable ground!), even Leonardo and Botticelli! As types of paradoxical geniuses, i.e., those who chose the Occult Path of Love, and the Mystic Way of the Illumination of Consciousness, Giordano Bruno and Wordsworth may be cited as examples rather remarkably apposite. For to the latter, Love was almost impersonal. His attitude towards emotional heat, either in himself or others, is one of almost deprecating timidity. The "inward centre" of

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his being was in communion with the higher mind, human and cosmic (particularly the latter), the symbol of Light-

That Master Light of all our Seeing.

The mystic's joy of Self-communion was his-

A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man; A motion and a spirit that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things.

Not that Wordsworth was devoid of love. Was he not Museled? But in a charming little poem, one of the rare instances of self-revelation given by the poet, he relates frankly what many of his compeers ignore or disguise, the fact that imagination and idealization play important parts in the dramas of poets' love.

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved, To scorn the declaration That sometimes I in thee have loved, My fancy's own creation.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion
By laws, to which all forms submit
In sky, earth, air and ocean.

These lines are an accurate as well as poetic expression of the part personal loves play in the Mystic's life-drama. There is more than a hint in the same direction in Hardy's Pursuit of the Well-Beloved, one of the most imaginative modern novels.

It is needless to say that we must beware of drawing hard and fast lines, or allowing ourselves to become frozen by "crystalline conclusions" in any treatment of such a difficult and obscure problem as the difference and harmony between these temperaments: there is a wide tract of no-man's land, many meeting-places and merging lines. Browning is an instance of this, for an excellent case could be made out for him, both as a typical Occultist and representative Mystic. Prolonged thought and study may lead in the direction of classing him with the Mystics, because he had that "awful directness of vision," that power to

pierce straight into the heart of things, coupled with an unwearing insistence on the Eternal Unity—which are all parts of the temperamental make-up of the Mystic. For the ideal Mystic is an Affirmer before all things. How can he be aught other, who "Sees God in a Point," as the mediæval Julian puts it?

For 'tis to God I speed so fast.

For in God's breast, my own abode,
I lay my spirit down at last.

It is true that Paracelsus, though a typical Occultist, sees the overwhelming significance of Love. But this vision comes only at the close of life, its sunset-glory. The pursuit of knowledge has led him to where he beholds Love's foot-marks on the crimson-stained earth of Experience. He dies in the poignancy of hope, deferred though not defeated:—

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

Here, then, we have another type of intellectual Mystic, in Browning, as in Giordano Bruno, that of an Occultist on the path of Love; the love of Urania the Muse, not Aphrodite the Mistress. Bruno's mind was eager and restless; it stands out thus, amid a period of unquiet, questioning spirits. He was aglow with elemental fire. The Truth burned in him, and for Her he gave first mind, then body, to be burned in Her service. His conviction (both intuitive and intellectual) of the Unity of all substances and bodies in One Spirit—his message to the world—was to him a flame of such terrific import, that to feed its life he must both live and die. Bruno beheld all that is, the universe, as a scroll bearing imprint of God's finger, each character a living symbol, and the whole creation a copy of an ideal, an expression of the beauty, truth, and order, of the Divine Artist. He speaks of "having been sped by the Beautiful and by Truth towards the goal where the shouts of the throng and the storms of the age can never more trouble him."

The profound idealism of Bruno finds an echo in the noblest minds of our present age. His doctrine of the creative and vital reality of the Idea is repeated with interesting paraphrase and ingenious variation in such diverse minds as those of Carlyle and of Bergson, both intuitive philosophers. Bruno proclaimed the eternal mantra of Truth, i.e., that what we call the Ideal is The Real, and what we call Real is but a faint image-shadow, cast by Truth. What is Real is everlasting and unchangeable, such as truth, order, love, beauty. Truth and Unity were twin-lights in the mental firmament of the Neapolitan genius. For the enunciation of these doctrines he was imprisoned and underwent two-fold trials, finally being burnt as "a seditious person and a dangerous heretic." Said he, "I die a martyr and I die willingly." The Gospel of this dangerous heretic may be summed up in one sentence—"The Monad, which cannot be perceived by mortal sense, this alone is real, abiding and true. Led by Love, the Great Revealer, the human spirit is united with its Giver, Father and God."

For this eternal truth, Occultist and Mystic alike live and die. The procession wends on while Time chants his Rhythm of Past, Present and Future.

Plato, Bruno, Leonardo, Blake, Browning—minds differing as widely as men's minds can—part, to meet here—"Because God Is, we are."

The dewdrop slips into the shining sea,

but not till it has proclaimed its message, sung its spheral harmony. The dewdrop is a star to each blade of grass.

SOME MORE FRENCH GHOST STORIES

BY PHIL CAMPBELL

A FRIEND of mine, Mrs. M-, a very charming, highly

educated Scots lady, told me this experience.

"When we first came to Paris," she began, "we took a little house at St. Cloud. It was quite a modern house, built I should think about 1885. I can tell you nothing of its history, you know what French people are, they will be frightfully affable and tell

you everything but what you want to know.

"All we could discover was that the house had been converted from a private dwelling to a Pension for old ladies. Some twelve or fourteen of them had been living in the house, and it was apparently successful enough, but the owner had suddenly shut it up, and the doors had been locked till they were opened for us to inspect it. Altogether it was about as commonplace and everyday a dwelling as you would wish to see, four fairly large rooms below, with a little stone-flagged hall running between them. A short flight of stairs and on the landing a long narrow room we made into the drawing-room; above this landing the four bedrooms-all hopelessly banal and mediocre after the French fashion.

"At first I sat in the drawing-room to work, to write and to sew, and saw my cook there in the mornings. After the first few days she asked me to give her orders in the hall, where she would come to meet me, saying in excuse that the drawingroom made her cold.

"For the first week I did not notice this coldness, because the weather was hot and coolness was grateful; but after that it became dull, and as I was sitting there sewing one Sunday morning, an icy wind blew suddenly across my face and sent my hair all out of its ribbon. There was a curious rushing noise along with the cold wind, and a feeling of dampness. I was so surprised that I could not call out, or run-I simply sat on, and almost instantly I was overwhelmed by a sensation of the bitterest misery. A feeling of wrong and oppression caught me and crushed me to the depths. I passed about ten minutes of the most unimaginable suffering. It was awful! Then suddenly I sprang to my feet and fled-I never sat in the drawing-room again. But whatever was there did not confine itself to its walls. It came out and walked about the house, preceded by that chill blast. One day, talking to the cook in the little stone hall, her muslin apron suddenly blew out in front of her, as if a whole gale were blowing through the house. 'Oh, Madame!' she cried, 'you have left open the drawing-room window.'

"'Go, then, and shut it, Marie,' I said.

"She came back running, 'Madame! Madame! The windows are all shut; but the door is open.'

"After that, no one of the maids would go near the drawing-

room, and we ceased to use it.

"The house was always full of vague noises, sometimes a whispering sound would follow my husband at night, when he went his rounds at bedtime; sometimes a voice would call my name softly and insistently for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. There were always rustlings on the stairs and at the drawing-room door.

"One night I was standing beside my little girl's cot, hearing her prayers, when she paused, and nodded smilingly several times, turning her head as she did so, as if following somebody's movements. Her little cat, sitting on the bed beside her, did the same, its eyes flaming. I looked round, thinking my husband had entered the room. There was no one.

"' Jan,' I asked, 'who were you smiling at, then?,'

"'Oh, just the Little Old Lady,' she answered; 'she always comes at tespasses (trespasses); she nods and smiles, an' I nod an' smile—that's poli—isn't it, mummie?'

"I agreed that it was, and went to find her father. After some consultation, we moved the cot to our room and put it next the bed. For three nights the child said her prayers without interruption, but the fourth she stopped and smiled and nodded over her finger-tips—the Little Old Lady had found her.

"'What is she like, Jan?' I.asked. Jan looked critically

into space, and replied-

"'She's little, with rosy-posy dress, an' long curly hair, all white, an' an awfuu hole in her breast—oh, awfuu!' and she shook

her head commiseratingly.

"I was horrified, but the child did not appear to be frightened. I lay down on the bed till she was asleep, and woke up very cold, to see what looked like a small woman in a long curled eighteenth century head-dress, just fading away from the rail of the child's cot.

"I was so terrified by this, that I sent Jan to her grandmother,

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and did not have her again till we were in our present residence. We left that house three months before our lease terminated."

The Princess de H—— gave me the following story of an experience of hers:—

"I was staying in an old château beyond Chantilly about a year before my marriage. I was not yet engaged at the time, and the Prince was one of the house party. I was enjoying myself hugely; I was very gay and young and happy.

"My hostess was a perfectly charming woman of about fifty. beautiful and gracious, an American-yes. She had no children, and I used to wonder if she wanted them, her life seemed so satisfied and complete with her husband, and her poor, and her great properties. In this house at Chantilly was the most wonderful staircase; you sometimes see stairs like it in England. It was about wide enough for five people to go up abreast, and wonderfully carved. Each banister was a little figure, and the balustrade was a fringed canopy over their heads. The space between each was considerable, and at each turn of the stair was a landing, with a great carved corner-post, surmounted by a figure. There were five short flights of stairs, with five little landings: the fifth flight ended on the musician's gallery, where a great window full of coats of arms blazed down in all colours on the black and white paved hall. I used to sit on the stairs in the dusk, and imagine all the people who had trooped up and down that stair when the 'Quatorzes' were guests there.

"I was very happy and dreamy and a trifle exalted, then,

which may account for what happened.

"One night I took it into my head to leave my room and sit on the stairs in my dressing-gown—and as I went down I suddenly caught sight of my hostess in the hall below me. She stood looking up at the corner of the staircase projecting over her head, and on the stairs, as if it were peering through the rails, I saw a child of, it might have been, three, dressed in a little white tunic, with a jewelled belt round him and a queer little pixie-looking cap on his golden curls. There was a full moon shining through the great window and I saw as well as was possible. The child was looking down on my hostess, and as I saw him, there was the sound of a little laugh—the loveliest thing you ever heard. The next instant the hall was empty and there wasn't a sign of anything on the staircase.

"I scudded to my room, but I couldn't rest. I wanted to see that queer lovely boy again and to hear him laugh. I tell

you I was positively hungry for it.

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"I put on my slippers and went down into the hall and sat down in a big carved chair. The moon was shining very brightly and the side of the hall under the stairs opposite to me was bathed in a lovely dim light, so were the first three flights of the staircase. I could see as plainly as in the daylight the faces and dresses of the portraits hung on the panelled walls, and the little carved faces of the banisters.

"Remember I was very, very happy, I sat down in the big chair and fell into a kind of estatic dream—I verily believe that was the happiest, the sweetly happiest, half-hour of my life. I awakened from it to the consciousness that some one—some one very gay and young and sweet—was looking at me, and liking me; and I suddenly saw peering through the banisters in front of me at the first landing the face of a child—I can't describe it. There is beauty beyond all words—and it was the sort of beauty that face possessed. But the funny thing about it was, that I knew it was nothing mortal, or that I could touch—yet I was consumed with longing to take that sweet lovely baby thing in my arms and kiss it and kiss it. It was a little fair thing, the sort of white and rose and golden child that makes a woman's heart ache with love. Beautiful! my God, yes!

"It looked down on me and laughed, as if inviting me to some childishly subtle game on the stairs. It ran up to the next landing and looked down on me again, to the next and the next, laughing sweetly at each turn as it peered through, the moonlight turning the mop of golden curls on its head into rings of pure gold. I knew it was a spirit-yet I played with it just as if it were a little mortal child. It seemed to me for the moment as if all the love in me had crystallized into that lovely shape, and I was playing with my own joy and youth. Suddenly the little head was thrust through the rails over my head, and a little call rang out, 'Mama!' I ran out into the centre of the hall and called aloud in return. There was a faint little laugh, but the child was gone. I turned on the moment and found my hostess at my elbow, the tears were streaming down her face. 'Oh, Margot!' she cried softly, 'you will be like me. I saw him, that little one, before my marriage. Alas-my poor Margot!'

"Then she shut up like a trap, and dried her tears—I had seen the family ghost, she explained; then she took me up the stairs, and showed me the portrait of a little boy, hung over the gallery. It had a little brass plate on the frame below the name. He was Hugh Geffroy de M—. At the time of the Revolution both his parents were taken to the 'Little Window' and he was mur-

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dered, while the château was being looted by the peasants, and thrown over the staircase into the hall below. He was three years and five weeks old when his neck was broken by the fall on the marble. In his family at the time he was known as 'Dieudonné,' he was so full of joy and love. The legend in the family is, that when he appears to a woman, before or after marriage, her firstborn will die like himself—and there will be no other son.

"In the case of my hostess this was absolutely fulfilled. Her firstborn died, and the second, a girl, pined away inexplicably. There were no others. In my case—I cannot speak of that—but it came true also, yet I have gone many times to the château, and he has never again appeared to me; but to the Duchess he used to come almost nightly, till her death—and at her deathbed he came, and everybody in the room saw him race to her arms as she held them out to him with her last breath. That is all."

I may explain that the Princess had one son, a beautiful boy. He was killed in a motor accident at the age of three she has never had another child.

A well-known American financier told me the following. He is regarded as a man of iron will and resolution, physically a giant, without nerves or imagination. This is his story:—

"I came over to France seven years ago for the first time-I wasn't in a happy frame of mind. No, guess not-my daughter, my only child, had cabled me she was marrying a man who proposed to keep her on what you call five hundred a year. was a Britisher—as the saying goes. Yes, of course, there was the title; but if he had been engaged in the scavenger business she would have taken him just the same; and if she had been a nurse girl, wheeling a pram, he would have married her. However, I was in France to break it off. He might marry her, I thought, but not my money—I wanted more for it than he could give. That's the way we are made, you know—if we give a lot, we want a lot for it. Anyhow, I landed at Cherbourg and went to bed for a couple of hours' sleep—I was dead beat, we had taken five hours to get in from the Oceanic, and I had been wet to the skin with spray-I overslept myself, and as I couldn't get a cab to the station I walked, and missed the train.

"Well, I wasn't going to stay in that old place longer than I could help, so I took some sort of a local that landed me at a junction where I could catch a Paris mail. I can't tell you the name—something slithery it was—you couldn't remember a name like that. Well, the local put me there with four hours to get rid of—and nothing to do. I had a villainous lunch, and

set out to walk the town. It was the queerest old place you ever saw, hardly a house in it hadn't been put up somewhere between 1012 and 1077—those were the predominant dates. The Church might have been the first one in France, and the

porch was a wonder.

"I was standing in the porch when I saw a funeral coming out of the house directly opposite. It was a huge stone affair, with a door made of carved oak, that might have served a citadel. The door was surmounted by a great coat of arms, and a crest with motto. The date was 1090. There was some music going on behind me, and the side look I gave at the funeral made me sorry for the corpse. 'Poor devil!' thought I, 'if he had any friends alive, he didn't have any dead'—there wasn't a soul behind the coffin. Well, we all have our fancies—I took off my hat and followed on as chief mourner, and all the mourners. Thought I, 'Well, I hope somebody will do as much for me.'

"It was a pretty brief service—guess the defunct hadn't left much to the Church. The procession trotted to the graveyard, and I went into the street again. The door of the house opposite was open, and a man in a faded livery with a linen apron on beckoned to me. I went across. 'Sir,' said he, 'the lady will

receive you,' and he asked me to walk right in.

"I went in. It was a big wide hall of stone, with stone walls and polished furniture; right across it facing me was a big sunny room, filled with all kinds of rare and lovely old things—and in the window with her back to the light sat a woman, of about thirty-five, in a straight white dress—a very beautiful woman, tall and slender, with very lovely eyes. But as she rose and turned to me, I saw she was blind.

"' Sit down,' she said, putting her hand palm outwards to me.

I sat. I had to.

"'Sir,' she began—she had the queerest far-away little voice you ever heard. 'Sir, you are unhappy, and that is because you are making once more a mistake. The first mistake you made good; but if you make this one, there will be no one to follow your coffin, and to wish you well. You must forgive your daughter—and keep her love.' Well, I was flabbergasted, some, I tell you.

"'Well,' I said, 'if her mother lived, she would think as I do.'
"She bent her head to me, the way a bird listens. She had

a long white neck.

"'Have you, the courage to see her mother?' she asked. I said I surely had.

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"'Then do not stir. Whatever happens, do not move,' and she pointed a finger at the open French window. As I looked there came a sort of bright mist into the window—like an opal, you would say—it was whirling slowly round. I looked for a minute perhaps, when all at once I remembered my train, and whipped out my watch. It was ten minutes to eleven, the third day of June, 19—. I looked up off the dial, and there in the door stood my dead wife, looking as she did when I first saw her. She was leaning over towards me, smiling and holding out a spray of lily-of-the-valley in her fingers. 'Bobbin,' she said—that's the name she always called me, nobody knew it but ourselves—'Bobbin, I married you for love, and you married me for love.' She held the flower a little nearer and smiled again. 'Bobbin,' she said very seriously, 'let Anne be happy—thirteen don't count over here.'

"I made one bound at her, and snatched the flower out of her fingers. I had the feeling of having run my head against something cold and clammy, and the next instant I was out in the street, studying the date on the big door. A man came along and stopped. 'That's an old house, sir,' he said. 'A witch once lived there—she was burnt in the market place, the last of her family was buried to-day, and there was not one who went to her funeral. A great house once!' and he went on. Now what happened to me? Can you tell? But I knew what my wife meant-for it was her right enough. She was a rich woman when I married her, and I had very little, and when she lay in my arms dying, she had taken a spray of lily-of-the-valley out of the bunch I had brought her, and I saw it had thirteen bells. I was very superstitious about thirteen, and when I saw it, I pinched off a bloom and dropped it on the counterpane. I thought she didn't see—she died ten minutes afterwards. Well, I'm no believer in ghosts nor in witchcraft, but can you explain that—eh? Was if the dead woman I followed to the grave? It surely was my wife."

There is no explaining these things. Something in ourselves lifts us to the right conditions and they happen. Personally I should never have imagined this man capable of any kind of psychical experience. Perhaps his incapacity for expression prevented any grasp of his mentality, but it stands in my memory as the most extraordinary of all the experiences I have heard.

And I think in all these experiences, the key is desire—desire of some sort. Suffering, longing—perhaps only happy longings like the Princesses—but when the door is open, whatever it may

be that opens it, the greater experience surges over the threshold and draws us out or in.

I know a woman who often greets unseen friends at the houses she visits, and who explains tappings and knockings, and all other ghostly sounds, as only the earnest wish to make themselves known, of those who are over the Barrier. They only want to let us know they are here, and that they are not dead—only. waiting to prove the doctrine of Hermes. "All that is above is below."

Conditions over the Barrier may not be very different to what they are here, only let us hope there is no hunger or cold or suffering. Though of that we cannot be sure—so many spirits speak of suffering, mental suffering, that is. I myself know of an old man, an Irish peasant, who came back for six weeks after his death, to tell his old wife he had hidden two pounds behind his bed in the wall. "I feel you suffering, Mary," was what he said to her; "look in the hole in the wall behind the bed."

And I know of another spirit who returned till he had convinced the one he most dearly loved on earth, that there was a world beyond that she lived in, and some preparation for it was necessary.

But these are not French ghosts—the French ghost is rarely of a theological turn!

THEATRICAL HOROSCOPES

BY REGULUS

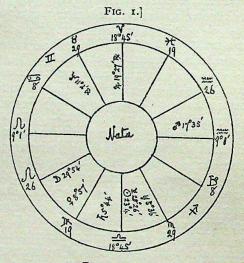
THE writer, in presenting here the results of a careful study of some 18 theatrical horoscopes, would point out that the "natives" in question earn their living by the art of acting and are, with one exception, members of what is known as the "legitimate" profession—that is to say, they are not, unless incidentally, engaged in musical work (such as opera, musical comedy or pantomime) or in "variety turns" such as are associated with the music-halls.

Great care should be taken not to draw hasty inferences from the astrological coincidences set out. To attribute, for instance, histrionic talent to the possessors of similar configurations would possibly be either inaccurate or misleading. It is probable, in fact, that most salaried actors and actresses (whether successful or otherwise)-provided they are not also "in management"—derive a smaller living wage out of their profession than do their respective non-professional kith and kin from theirs, perhaps because their output of work is so small; so that, if remuneration is to be taken as an index, lack of talent might be a reasonable inference! Moreover, for a variety of reasons, actors and actresses not infrequently attain to, and continue to hold, eminent positions which, in the opinion of reputed and impartial judges, are out of all proportion to their artistic deserts. Again. too, intrinsic qualifications for success are difficult to define—though they might be held to include facial, vocal and corporeal beauty and flexibility; grace, intellect, feeling and personality. Yet he would be a bold man who would assert that even an average share of any one of these ten attributes was essential to the attainment of great success, unless, perhaps, the term "personality" were to be given an even vaguer meaning than it already has. The "coldest" performers are frequently the most convincing to the audience. A prominent actor, with whom the writer was in close touch for a period, assured him in good faith that he had never "felt" a part in his life. A distinguished writer and critic was known to remark, with a degree of truth apparently, that "any one can act." In any case, though, for instance, faculties such as a sense of colour and a command of language might be cited as essential elements in the composition of successful painters and writers respectively, astrology is still so nebulous that no configurations indicative of any psychological element have vet been discovered, as a step to a correctly synthetic system of attributing any specific set of qualifications. The following details should, therefore, for the present, assist in making circumstantial rathe

than psychological (or psycho-physical) predictions from similar

horoscopes.

The writer will merely add that, nowadays, the vast majority of actors and actresses do a very large amount of travelling in their own country—probably more than any one else (commercial travellers and railway officials excepted); that their annual periods of employment are irregular as to commencement, termination and duration; that their rate of weekly remuneration is liable to fluctuate; that great success, if achieved, occurs, in the first instance, before the age of thirty in the enormous majority of cases; that the itinerant conditions of employment necessarily involve intermittence of conjugal relationship; and that there is opportunity for forming closer and more



DECLINATIONS.

0	8°	59'	S	9	80	36'N	Ь	O°	19' S
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ğ	10° 16° 8°	41'	S	4	60	8'N	ů	20°	58's

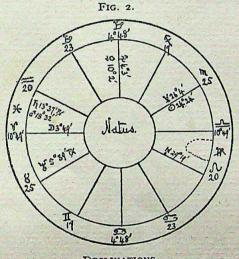
numerous acquaintanceships with members of the opposite sex than is afforded under conventional conditions.

In these eighteen horoscopes, Uranus is above the earth 14 times; Moon, 12; Venus, 10; Jupiter, 9; Sun, 8; Mars, 8; Saturn, 7; Neptune, 6; Mercury, 6. On the one occasion on which only one body is above the earth, that body is Uranus, and he is practically on the meridian. On each of the two occasions that only two bodies are above the earth, one of them is Uranus. In 10 of the 14 cases of Uranus being above the earth, he is occidental of the meridian; on 9 of these occasions being the body first to set, and, in the other case, being the last to rise. He is in the 7th house on 6 occasions. In 9 of the 12 cases of the Moon being above the earth, she is oriental of the meridian. She is in either

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the 1st or 12th house on 9 occasions. The Moon and Uranus are both above the earth 9 times. In 7 of these cases, they are either consecutive to each other—i.e., no other body intervenes—and are the two bodies either last risen or first to set, or the Moon is the last risen body and Uranus the first to set. On 4 of the 5 occasions that the Moon and Uranus are consecutive to each other, they are both above the earth, and in these 4 cases Neptune is either the first body to set or was the last to do so.

Three out of the 4 occasions in which Uranus is below the earth constitute 3 of the 6 occasions when Neptune is above it. In 2 of these 3 cases, Neptune is the most elevated body of all, and is either just about to culminate or has only recently done so, while in

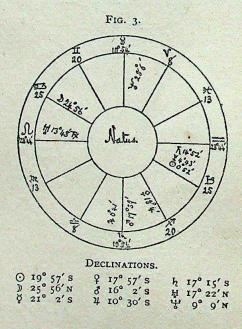


when Uranus is below the earth Neptune is in the first house. The Moon or Uranus (or both) is above the earth 17 times. On the other occasion, Neptune was the last body to rise, the Moon will be the first to do so and Uranus was the last to set. Uranus or Neptune (or both) is above the earth 17 times. On the other occasion, the Moon was the last body to rise, Neptune will be the first to do so and Uranus was the last to set. Neptune or the Moon (or both) is above the earth 14 times. On the other 4 occasions, Uranus will be the first body to set (having been, also, 3 times the last to culminate).

Neptune is within 6° of square aspect with the Sun 4 times; 3° of sesquiquadrate, 3 times; 6° of trine, twice; 4° of opposition (being also in parallel), once; and in parallel once; i.e., configurated II times.

Uranus is within 6° of square aspect with the Sun 4 times; 6° of trine, 3 times; 7° of opposition, once; 4° of sesquiquadrate, once; i.e., within such aspects, 9 times.

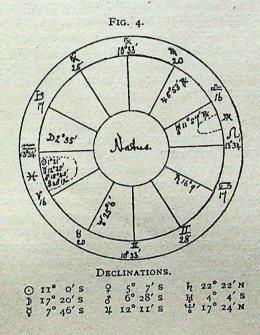
In 6 cases, Venus is over 42° from the Sun; and, in 2, less than 4° therefrom. On 9 occasions, Mars is close to Venus, in that no other body intervenes; and in 8 of these cases is oriental of her. Mars is oriental of Venus 13 times. Mars is never oriental of the Sun, unless. Venus is also—except once, when he is 139° from the Sun; this being the only time when, being oriental of the Sun, he is more than 73° therefrom. Venus is oriental of the Sun 13 times; and Mercury occidental of the Sun 14 times.



Allowing a margin (whether luminaries or planets are concerned) of 7°, either side, for a conjunction or for an opposition aspect, 6° for a trine or square, 5° for a sextile, and 4° for a sesquiquadrate—and ignoring all other aspects or configurations, with the exception of Venus' close semi-square and semi-sextile aspects with the Sun—the commonest configurations, in descending order of frequency, are as follows: those between Saturn and Mars, Saturn and Venus, Sun and Neptune; Sun and Uranus; Sun and Venus, Mercury and Neptune, Sun and Mars; Venus and Jupiter, Sun and Jupiter, Moon and Saturn, Neptune and Saturn, Venus and Neptune, Sun and Saturn, Moon and Mercury (each of these last 7 sets of configurations occurring 7 times). The rarest configurations, excluding those between Venus and Mercury, are those between Mars and Mercury (once); then those

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between Mars and Jupiter, Saturn and Jupiter; then Mercury and Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter, Moon and Jupiter, Moon and Mars. Saturn is found in opposition with the Sun on 4 occasions, and in sextile with Venus the same number of times. Mercury is found in conjunction with the Sun on 4 occasions. The Sun (if his minor Venusian configurations are included) is found in aspect (or conjunction) with one or more bodies more often than any other body; and this in spite of the necessary limitations of aspect and orb in respect of Venus and Mercury. Next to him comes Saturn; then in descending order of frequency, Neptune, Venus (by including her solar aspects), Uranus, Moon, Mars, Jupiter, Mercury. Venus and Mercury are in



conjunction twice and (allowing a margin of 1°, either side, for an aspect of 30°, 36° or 45°), in mutual minor aspect 5 times also.

Allowing a margin of 1°, either side (whether luminaries or planets are concerned), Venus is found in parallel with Uranus 5 times; the Sun with Jupiter, 4; Neptune with Mars, Saturn with Mercury, 3 times each; Venus with Mars, Venus with Sun, Uranus with Mercury, Mars with Saturn, Mars with Sun, Neptune with Mercury, Neptune with Saturn, Neptune with Moon, Neptune with Sun, Moon with Mercury, Moon with Sun, twice each. Venus effects more parallels than any other body, 16 in all; the Moon, 8 only; the exact order being Venus, Neptune, Sun, Mars, Mercury, Saturn, Uranus, Jupiter, Moon. Neptune is found in parallel with all the other bodies at one time or another, and the same could be said of Venus and Mars except

that the former is never concerned with Mercury nor Mars with the Moon. Jupiter's parallels, on the other hand—apart from the two sets already mentioned—comprise merely one with Mars and one with Neptune. Except Jupiter, the Moon and Uranus are concerned with the fewest number of bodies; 5 each in all.

In 17 cases, either the Sun is in aspect (or parallel) with Neptune or Saturn is in aspect with Venus. In 16 cases, Uranus is either in aspect (or parallel) with Venus or else in aspect with the Sun. In 16

cases, the Sun is in aspect with either Uranus or Neptune.

The writer will merely draw attention to the influence of the Moon when between the cusps of the 2nd and 10th houses (more especially when in either the 1st or 12th house); to Neptune's mundane position and his aspects with the Sun; to Uranus, when above the earth (more especially in the occidental quadrant and in the 7th house), to his aspects with the Sun and his parallels with Venus; to Saturn's aspects with Mars and Venus; to Venus' distance from the Sun and her zodiacal proximity to Mars; and to the saturation of the horoscopes with Saturnian, Solar, Neptunian and Venusian aspects and parallels.

Fig. 1 is the horoscope of some one exceptionally eminent. She is the only one of the 18" natives" under consideration who does little, or no, travelling. Next, emphatically, of the 18 subjects—in order of success (up to the present)—comes Fig. 2; though appreciably lower in the scale. It will be noticed that Jupiter is culminating in both cases—which are the only ones in which such a configuration occurs; though, it should, perhaps, be mentioned that this planet is found to be the most elevated body of all on no less than 6 occasions. Figs. 3 and 4 are typical horoscopes. In the case of Fig. 4, for consistency's sake, Venus has not been considered as being in parallel with Uranus nor the Sun with Jupiter—the margins of difference being slightly too wide—though it was obviously tempting to include them as being so.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

BY MRS. RANDLE FEILDEN

THE following experience took place two and a half miles from Oxford, in either November or December, 1867.

I was seventeen at the time, and had been at an Advent evening (week-day) service in the church, together with my sister Maud, aged twelve, and a maid.

The night was "moony" and light, but so misty that the moon itself, which was full, was not visible, on account of the density of fog.

As we were returning home about 7.45 we met a man (the only ordinary individual whom we saw on the way); he passed us, and his footsteps sounded naturally as he walked. A few seconds later I was surprised to see my sister not move to make way for another passer-by who had appeared quite suddenly and noiselessly at her elbow. I took her sleeve, and whispered, "Maud, make way,"—when—all at once—our eyes were opened! We were in a crowded street, in which men and women were moving, and also dogs. All was silence, all was stir.

The forms kept appearing from the broad belt of grass on our right hand, and from the narrow belt on our left; they passed right through us—from the front—from the back. They seemed full of energy.

Being all shadows we could not say accurately what the dresses were like, but they appeared to be of a fashion such as I could remember my mother wearing when I was a small child—viz. a high, pointed sort of bonnet, with shawl and flounced skirts—a "wedge-shaped figure"—so to speak.

My companions both began to cry, and were terrified. For myself, I felt I was, as it were, responsible for all of us, and that I must hold myself together. Each of them seized one of my arms; I did not cry—in the ordinary acceptation, but from my two eyes I found two regular streams flowing, though I was able to keep my voice—and my head.

My two companions kept pulling us all three (tightly clasped as we were) first to one side, then to the other, in order to "make way," as it were, for the "spirits" to pass; the feeling was utterly

bewildering, and especially so as we saw one or another disappear into ourselves—to come out behind, or in front, as the case might be.

If one saw a man—all saw a man; if a woman, or a dog, all saw the same; several times we found this to be the case, for when "making way" we remarked "let this man—or this woman—pass" never once was there the slightest doubt as to what we saw.

I dare say the "vision" continued about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. At one spot, on our right, a figure stood motionless (unlike the rest), and he had, if I may so express it, the attitude of a mendicant; he had stars round his face, marking the contour, perhaps seven or nine. A few yards further on a second appeared exactly resembling him. I think he was about the last of the "shadows" on the footpath. The high road is a broad and beautiful one; it was clear of the "shadows" the whole time except for one—a tall man, bigger altogether than any of the others. He had a sort of cape thrown over the shoulder, and he took great strides, keeping just about even with ourselves—he on the road, we on the footpath.

When all the others had vanished this one still strode beside us. We reached our own gate, and I thought: "If he goes through the gate and up the drive, I can't stand it any longer." I have no doubt I was "played out."

However, to my intense relief he strode past our gate, and still on—up the road. As we turned into our own premises he was still to be seen, marching on.

I remember, all the time the vision lasted, how we kept casting sidelong glances towards this gaunt and particularly uncanny "shade." There was a difference between him and the rest. They appeared bustling busily (though so noiselessly) about. I think all were independent of each other, but this tall creature strode as if he had an end in view, with big strides, and never turning right or left.

It would be perhaps thirty years later that I was staying in a small town in Westmorland and made acquaintance with a lady about my own age, who in her young days used to pay visits to mutual friends near Oxford, and we naturally talked of these departed friends.

My new acquaintance told me that once when she was visiting them and her host had not yet returned home in the evening, she and her hostess were sitting in the drawing-room, when at last he entered and told his wife, "I have seen a wonderful sight to-night!" And to his wife and visitor he related the vision exactly as I have written above.

He had been driving home in his dog-cart, the night foggy and moonlight, when all at once he found himself in the midst of a crowded street of "shadows." My informant had not been half so inquisitive as I should have been, and she could not tell me whether Mr. —— drove on through the "shadows" or whether he waited; anyway they disappeared, leaving the road unoccupied as usual.

That road is the same one as the one on which we saw our vision, the spot perhaps a quarter of a mile further from Oxford.

My friend knew it was an autumn night and with a dense fog, and I think—though I am not absolutely certain—that she could say it was in 1867. At any rate she was quite certain it was as nearly as possible that time.

REQUIESCAT

By T. H.

BRING me into the little wood,
Hushed and holy and dark and deep;
Lay me down in a dreamless sleep;
Leave me there in my solitude.
Wood-doves murmur and tree-tops sigh,
Ferns and bluebells and wind-flowers grow,
Shy wild creatures go rustling by
O'er the place where my feet will lie . . .
Lay me there, since I love it so.

Sunbeams slant through the peaceful trees, Shadows fall on the dewy grass, Wrens and thrushes and blackbirds pass, Branches sway in a soft spring breeze. All the wood is a haunt of rest, Buried there I shall surely know Each hid wonder of Nature's breast, Secret things that are unpossessed. Lay me there, since I love her so.

FACTS AND HYPOTHESES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY H. STANLEY R EDGROVE, B.Sc.

THE business of science is not merely that of collecting and substantiating facts. That is only the preliminary work. The business of science proper is the correlation of facts, their explanation, not in ultimate terms, but in accordance with the law or concept of nature's uniformity. As far as psychical research is concerned, not much has been done beyond this preliminary work as yet: the chief questions that have been asked are: Are the phenomena genuine, and, if so, do they indicate the survival of personality after bodily death? But, as Mr. Hereward Carrington points out in his latest book,* it is only when these questions shall have been answered that the scientific investigation of psychic phenomena will begin. Suppose, for a moment, that certain of the phenomena are genuine and are produced, in some manner, by a discarnate intelligence, the question still remains: In what manner? And not this question alone, but a hundred others require answering concerning the modus operandi, concerning the relation between the psychical and the physical, concerning the forces in play, concerning the limitations and difficulties encountered by the active intelligence, concerning the necessity and functions of the medium. . . .

Science progresses by the formulation of hypotheses. A hypothesis is just a guess, not made at random, but under the influence of an array of facts. A good hypothesis should adequately "explain" the facts dealt with, i.e., bring them within some larger unity; it should involve the minimum of assumption, and it should indicate certain conclusions capable of experimental verification. A verified hypothesis is a theory. Science progresses by clinging to her theories and discarding her bad guesses, that is, those of her hypotheses which are not verifiable. But it must be remembered that no theory bears the stamp of absolute truth nor carries a warrant of validity greater than that derived from experience.

Mr. Carrington is of the opinion, in agreement, I think, with every savant who has really investigated the question, that a certain number of the so-called "spiritualistic" phenomena are genuine, and he is inclined to the belief, also in common with many other learned researchers, that in certain cases they are produced by the agency of

^{*.} The Problems of Psychical Research, Experiments and Theories in the Realm of the Supernormal. By Hereward Carrington. 8½ in. by 5½ in., pp. xi+412+1 plate. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, 'Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 75. 6d. net.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

discarnate personalities. He considers that the time has now come when something may be done beyond the "preliminary work" referred to, and some hypotheses attempted in reply to the many questions arising therefrom. In his book, already referred to, therefore, he does not content himself with accounts of psychic phenomena, observed both by himself and by others, but devotes himself largely to discussing various explanations that have been put forward, adding his own quota thereto. The result is a very interesting and suggestive volume.

Mr. Carrington is most at home in the domain of the physical phenomena of "spiritualism." Certainly these phenomena are, in a sense, more definite than those of automatic writing or speaking. There are so many subtle factors to be taken into account when dealing with the latter class of phenomena—questions of subconscious knowledge, telepathy, etc.—which do not affect the former. Moreover, in dealing with physical manifestations, we have phenomena which can be recorded and measured by means of instruments, so that the human factor—which is always the difficult one to allow for—may be to this extent eliminated.

The discussion of the physical phenomena of "spiritualism" raises the world-old question of the relation between soul and body. The theory, due independently, I think, to Hibbert and Lodge,* that the soul exercises directive control over the body, utilizing, but not adding to, its energy, is a very attractive one. But how is this directive control exercised? Even if it be explained with Bergson on the analogy of the hair-trigger action of a rifle, still the fact remains that a certain quantity of energy (though small indeed) is needed to release even a hair-trigger, so that the suggested explanation brings us face to face with a contradiction to the law of the conservation of energy—one of the best established laws of physical science.

Mr. Carrington inclines to the theory of inter-actionism. Arguing from the physical phenomena of "spiritualism," he maintains that the will is itself a definite energy, physical in a sense, but endowed with intelligence and transcending the law of conservation. Personally I am doubtful if these facts are sufficient to necessitate the hypothesis. Let us suppose that the will, as does indeed appear to be the case, is capable of moving objects quite apart from the body, does that prove anything more concerning the will than is evident from the movements of the body itself? In each case we observe a physical movement occasioned by physical force flowing from a psychic source. All that the former class of phenomena indicate is the existence of some new force—akin perhaps to that of electric or magnetic attraction,—but there is no evidence that it is any more psychic than the force which moves the pen with which I am writing these words.

^{*} Walter Hibbert, F.I.C.: Life and Energy (1904). Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., etc.: Life and Matter (1907), especially chap. ix.

In the last analysis, however, is not all force psychic, is not will the only force we know? I believe that finally the mind is forced to accept what Mr. Carrington calls "psychical monism," and rejects in his book, or what I should call "epistemological idealism." It is the world of ideas which is the real world, and it is there that causality exists. The atoms, forces, energies, etc., of science are only conceptual tools, created by the imagination to enable us to deal the more easily with our sensations.

But I would say nothing against the use of such tools, without which thinking would be well-nigh impossible; and it is from this standpoint that Mr. Carrington's hypothesis concerning the will is rightly to be valued. I suggest that it might be possible to approach the question from the mathematical point of view, making use of the mental tool whose nature I have attempted to explain in A Mathematical Theory of Spirit.* I do not intend, however, to follow out further this line of thought on the present occasion, beyond making the suggestion that there may exist a psychical correlate to physical energy, capable of giving rise to forces operative in the physical realm.

Mr. Carrington has a valuable chapter on the analysis of mind, in which he well indicates the value of "confession." Hysteria, with all its distressing symptoms, is frequently the result of the suppression of a feared idea: once the idea has been discovered by psychoanalysis or otherwise and boldly faced by the patients, health is regained. Mr. Carrington's book also contains very many other matters of interest: there is a discussion of the value as well as the danger of hypnotism, there are suggestive studies of the facts underlying witch-craft and fairy stories (though I think the latter are myths embodying mystical truths, rather than exaggerated accounts of psychical phenomena), as well as a word of warning to unqualified dabblers in psychical research.

^{*} A Mathematical Theory of Spirit. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd.

VAMPIRES

By REGINALD HODDER

IN all parts of the world there has existed from time immemorial a terrible belief to the effect that the dead can prey upon the living. Among the Chaldeans of old, the savage hordes of Africa, the Red Indians, and even in the widely-scattered islands of Polynesia this belief has been firmly adhered to. But, although incubus and succubus have held their places in the world of spirits since the very cradle of the human race, it was not until the eighteenth century that the hideous thing of blood elaborated itself and became a problem difficult to pooh-pooh and still more difficult to explain—the problem of the vampire.

A vampire is the result of a compact voluntary or involuntary between a human being and a preying entity of the darker side of Nature, by the terms of which the latter uses the former as a medium for the provision of the fumes of fresh human blood. A good definition is given by Horst. "A vampyr," he says, "is a dead body which continues to live in the grave, which it leaves, however, by night, for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished and preserved in good condition, instead of becoming decomposed like other dead bodies." But I will leave all discussion as to the precise nature of the vampire and whether its body comes forth from the tomb or only its double, or neither, to the conclusion of this article, and will set forward here a brief history of the vampire, with official medical evidence for or against its existence.

In the spring of 1727 Arnod Paole returned from the Levant to his native village near Belgrade, a prosperous, honest and clean-living man. But there was a shadow brooding on him. He confided to one or two a strange tale of how in the East he had been bitten by a phantom, and it seemed to have affected his mind. One day he fell off his hay-cart and was picked up insensible. He never regained consciousness but died, or seemed to die, some few hours afterwards. He was buried. Three or four weeks later several people in the neighbourhood made complaints to the authorities that they had been haunted by Arnod, and very soon four of them died. Then, says the official report, the body of Arnod Paole was disinterred forty days after

his burial, and it was discovered that the body was in a perfectly fresh state, with no sign of decomposition. The eyes were wide open and the shroud was stained with fresh blood. His nails had come off, and new nails, talon-shaped, were growing. The wisest men of the place pronounced him to be "in the vampyr state"; accordingly a stake was driven through his heart, "whereupon he gave an audible groan and a quantity of blood flowed from him." The four who had died and were supposed to have been infected by Arnod were treated in the same way, lest they in turn should infect others.

It was not until five years later that the neighbourhood again began to show signs of the evil. Gruesome tales of mysterious midnight visitants began to get about and people began to sicken quickly and die. Again the churchyard was resorted to, and this time a great number of graves were opened. The medical report on the subject, signed by three regimental surgeons, and countersigned by the lieutenant-colonel and a sub-lieutenant, gives a full account of the disinterment of thirteen people, after periods of from eighteen days to ninety days in the grave, most of them being in the "vampyr condition." This document seems to establish the fact that human bodies have been buried in a state of death-like trance and so remained for months. It also proves that, if these entranced subjects were not vampires, then the medical men who drove stakes into their hearts were butchers and murderers.

In addition to this serious epidemic near Belgrade, there have been other instances innumerable in Eastern Europe, both of a collective and an isolated character. Many of these are very weird and thrilling, and no doubt had been added to by the imagination of one narrator after another. But a short article is scarcely the medium for vampire anecdotes, however weird. Having seen that the existence of long-buried cataleptics in the "vampyr state" is too well attested to deny, and also that the theory that the disembodied soul-or at least the earth aspect of it -can prey upon the living finds wide credence, we must attempt to get a solution of the vampire theory from these two premises. Dr. Pierart, the famous Frenchman of fairly recent years, made an exhaustive study of vampires. "The fact of a spectre returning to suck human blood," he says, " is not so inexplicable as it seems, and here we appeal to the spiritualists who admit the phenomenon of bicorporeity or soul-duplication . . . these prove clearly how much is possible for astral spectres under favourable conditions." Pierart's explanation of how a buried cataleptic becomes

a vampire is interesting. He maintains that the more earthbound part of the human soul which forsakes the body at death may be only half-way out at the moment of burial, in which case it becomes terrified and violently re-enters its casket. Then one of two things happens—either the cataleptic will die of suffocation or, if very strong in its lower appetites, will become a vampire. Then the bicorporcal life begins: the more corporeal part. remains underground, neither dead nor living; but still, while not dead, a permanent house for the less corporeal part, which is able to keep body and soul together by deriving sustenance from the living and transferring it to the corpse, without the medium of which it would lose its nocturnal freedom and go to its own place. "If," says Pierart," one had never seen appear in the bosom of families of certain countries, beings clothing themselves in the shape of the familiar dead, coming thus to suck the blood of one or of several persons, and if the death of the victims by emaciation had not followed, they would never have gone to disinter the corpses in cemeteries; we should then never have had attested the terrible fact of persons buried for several years being found with the corpse soft, flexible, the eyes open, with rosy complexions, the mouth and nose full of blood. and of the blood running in torrents under blows, from wounds. and when decapitated."

There are up-to-date medical explanations of vampirism, but these to my mind do not seem to cover all the facts. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine says: "Supposing that at any time chance had brought to light a body interred alive and lying still in this (cataleptic) fit, the whole yarn of superstition might again have been spun from that clue. . . . The violence used would have forced blood from the corpse and that would be construed into the blood of a victim." Yes, but a constant point in all the evidence is the fact that the opening of any particular grave was brought about by the appearance of that particular dead among the living. In short, the authorities have not opened graves for pastime, but because the counterpart of the un-dead had been terrifying the neighbourhood. Again, sceptics will contend that it is quite natural for a living thing in a deep trance to remain in that state indefinitely, and in support of this, they adduce the instances of toads and frogs which have been discovered in rocks where they must have been encased for centuries. This state, they say, is one in which the vitality is simply dormant. and need not diminish—hence the freshness of the bodies after a long period of interment. Yes; but here again the explanation

does not cover all the facts. In many well-authenticated cases the body has been found to be full of fresh blood, and better nourished than at the time of burial. Where does this increase come from? Not from the air, for the body does not breathe. Perhaps from an absorption of its own nervous atmosphere or aura and equally, perhaps, by magnetic attraction, from the auras of living people.

In any case whatever the method of the increase it involves the principle of vampirism which is the absorption of the vitality of living beings. Still further, those who try to explain away vampirism, elect to ignore the well-attested fact that in many cases the un-dead body sheds its nails and grows fresh ones, curved and pointed like talons. The post-mortem growth of both hair and nails is well known, but that an entranced subject should shed its nails and grow fresh ones of a different shape is too

strange to overlook.

In these days when scientists are, with good reason, growing more and more tentative in their disbelief in the possibilities that lie beyond the veil which as yet they have penetrated only in places; when it is beginning to be realized that what once were termed old wives' fables are now frequently styled scientific facts; when the mysteries of the invisible worlds are gradually unfolding to the vision of a few whose opinion and word cannot be readily doubted; then, I say, we are entitled to take into account, in regard to the vampire, the consideration of unlikely possibilities. The majority of mankind will admit that there is something in one person which can influence another at a distance. Suppose now that this something becomes enormously enhanced during the "vampyr state"; in that case it could influence others at a distance more strongly—even to the extent of creating an apparition capable of inducing the same abnormal condition in the victim, a condition accompanied by strange manifestations, chief of which might be the setting up of a mysterious and invisible channel of connection between vampire and vampirized, so that what the former's thirst demanded the latter's submissive acquiescence would supply.

The sceptic will say: "Why, then, are vampires not found to-day?" I reply: "They are found to-day!" Lacking the necessary soil of ignorance and superstition, weakness and fear in which to take easy root and flourish on the physical plane, the vampire of to-day finds it convenient to shift its plane in order to find a crevice through which to manifest. The elusive, crafty, protean thing hides its true nature behind a

show of natural causes—I mean such simple causes as any doctor will readily give you. For instance, they will say it is bad for a young and healthy person to sleep in the same bed with an aged, decrepit one. Why? Oh! the old one vampirizes the young one. Well, what is the process? They cannot tell you that: they can only point to results. But what else can the process be than a drinking in by the decrepit one of something emanating from the young one? It is the same principle as that under which the mysterious midnight visitant in the form of a long, lithe, black animal with eyes of fire, that glides round the foot of your bed, lulls you into deep slumber and then pierces your jugular with its sharp incisors and drains your life blood. The two things are the same, the only difference being that the latter is a striking and vivid piece of stagecraft on the part of the vampire requiring ignorance, superstition and fear for its audience. The thing is there and can act in a thousand different ways. Among those to whom knowledge is power it may act entirely through the intellect; with others whose weak moral constitution lays them open to attack it may act through the emotions; while there are still others who seem to have brought into this world with them a peculiar psychic gift-or, more properly, curse—of vampirism, which they exercise unconsciously, and sometimes consciously, upon those around them. Of this last kind examples may frequently be found in savage races. Instances have come to my notice in Polynesia. Well do I remember visiting an old man by the Lake of Fire in Hawaiian old savage with a coal black eye, a sinister expression and a very uncanny reputation. It was said of him that he had the power to visit his victims in the form of a devil-fish and so suck their blood; and there was certainly at times a strange epidemic in the vicinity of Kilauea which left its victims covered with round red marks on the skin which had the appearance of having been made by suckers. This old man is now dead, and perhaps the fact that his body was thrown into Hale Mau Mau as a sacrifice to Pele, the fire goddess, may account for the cessation of these grim epidemics among the natives. In Fiji, Samoa, New Zealand and various other parts of Polynesia there are numerous signs of this kind of black magic, but they seem to be mostly confined to the action of the living upon the living.

A SILVER BIRCH

TO ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

SHE listens and droops and murmurs,
And the fancy comes to me:
Could the wistful soul of a woman
Be hid in a white, white tree?

A woman of waving tresses, And supple and sun-kissed limbs, Of smilings and dewy dreamings, Of sorrows and wind-stirred whims?

To the holy heart of the forest
I fled on a prayerless night:
God in the heights had forgotten,
And the stars were out of sight.

I wept in the lonely forest;
Through a dream I heard her sigh,
Shiver and sigh in the darkness
As time and my life went by.

The veil of her leaves drooped o'er me
As loosened hair from its bands,
And her branches swayed and shuddered
Like the wringing of woman's hands;

Her arms were as curves of pity,
Held out—as a woman would;
The dew shone like tears upon her
I know that she understood,

She wonders and dreams and whispers,
And the fancy clings to me
That the soul of a tender woman
Possesses my white, white tree.

TERESA HOOLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the Occult Review.—Ed.]

HOW TO CRYSTAL-GAZE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,-Your interesting remarks in last month's Occult REVIEW on the use of the crystal, and the fact that you ask for practical experiences, is my excuse for this letter. I use a crystal sphere about 10 inches in diameter, which was given to me some years ago, and which was supposed to have been found in Cashmere. surprising how very sensitive crystals are to atmospheric changes. I always keep mine wrapped up in black velvet in a box, and away from light. A few weeks ago I was polishing the cloudy effect away from the exterior when it almost jumped out of my hands, and on giving it to my client to hold she remarked that it felt like a magnetic battery. Shortly after we had a heavy storm of thunder and lightning, so that proved how the crystal was affected by the elements. Many people possess the gift of clairvoyance, but are quite unaware of the fact until they try to see in a crystal. There is no doubt that the latter is a great help in developing the faculty of second-sight, and perhaps my method in giving a lesson may be of use to some of your readers.

I place my pupil on a chair with her back to a north light window; behind her, at about an equal distance from herself and the window, I put a mirror. I then sit facing her, and begin to mentally suggest a scene, or house, or person, while she looks intently into the crystal. At the first lesson reflections of surrounding objects are rather worrying to a beginner, but as a rule "sight" commences by a small cloud which forms in the centre of the sphere, and, after that fades, people and pictures begin to appear.

One of my own personal experiences was the sight of the *Titanic* (then unknown to me by name) plunging downwards, and I warned my client not to allow her son to sail in such a huge ship. She came up after the disaster to thank me.

I have a client, a solicitor, who told me frankly at his first interview that he did not believe in the crystal, but was open to conviction. Later he wrote to say what a great help it had been with a very difficult case, as I was able to give him an important date, and one which prevented a tragedy. It was quite impossible for either of us to have that particular date in our sub-conscious minds; and he laughed at the idea when I asked him to put it on paper.

One of my most interesting scenes was this: -An unknown lady from the Midlands called one day, and on taking the crystal from her hands I began to describe the interior of a large hall, panelled in dark oak. I told her the exact position of the stairs, doors, table, window, She became very excited and said, "That is B---; my husband was brought up as heir to that estate, but there is a will missing, and he is cut out.". I told her she would be inside that house within six months, but only in a casual way (this was February). She declared it was quite impossible, as the house was let to strangers. On her return home she told her husband about my description, and he was so struck that they sent for me, and by a curious combination of circumstances (too long to relate here) we were all three inside that hall in the May of the same year! My clients will at any time verify this if necessary. My description was perfectly accurate in every detail of the interior of the hall.

I hope this letter is not too long; if so, you probably possess a blue pencil, although you appear to be patience personified to your correspondents.

PLYMOUTH.

Sincerely yours, ZOA.

THE NATIVITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the course of your analytical commentary on the evidence available for the determination of the actual date of the Nativity, there occur several passages on which, if you will permit me, I wish to make observations. I have read your Notes to a particularly broad-minded clerical friend of the "Modernist" school, and

the following conclusions are a result of our discussion.

In a footnote, with reference to the statement in St. Matthew that Jesus was born in the reign of Herod the Great, you say: "There was another and later Herod, Herod Antipas, who was Tetrarch of Galilee, but who of course had no jurisdiction in Southern Palestine, and could not possibly be the person referred to." But is it definitely and incontrovertibly established that the Herod mentioned in this connection is identical with Herod the Great? The words of the first Gospel are as follows: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King." Taken in conjunction with 'Bethlehem of Judea" the phrase "Herod the King" would certainly seem to indicate the ruler of Judea. It is, however, by no means certain that this Bethlehem is the birthplace of Jesus. This you have pointed out elsewhere. Renan and many others have held the view that Jesus was born at Nazareth, the former town being substituted as the place of His birth in order to satisfy the universal belief that the Messiah would be the "Son of David," and, like him, first see the light of day at Bethlehem in Judea. But apart from this it must be remembered that there was another Bethlehem in the province of Zebulun, and situated about seven miles north-west of Nazareth; this

town is mentioned in Joshua xix. 15. It is far more probable that if Joseph and his family had to go anywhere other than their residential district to be enrolled, it would be somewhere rather nearer their dwelling place than Bethlehem in Judea. If everybody in Palestine had had to return to the city of his ancestors in order to satisfy this census, one can imagine the chaos that would prevail, and such a proceeding would be entirely contrary to Roman method. If, then, Bethlehem in Zebulun were the real birthplace of Jesus, the Herod mentioned in St. Matthew might well be Antipas, the ruler of this district at a later date than 4 B.C.

The unknown writer of the "prologue" to the first Gospel would have relied chiefly on tradition. He would know that Christ had been said to have been born at a Bethlehem, and in the reign of the Herod who was responsible for the Massacre of the Innocents. To his mind, fettered with the conviction that Jesus was the "Son of David," Bethlehem could be no other than the town of Judea; the Herod

therefore must be the king of this province.

Even if Bethlehem in Zebulun be rejected as the town of the Nativity in favour of Nazareth, the latter would also be within the

jurisdiction of Herod Antipas.

If, therefore, we recognize that the biblical events contemporary with the birth of Jesus may have occurred in the reign of Antipas, we must place the date of the Nativity after 4 B.C., and thus abolish the necessity of abandoning the Massacre of the Innocents and the visit of the Magi as fictitious. This view also agrees with the statement as to the date of the birth in St. Luke's Gospel, that is at the time of the census of Quirinius, or, as you state, A.D. 6-7. As regards the passage in the third Gospel (ii. 4), which informs us that "Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem . . .," the same criticism may be applied as in the case of the similar sentences in St. Matthew. I agree with you that the early chapters in this latter Gospel have been added later, but do not consider that there is sufficient justification for assuming that St. Luke did not write the first part of his Gospel.

The above conclusions may be summarized as follows: Jesus was born at Bethlehem in Zebulun, if not at Nazareth, in the reign of Herod Antipas, and approximately in A.D. 6. Dealing with the third apparent indication of the date of the Nativity, you say: "He (St. Lüke) blandly informs us in a later chapter that Jesus was thirty years old in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, i.e., in A.D. 29, or, in other words, that he was born in I B.C. . . ." But the actual words you refer to are these: "And Jesus Himself began to be about thirty years of age . . ." (St. Luke iii. 23), which you will admit is rather different from saying that He was thirty years of age. The words "began to be about" seem rather to suggest that at this time Jesus was approaching His thirtieth year, which construction allows one slightly more latitude for determining His correct age.

The preceding interpretation has indicated that Jesus was born in A.D. 6, if so, He would now be in his twenty-fourth year, which I frankly admit is some distance on the lesser side of thirty, and apparently irreconciliable with even such a loose statement as "he began to be about."

It is only fair to mention, however, that A.D. 6, the given date of the census of Quirinius, may possibly inform us of the time of its completion and publication; the material of such a census would naturally take a considerable time to collect. The writer of the Gospel distinctly states: "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." This shows us clearly that according to the author's view, Christ was born within a short time of Quirinius beginning the census. Assuming the enrolment of the people to have occupied two years in its completion—a none too generous estimate considering the period and its consequent tardiness of locomotion, etc.—we have A.D. 4 as the date of Christ's birth; in other words, he was nearly twenty-six in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius. This age, after all, is not so far off thirty, and if it can be reconciled with "began to be about thirty," removes any difficulty in accepting the view that St. Luke wrote the whole of the Gospel ascribed to him.

On the other hand, attention must be drawn to the fact that some consider Quirinius to have taken an earlier census, about 4 B.C., as he was known to be in the district conducting military operations. The statements of the unknown author of the "prologue" to St. Matthew, which, if "Herod the King" is to be interpreted as Herod the Great, suggest that the Nativity took place early in 4 B.C., agree with this belief in a previous census. St. Luke's "began to be about thirty" would, under these circumstances, mean over thirty-four years of age. This reasoning, it must be admitted, might be more convincing if the evidence in favour of the existence of this earlier Quirinian census were stronger.

As to the question of the exact place of the birth, you mention Eusebius, Tertullian, Jerome, and the Protevangelion, as stating that Jesus was born, not in a stable but in a cave. Far more often than not, however, caves were and are used as stables throughout Syria, which at once explains the use of the word "cave" instead of stable; also it accounts for the term remaining uncontradicted in the old patristic writings.

I must, however, curtail my observations lest they run, from already too lengthy a letter, to pages so numerous that even an editor would contemplate their perusal with dismay.

Yours, etc.,

CECIL WORSTER-DROUGHT.

P.S.—By the foregoing communication I do not wish to give the impression that I am a supporter of any particular view concerning a matter on which, to my mind, it is almost impossible to be certain.

One must decide such a question only after examining all the different expositions, and the above observations are merely points worthy of consideration.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With regard to Luke's alleged inconsistency in chronology with respect to the birth of Jesus, may I be allowed to point that Cyrenius or Quirinus is supposed to have been "governor of Syria" twice, in 4 B.C. and in A.D. 6, to have begun the census during his first term of office, and completed it during his second.

In Farrar's Life of Christ the case is stated thus :-

The argument mainly turns on the fact that in A.U.C. 742, Quirinus was consul and afterwards (not before A.U.C. 747) proconsul of Africa: yet some time between this year and A.U.C. 753 (in which year he was appointed rector to C. Cæsar, the grandson of Augustus) he conquered the Homonadenses in Cilicia (Jac. Ann. iii. 48). He must therefore have been at this time proprætor of the imperial province of Syria, to which Cilicia belonged. The other provinces near Cilicia (Asia, Bithynia, Pontus, Galatia) were senatorial, i.e. proconsular, and as a man could not be proconsul, twice, Quirinus could not have been governor in any of these. It is not possible here to give the ingenious and elaborate arguments by which Zumpt * shows that the Homonadenses must at this time have been under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Syria. Further than this, we know that P. Q. Varus was proprætor of Syria between 6 B.C. and 4 B.C. (A.U.C. 748 to 750), and it is extremely likely that Varus may have been displaced in favour of Quirinus in the latter year, because the close friendship of the former with Archelaus, who resembled him in character, might have done mischief. It may therefore be regarded as all but certain, on independent grounds, that Quirinus was proprætor of Syria between 4 B.C. and 1 B.C. And if such was the case, instead of having been guilty of a flagrant historical error by antedating, by ten years, the proprætorship of Quirinus in Syria, St. Luke has preserved for us the historical fact of his having been twice proprætor. Yours faithfully.

* It is Zumpt who, by his industry and research, has established the extreme probability of Quirinus having held the same office twice.

[The individual referred to was Quirinius, not Quirinus. Dean Farrar was a writer of romances, foremost among which was his Life of Christ.—ED.]

WHAT THEOSOPHISTS KNOW.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—If you will permit me the space, I would like to reply to the letter signed "Theosophist" in your last issue as follows:—

In respect to "his" protests:-

1. All Theosophists, and at least 85 per cent. of Theosophical students, either know, believe or expect the early return or reincarnation of the Christ or Boddhasatva.

- 2. The same in respect to Theosophists and students differentiating between Jesus and the Christ.
 - 3. Any Theosophist knows this. Students may not. "His" inquiries:—

I and 2. I do not know. I should require to know what Drs. Anna Kingsford and Franz Hartmann KNEW—not what they thought and wrote-before I could say whether they were Theosophists or Theosophical students. Belief or thought does not entitle one to be called a Theosophist, in my estimation. By this I do not of course mean any disrespect to the memories of our learned fraternal comrades above mentioned.

3. Certainly not.

Yours faithfully. A. E. A. M. TURNER.

SEPHARIAL.

DUPLEX HUMANITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It would greatly interest me to learn what that " better cause" may be to which you suggest I should devote my tenacity of argument. I confess that I know of no better cause than that which I believe to be the truth. And as regards the complex of human existence I hold it to be perfectly consistent with Mme Blavatsky's teaching from first to last, that we should regard it as essentially duplex, consisting of an astral monad informed by the lower aspect of Mind, and a spiritual monad which, while itself informed from a superior source, expresses itself as Will through the same channel. This complex of human nature has led to the belief in a third or middle principle (Mind) as a permanent factor in human evolution. The astral monad has a post-mortem existence, but is not immortal. It is subject to the second death. The spiritual monad is the only permanent and immortal part of us. It is the Fixed Star in the series of planetary manifestations through which evolution is expressed. The fusion of the astral with the physical monad during incarnation gives rise to a by-product which we call Mind-that which reasons and doubts but never knows. This much extolled factor is the New God of the Rationalists, and it was never more worshipped than now. As to Mme Blavatsky being "an open door," I am convinced from experience that the man who had the temerity to make that suggestion to her face would have wished not only that all the doors were open, but also the floor on which he stood. During all the time I knew her she scouted the least insinuation that she was subject to any source of inspiration save one, and in that respect her only regret was that she was such an imperfect instrument. Yours, etc.,

[Suppose we agree to differ.—ED.]

[Further correspondence is unavoidably held over. - ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A NEWLY established French periodical which appears, curiously and rather unaccountably, under the English title of Psychic Magazine, seems more especially devoted to Spiritism and Animal Magnetism, but includes in its synopsis of subjects the whole circle of occult sciences. In particular, M. Jollivet Castelot, who is president of the Société Alchimique de France, is explaining from number to number the mysteries of an alchemical Tarot. Presumably it is an invention of the moment, and we see no reason to object, failing a canon of orthodoxy limiting the designs and intentions of the cards. Those under notice are referred to a certain Kerdanec de Pornic, described as a loyal Breton and adeptus emeritus. We remember that some years ago M. Castelot laid it down as desirable, if not necessary, that a practical alchemist should be royalist in political persuasion—thus presumably putting himself on God's side in the kingdom of this world. It is not an impossible condition, even in republican France, but so far neither the Legitimists nor the Société Alchimique have done anything to disturb the currency. M. Castelot has a word of wisdom on that alchemical triumph which is called projection and is said to be symbolized by Trump Major No. 22 of the Tarot cards. Speaking as if it were done daily in the highways and byways, he explains that one has only to envelop a fragment of the mystic Red Powder with wax, place it in a crucible containing molten lead, and then the base metal will be changed forthwith into very fine gold. We have the writer's assurance that this offers nothing which is impossible. most curious thing is that people of this kind take themselves and their cryptograms of distracted science with highest seriousness.

It is refreshing to turn from the Société Alchimique de France to the Alchemical Society of England, which has set itself on the side of reason and unpretentious literary research. It has published two further numbers of the Journal, one dealing with Kabalistic Alchemy, being a monograph on the much-prized "Book of Purifying Fire," accompanied by Sephirotic diagrams, and the other some remarks on the alchemical "first matter," with special reference to the writings of Thomas Vaughan. This is the work of Mr. S. Abdul-Ali and has several suggestive points, well and clearly expressed. The works of Vaughan, who wrote as

Engenius Philalethes, are described as disesteemed in one of the English Hermetic bibliographies, but he is now regarded in a very different light by informed students and critics. Mr. Abdul-Ali recognizes the two departments of alchemical experiment and research, the one a physical art which sought to transcend Nature and the other "a doctrine of salvation" which he understands most probably in the way that we ourselves understand it—namely, as a doctrine married to a practice. Either this side of the mystery was a vain pretence, speaking in cryptic terms of spiritual attainments, experiences and states which are common to all annals of sanctity, or its memorials are the witnesses of a deeper inquest, a journey of the soul beyond the known landmarks, and then the greatest adventure in mystical criticism would be that which succeeded in decoding it.

L'Alliance Spiritualiste is one of the recent comers into the interesting arena of French periodical literature within the subjects of our concern. It is a monthly review representing the universal federation of autonomous spiritualistic schools, or working in that direction. Though it is quite possible that we have insufficient materials for judgment in the issue before us, we are led to infer that these schools are distinct from the associations belonging to the Kardec or reincarnationist aspect of French spiritism, so long and ably represented by La Revue Spirite. It is a remarkable fact that there is not only room in France for every phase of psychic and occult dedication, but for journals in the interest of each. L'Alliance Spiritualiste has an excellent programme, working as it does for an amicable understanding between a great number of groups, for the elucidation of their leading principles, the propaganda of spiritualism in the face of materialism, the study of the Laws of Nature and of the spiritual and psychical powers of man.

Among the significant facts of the time a place almost by itself must be assigned to the growing sense of concern in the mystery behind the Eucharist which is to be found in several occult schools, not excepting that of theosophy, so far as it is entitled to inclusion in this category. It is met with in French periodicals, some of which represent the comparatively simple dedications of modern spiritism; it is met with in the school of Martinism, though Saint-Martin had no consciousness whatever of the catholic mysterium fidei. In England certain books of the present period may help to account for it—those, among others, which are devoted to the legend and symbolism of the Holy Grail. Recent activities at Glastonbury, with which the name of Miss Buckton, authoress

of "Eager Heart," is connected as one of a group, have arisen therefrom. These represent, however, what we believe to be a purely Christian interest, and theosophy is not as yet Christian in the manner to which we allude. Eucharistic wonders and that which they perchance intimate are the subject of simultaneous remark in The Vahan and Theosophy in Scotland, arising out of the same experiences—as recorded in The Scottish Chronicle. One is that of a modern seer, who beheld the Sacred Host glowing with dazzling brightness at the moment of consecration and again in the Rite of Benediction. Another is recorded in the life of Father Ignatius, who saw "a sudden transfiguration of the Sacramental Element," the wafer becoming a ball of fire. We may compare these visions with the five changes of the Grail beheld by King Arthur in the Sacrament at a certain Mass of the Grail. as recounted in "The High History." The writer in the Scottish newspaper regards his two instances as things which have passed into expression out of a cloud of similar experiences, and he suggests that they offer a field for higher psychical research, looking forward to that day when the question of "reservation," with other debated customs and ceremonies thereto belonging, will be judged on such testimony and on that of the catholic mysticism of various ages.

Le Voile d'Isis has entered on its twenty-fourth year of publication, and those who are so fortunate as to possess the complete collection have assuredly a treasury of curious and often memorable lore, dealing with the worlds within and without—above all, with the border-line between them and with the intimations from that further side of the portal which reach us ever and continually who are still on the hither side. We are not among those fortunate bibliophiles and can say nothing of the earlier volumes; but during recent years we have had occasion, and frequently, to signalize its progress and development as the chief representative in periodical literature of the French occult schools. It has now adopted a new form and is an excellent specimen of typography and general production. There are papers on Jacob Böhme, while the "Quadripartite" of Claudius Ptolemæus is being translated into French. There is also a study of the Rosicrucian Pentagram-so called-of Khunrath, to which we have alluded ourselves; but it is more properly a key to the Christian Kabalah. Finally, "The Book of Lambspring," with its curious copper-plate engravings, is being given from month to month; and it may be remembered that this important text of spiritual alchemy was the subject of a special monograph in

the OCCULT REVIEW. There is nothing better of its kind than Le Voile d'Isis, and in several respects it may be said to stand alone.

For a considerable number of years The New Age has occupied a place of interest among monthly illustrated magazines appearing at New York, and it has been noticed frequently in these pages. So far it has been partly general in its character, but there has been always a substantial section devoted to the Masonic Order, especially that part of it which is known as the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. It has been and remains the official organ of the Supreme Council in that quarter. After the issue of the May number it will lose its general character in the sense to which we have alluded, but will be of wider scope, as embracing the Masonic news of the world, while continuing to "express and breathe the spirit of Scottish Rite Masonry." In the present issue there are articles on the poetry of Masonry, of which Rudyard Kipling affords several contemporary examples. Thereis also a suggestive account of the Apron or Badge of a Mason. Lastly, Mr. R. F. Gould, the well-known English historian of Freemasonry, continues his biographical and other recollections.

We have received The Aletheian, which is the organ of an Aletheian Society, and this has its centre at Boston. It teaches that all truth finds expression through the science of the soul and lays down the momentous maxim that "where truth is fear is not." Therefore he or she who is or would become an Aletheian must be "immune to error," besides being "deaf to criticism" and "unmoved by praise." These things notwithstanding, the little highly-priced quarterly is sentimental rather than stoical, as many other inanities show. It is right, however, to add that the Society is " part of the Great Brotherhood, visible and invisible. existent from all time "-what part those who read must be left to judge as they can. This kind of thing and the little pretences at the back of it are too weak for serious criticism; but one is inclined to wonder how they are born into being and much more how they are maintained therein.

Professor Hyslop has a characteristically clear and forcible article on the mechanistic conception of life in the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research. It arises out of a recent work on the subject by Professor Loeb, who believes that he has demonstrated or at least advanced the mechanical theory. His critic of course takes a counter-view, and looks to the survival of personality after death as the best basis for the argument of design in Nature.

REVIEWS

Haunted Highways and Byways. By Elliott O'Donnell. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1914. 3s. 6d. net.

In our youth we are very reckless with the sensation of excitement, but we find it more and more difficult to capture as we grow older. There are many ways in which a state of excitement may be induced. In general, mysteries suggested are more thrilling than horrors described. The suggestions lurk at the back of our minds and cannot be shaken off, and eventually we get worked up into a state of nervous tension. This, however, is not Mr. O'Donnell's way of thrilling us. He rather adds horror to horror, and seeks by combining disgust with inevitability to reduce us to impotent terror. Thus all the stories deal with violence and attack, with murder, assault and despair, and somehow, though doubtless a violent ghost would be far the most alarming to encounter, it is also less' convincing, and so less paralysing to read of.

We all feel, though not all of us care to confess to, the sense of eeriness of the doof that opens by itself, or the bell that rings without a hand on the rope, or the mists of evening that take upon themselves the likeness of wraiths.

Mr. O'Donnell writes for readers of sterner stuff. He visualizes with a skilful pen the corpse of the drowned woman, and the features of the pigfaced haunter of the St. John's Wood garden. We do not doubt that many readers will be found on whom Mr. O'Donnell's machinations will prove successful, and we recommend this book to all who wish to escape the daily round for a short time.

On the whole "The Swing" struck us as the best of these stories, but where all are good it were invidious to choose.

CLARE ELIOT.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES, OR COSMIC HARMONY. By L. A. Bosman. London: The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, Clapton, N.E. Price 1s. net.

Good as the first two volumes of this series were, the third is even better. To those who are in touch with Mr. Elias Gewurz upon the inner planes, it is plain that his soul-wisdom shines through every page of The Music of the Spheres, as no doubt Mr. Bosman will be the first to admit. Following the introduction, there is a short chapter on the occult significance of names; the rest of the volume contains a further elucidation of the first ten letters of the Hebrew alphabet, commencing with Aleph and concluding with Yod. This interpretation, which is intended to amplify the short account of the Hebrew alphabet in Cosmic Wisdom, contains a mine of information of an occult nature, and provides openings for individual research in meditation which should be taken advantage of by students of the Holy Qabalah. The manner in which the letters are related to one another, their mantric and numerical significance, and the powers they represent in nature and incidentally in man, are explained in a masterly fashion. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Elias Gewurz (to whom Mr. Bosman is indebted for his knowledge of the Qabalah) is one of the greatest living exponents of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine of the Jews—the Qabalah. This high Initiate, whose friendship I regard as one of the greatest privileges that could possibly be bestowed upon me, is one of the true *Illuminati*; one of those whose lives and attainments are signal-fires to the perplexed pilgrims that are seeking an oasis in the desert of material life. May we profit by the presence of such a one in our midst!

MEREDITH STARR.

THE SECRET OF A STAR. By Eva M. Martin. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This is the rarely beautiful book of a true mystic, and one who has learnt from the study of theosophy and comparative religion that God is, as W. T. Stead once defined Him, "the same thing, only every one sees Him from a different angle."

And Miss Martin has written an occult little story of a boy named Lucien, who is a re-incarnated priest of Hermes. But not of the Pagan Mercury, but that Hermes who was Thoth in Egypt and Nebo in Assyria and who is now the Archangel Raphael in the angelical hierarchy of our

faith.

It is a lucid volume animated by pure thought, and the poetry which surrounds that ineffable mystery of the Lord who is, as the author has it, "a central Light shining within a Lamp with sevenfold windows."

And she makes of "volatile Hermes," as Milton sang him, of that laughing cattle-thief whom Homer hymned, a majestic powerful and immutable angel; one who dwelleth in the kingdom of the sun and was that Three-Fold Hermes, "Hermes the Thrice-Greatest," who opened the eyes of the Egyptian priesthood many thousand years ago "over against the mouths of Nile."

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

MATERIALISATIONS-PHÆNOMENE. Ein Beitrag zur Erforschung der Mediumistischen Teleplastie. By Dr. A. Freiherrn Von Schrenck-Notzing (Practising Physician at Munich). 1914. Munich: Ernest Reinhardt. Price marks 14.16.

DR. SCHRENCK-Notzing, who will be remembered for his original and exhaustive researches in the phantastic realms of abnormal psychology, has, in this monumental work, accumulated a mass of evidence which will go far to prove the claims of spiritualism. Throughout his investigations, not content with the evidences of his senses, he has had recourse to photography; over a hundred and fifty photographs are reproduced in Materialisations-Phanomene; from the point of view of practical evidence these photographs constitute the most important feature of the book, besides possessing an extraordinary fascination of their own. published in Materialisations-Phanomene are the fruit of investigations which were protracted for a period of four years. Every possible pre-caution was taken to avoid the possibility of fraud. The sittings and the phenomena that appeared are related in detail. Dr. Schrenck-Notzing has produced an epoch-making work in the history of spiritualistic literature. His evidence cannot be regarded as otherwise than reliable. He himself is at a loss to explain many of the phenomena the occurence of which he has indisputably established; he realizes, as Faraday said, that nothing is too wonderful to be true. He has earned the gratitude of spiritualists all over the world. MEREDITH STARR.

The World and Mr. Freyne. By Mrs. Alfred Wingate (Beryl Tucker). London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. Pp. 326. Price 6s. An attempt to depict a thoroughly loveless man of talent, a man without sexual feeling, without a sense of honour, who mocks at mundane morality, makes this book very suitable for anybody desirous of feeling conceited about his or her thrifty grain of altruism. Mrs. Wingate is a clever satirist: she well knows how to present comic aspects of art, suffragism and occult faith; yet her book is unsatisfactory because it is one of those things which require to be true in fact to appeal to the imagination, and it happens to be a novel!

The person in the title is the being who started life when the corpse of a former Mr. Freyne was once more made a human habitation by the skill of a scientist. The second Mr. Freyne, a man in physical appearance, exhibited the ignorance and passionate alimentiveness of a baby. He had to learn to walk and talk, but he succeeded in making himself intellectually conspicuous while still young; and, hungry for knowledge, he won the heart of a very fragile and gullible girl. She was, however, far more wonderful than ordinary girls, for she became an inmate of his brain: it was as if Narcissus and Echo became one; as if he kissed her in kissing himself. Unfortunately the intelligent materialism, which even an occultist possesses, prevents one from accepting the mystic idea of conjugal love presented on the last page of the book, despite the "prophecy" on page 271.

W. H. Chesson.

THE SCAPEGOAT. (The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion, 3rd Edition, Part VI.) By Prof. J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 8\frac{3}{4} in. \times 5\frac{3}{4} in., pp. xiv + 453. London: Macmillan & Co., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 10s. net.

The Golden Bough is a work of vast erudition, a veritable encyclopædia of anthropological data, and needs no introduction to students. But in respect of theory, I must confess that I do not find it satisfactory. It has, indeed, many suggestive hints and fascinating analogics to offer; but one cannot help feeling that the threads of hypothesis whereby Prof. Frazer connects together his facts are too many and too fine to bear the weight attached to them. Let me take one case in point: in the records of many nations we find accounts of annual periods of licence, such as the Roman Saturnalia. In Christendom, the Twelve Days (i.e., from Christmas to Epiphany) seem to have been kept as a period of this sort, and still are, in what may be called a diluted manner. Now, Prof. Frazer suggests that such periods of licence were originally intercalary periodsextra days introduced into lunar calendars to make them harmonize with a solar reckoning of years, and the addition of twelve days is necessary to equate the lunar year of 354 days (= $6 \times 29 + 6 \times 30$) to the solar year of 366 days. The objection to my mind, however, is that the solar year is not 366 days, but more nearly 365 days, as the earliest observers of astronomical phenomena were aware, so that on this theory we ought to find a tradition of eleven and not twelve days as forming a special period. So is it with the main elements of Prof. Frazer's theory. If one could modify one fact a little here, another a little there, and so on, then we might accept it without doubt. There is no space here to go over the main ground, but I would refer readers to the telling criticisms of the late Mr.

Andrew Lang, published in his Magic and Religion. Prof. Frazer now admits grave doubts as to the validity of his views concerning the crucifixion of Christ, and has removed his statement of them from the main body of The Scapegoat to a note at the end. This must be considered as a victory for those who do not believe that the verities of religion have evolved from the crudities of superstition. As Mr. Lang has proved, there is much evidence for the view that the reverse process is the true one, i.e., that magic and superstition are produced by the degeneration of religion.

H. S. Redgrove.

THE MAN OF TO-MORROW. By Floyd B. Wilson. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net. (New Volume of the New Thought Library.) THE well-known author of Paths to Power has in this new work made an appeal of an effective nature to the common body of humanity to throw off the yoke of years and assert its right to power and effectiveness in the world. Too long has the Race as a whole committed itself to a passive acceptance of the idea that only the truly great are by Nature designed and equipped for government and leadership, alone capable of that degree of specialization which makes for distinction in the world of affairs. To this the author throws out an unqualified and emphatic objection, affirming on the contrary that every individual is capable of a measure of power and influence which hitherto it has not been his to assert. In tracing the evolution of mankind from the primitive bushman and troglodyte up to the point where man may be said to have evolved individual consciousness of his spiritual origin and destiny, the author comes to the conclusionthat only the few have seized upon that central fact in such manner as to make it a working power for good in their own lives and of wide effect in the world about them. The majority have lived and died without ever having exercised their divine right, the will to be and the will to do, in any manner whatsoever. He deprecates in mankind the "habit of inferiority." And truly there is no reason whatsoever that should require this self-subjection. Every man can be master of himself, master of what he professes, master of the goodwill and recognition of his fellows in the measure that he is capable of defining his purpose and exercising his will. It is never too late to begin the task, never too late to free oneself from the trammels of mediocrity and incapacity. We are reminded that Cato learned his Greek at eighty years of age. The finest work of that great student of Nature, the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, was written when he was approaching his ninetieth year, and Queen Victoria began the study of Hindustani, in which she afterwards wrote fluently, at the age of seventy-five. There is no lack of encouragement and example; what was needed was an argument and illustration of man's individual power to raise himself immeasurably by the supreme faculty of direction of the will. The ancient maxim: Atmane átmanam upasya (Raise the self by the Self) is here insisted upon, and in this estimable work there will be found both the reason and the means for man's individual uplifting. It is a purposeful work and one that will be read with advantage by all who, either from doub' of ability, lack of objective, or want of means, have failed to reap the full advantage that this bodily life of ours alone affords; and indeed there are few who will not in some measure derive conscious benefit from its perusal. The book should prove a valuable addition to the New Thought Library.

SCRUTATOR.

DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER. NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

I AM giving in the current number two more prophecies of The Great War. One of these, the prophecy of Count Tolstoi, was briefly alluded to under Periodical Literature in my last issue. A correspondent wrote requesting that I should reproduce this in full, which I am doing accordingly. The other prediction is that of the Kaiser as Antichrist. We have to thank Monsieur Péladan for unearthing this curious document from some old papers of his father's. Apparently Monsieur Adrian Péladan, his father, who died in 1890, made a collection of curious predictions, visions, etc., and the present document is one which his son has found among this collection. He tells us that it was taken from an old Latin book of prophecies by a certain Brother Johannes, dating back approximately to A.D. 1600. The book THE KAISER Marie Division covers a period of some four centuries. Monsieur Péladan père, we are told, received the AS ANTIbook from a Canon of St. Michel de Frigolet, near CHRIST. Tarascon, who had been given it in turn by a certain Abbé Donat, a learned priest who died at Beaucaire at

an advanced age. The prophecy of Antichrist is one of the latest of a series of such predictions. Mr. Péladan does not make it clear that he is the possessor of the book, but rather I gather of his father's MS., and there might be a difficulty in tracing the original volume. The striking point about the prophecy is that it identifies the German Kaiser with Antichrist, and describes the Allies who are opposed to him as "the defenders of the Lamb." The prophet observes that "it has been foretold that, twenty centuries after the incarnation of the Word, the Beast will be incarnate in his turn, and will menace the earth with as many evils as the divine Incarnation has brought it graces." The description of Antichrist corresponds so closely in detail with that of the German Emperor that there is no room for questioning the identification. His spies (it is said) will over-run the earth, and though he will have but one arm, he will have innumerable armies who will resemble the infernal legions. It is added that he will be a Lutheran Protestant, and with the aid of his soldiers will massacre priests, monks, women, children and the aged, showing no mercy, "passing torch in hand like the barbarians, but invoking Christ." Brother Johannes adds that he will have an eagle in his arms, and that there will be an eagle also in the arms of his confederate. This confederate, however, will be a Christian, and will die from the malediction of Pope Benedict, who will be elected at the commencement of the reign of Antichrist. One is bound to admit that if the bona fides of this prophecy can be established, it must rank as the most remarkable that has ever seen the light.

In this connection the evidence of Alderman Ward of Harrogate, who writes to the Editor of Light, is of some importance. He states that on his recent visit to London he met at the hotel at which he was staying a Belgian judge, who showed him a copy of the prophecy in the French, and remarked that he, the judge, had been in possession of a copy of this prediction for a number of years, i.e., ever since the Antwerp Exhibition. The importance of this communication lies in the fact that certain of the predictions, notably that having reference to Pope Benedict, and the other stating that the war would be fought on earth, water, and air at one and the same time, would have been as

difficult of prediction ten years ago as four hundred.

The prediction with regard to the nature of the Kaiser's end is sufficiently striking. It differs from all other forecasts and anticipations made hitherto, with the sole exception of that of Mme de Thèbes, who, as already stated in a previous number

of this Magazine, was careful to suggest that the war, while bringing his reign to an end would not, therefore, mean the termination of his life, and who since this in an interview with a representative of the Petit Parisien has given her views on this matter in fuller detail. Ten years ago it appears a German lady attached to the Court of Berlin brought Mme de Thèbes a plaster cast of the Kaiser's hand. The lines on the palm she said were very clear, and having studied them she drew the following deductions. The head line she pronounced to be wide and welldefined, and showing considerable intellectual powers, combined with disordered imagination and great vanity. From certain other signs the Parisian prophetess read a tendency to madness. She expressed the view that the Kaiser would end his days a physical wreck on the verge of lunacy. With regard to the Crown Prince, she predicted that a violent death was in store for him. This corresponds with an older prediction in reference to the Kaiser's heir, in which it was stated that he was to be hung or executed.

The discovery of the enormous ramifications of the German system of espionage inaugurated by the Kaiser has astonished

the world, and fresh evidence of its comprehensive BEELZEBUB character accumulates every day. The discovery THE LORD of the building of concrete foundations for heavy OF SPIES. ordnance during a time of profound peace, both here and on the Continent, has given a shock to the most sceptically minded, and the latest information to hand actually reveals the fact that the Kaiser's master spy, the organizer of this gigantic system, was taken with him to Buckingham Palace in May, 1011, on a friendly visit to King George. The point to which this dissimulation extended is shown by the statement made at the time with regard to the visit in question, which was in connection with the unveiling by the King of the Queen Victoria Memorial. "The Emperor's visit," said an inspired communication to the papers at the time, "is quite a family and private one, and as such must have the best results in the relations between the two countries and the two sovereigns."

The dominant characteristics of this Antichrist are, according to the prophecy, shameless hypocrisy and blasphemy, and it must be admitted that in the person of the Kaiser the world has seen them exemplified to a quite unparalleled extent.

Antichrist (says Brother Johannes) is to invoke God and give himself out as his envoy or apostle "sent as the arm of the Most High to chastise corrupt peoples." The exactitude with which this corresponds to the Kaiser's blasphemous methods can best be illustrated by quoting one of his latest proclamations to his Eastern Army:-

Remember who you are. The Holy Spirit has descended on me, because I am the Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword, His representative. Woe and death to those who resist my will! Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission! Woe and death to cowards! Let all enemies of the Germans perish! God demands their destruction, God who through me commands you to fulfil His will.

This Antichrist is to have learned men in his pay who will maintain, and undertake to prove, his celestial mission. We are reminded of the German Professors who have prostituted their talents to support the cause of aggressive militarism, and of those THE WOLFF paid henchmen of the Kaiser who have been in charge of the great German lie-factory, the Wolff BUREAU. Bureau, whose business it has been to misrepresent the aims of German policy and to deceive all the neutral nations. We are also reminded of the editors of leading German papers, as, for instance, the editor of the Kreuz-Zeitung, who writes of the Kaiser as "This spotless wearer of the imperial and regal crowns; this splendid modern representative of the glory vouchsafed from on High to the Anointed of the Lord, who has drawn the sword in full consciousness of having right on his side and in the absolute certainty of victory; this immaculate sovereign of the Germanic race whom the vile brood of Albion dares to slander and to besmirch with its venom."

The prophecy I have alluded to runs thus:-

THE REAL ANTICHRIST.

The real Antichrist will be one of the monarchs of his time, a Lutheran Protestant. He will invoke God and give himself out as his Messenger (or apostle).

This prince of lies will swear by the Bible. He will represent himself as the arm of the Most High, sent to chastise corrupt peoples.

He will only have one arm, but his innumerable armies, who will take for their device the words "God with us," will resemble the infernal legions. For a long time he will act by craft and strategy. His spies will overrun

the earth, and he will be master of the secrets of the mighty. He will have learned men in his pay who will maintain, and undertake

to prove, his celestial mission.

A war will furnish him with the opportunity of throwing off the mask. It will not be in the first instance a war which he will wage against a French monarch. But it will be one of such a nature that after two weeks all will realize its universal character.

Not only all Christian and all Mussulman, but even other more distant

NOTES OF THE MONTH

peoples will be involved. Armies will be enrolled from the four quarters of the globe.

For, by the third week, the angels will have opened the minds of men, who will perceive that the man is Antichrist, and that they will all become

his slaves if they do not overthrow this conqueror.

Antichrist will be recognized by various tokens: in especial he will massacre the priests, the monks, the women, the children, and the aged. He will show no mercy, but will pass torch in hand, like the barbarians, but invoking Christ!

His words of imposture will resemble those of Christians, but his actions will be those of Nero and of the Roman persecutors. He will have an eagle in his arms, and there will be an eagle also in the arms of his con-

federate, another bad monarch.

But the latter will be a Christian and will die from the malediction of Pope Benedict, who will be elected at the commencement of the reign of

Antichrist:

No longer will priests and monks be seen confessing and absolving the combatants, because in the first place the priests and monks will be fighting with the other citizens, and further, because Pope Benedict having cursed Antichrist, will proclaim that those who fight against him will be in a state of Grace, and, should they die, will go straight to heaven like the

The Bull which will proclaim these things will make a great stir. It martyrs. will revive the courage of the foes of Antichrist and cause the death of the

monarch who is his ally.

In order to conquer Antichrist it will be necessary to kill more men than Rome has ever contained. It will need the energies of all the kingdoms, because the cock, the leopard, and the white eagle will not be able to make an end of the black eagle without the aid of the prayers and vows of all the human race.

Never will humanity have been faced with such a peril, because the triumph of Antichrist would be that of the demon, who will have taken

possession of his personality. For it has been said that, twenty centuries after the Incarnation of the Word, the Beast will be incarnate in his turn, and will menace the earth with as many evils as the Divine Incarnation has brought it graces.

Towards the year 2000 Antichrist will be made manifest. His army will surpass in number anything that can be imagined. There will be Christians among his cohorts, and there will be Mohammedan and heathen soldiers among the defenders of the Lamb.

For the first time the Lamb will be all red. There will not be in the whole Christian world a single spot which is not red; and red also will be heaven, and earth, and water, and even the air; for blood will flow in

the domain of the four elements at once. The black eagle will hurl itself upon the cock, which will lose many feathers, but will strike heroically with his spur. It would soon be ex-

hausted but for the aid of the leopard and its claws.

The black eagle, who will come from the land of Luther, will make a surprise attack on the cock from another side, and will invade the land of the cock up to one-half.

The white eagle, who will come from the North, will fall upon the black and the other eagle, and completely invade the land of Antichrist.

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The black eagle will find itself forced to let go the cock in order to fight the white eagle, whereupon the cock will have to pursue the black eagle into the land of Antichrist to aid the white eagle.

The battles fought up to that time will be as nothing compared with those which will take place in the Lutheran country; for the seven angels will simultaneously pour out the fire of their censers upon the impious land. In other words, the Lamb ordains the extermination of the race of Antichrist.

When the Beast finds himself lost, he will become furious. It will be necessary that for some months the beak of the eagle, the claws of the leopard, and the spur of the cock shall bury themselves in the flesh of the Beast.

Men will be able to cross the rivers over the bodies of the dead, which in places will change the courses of the streams. Only the bodies of the most noble, the highest captains, and the princes will be buried; for to the carnage of the battle-fields will be added the destruction of myriads who will die from hunger and pestilence.

Antichrist will sue for peace many times, but the seven angels who march before the three animals, defenders of the Lamb, will have proclaimed that victory will not be given except on condition that Antichrist shall be crushed like straw upon the threshing-floor.

Executors of the justice of the Lamb, the three animals will not be permitted to cease fighting so long as Antichrist has soldiers.

That which makes the decree of the Lamb so implacable is that Antichrist has dared to claim to be a Christian and to act in the name of Christ, and if he did not perish, the fruit of the Redemption would be lost, and the gates of Hell would prevail against the Saviour.

It will be made manifest that the combat which will be fought out in that part of the country in which Antichrist forges his arms, is no human conflict. The three animals, defenders of the Lamb, will exterminate the last army of Antichrist. But it will be necessary to make of the field of battle a funeral pyre as great as the greatest of cities, for the corpses will have altered the features of the land by forming ranges of little hills.

Antichrist will lose his crown and die in solitude and madness. His empire will be divided into twenty-two States, but none will have any longer either fortification or army, or ships of war.

The white eagle, by order of Michael, will drive the Crescent out of Europe, where there will no longer be any but Christians. He will instal himself at Constantinople.

Then will commence an era of peace and prosperity for the universe, and there will be no longer any war. Each nation will be governed according to its own heart and live in accordance with justice.

There will be no longer Lutherans or schismatics. The Lamb will reign and the happiness of humanity will begin.

Happy will be those who, escaping the perils of this marvellous time, will be able to taste of its fruit. This will be the reign of the Spirit and the sanctification of humanity, which could not come to pass until after the defeat of Antichrist.

The other prophecy, that of Count Tolstoi, is less detailed, and vaguer in its general character. It reveals Count Tolstoi's

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own strong antipathy to the reign of Commerce, and should not, perhaps, be taken too seriously. It contains a prediction of the coming war, though the date is not quite accurate. More remarkable is Tolstoi's account of the sequel to Armageddon, the rise of two mysterious personages—first a strange figure from the North, a new Napoleon in whose COUNT grip Europe will remain, according to the account, TOLSTOI'S PROPHECY. for some ten years, from 1915 to 1925. Though he is described as a Napoleon, his training is stated to be that of a writer or journalist, and it is not in any way made clear by what means he exercises his authority over Europe. Following him a great reformer is to arise who will lay the corner-stone of the temple of Pantheism. Though already in our midst he has not yet realized the great mission which has been entrusted We may make what we like of these two mysterious figures. The latter figure is stated to be that of a Mongolian Slav, and it may be suspected that Tolstoi's own nationality impelled him to assign the predominant part in each of these cases to one of his own race, as the rôle of the strange figure from the North will naturally also be ascribed to a Russian. The theory that a Swede is intended will scarcely bear investigation in view of the position of European supremacy which he is assumed to be destined to occupy. I am not aware that outside this prediction Count Tolstoi enjoyed the credentials of a prophet, and it remains to be seen whether he has any real claim to the mantle of Elijah.

The prediction occurred at an interview which the Countess Nastasia Tolstoi had with her great uncle at the request of the Czar. While dictating the contents of the message he had to convey, Count Tolstoi was (it is stated) in a state of semi-consciousness or trance, but the main outline of the vision had, he asserted, haunted him for no less than two years, though he could not recall it to memory in his normal state.

Before delivering himself of this prophecy the Count remained for ten minutes absolutely motionless, then straightening himself up he began to speak in a low and hollow voice, while his niece took down the words at his dictation, as follows:—

THE PROPHECY OF COUNT TOLSTOI.

This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to

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attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair ornaments, composed of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name, "Commercialism." Alluring and bewitching as she seems, destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice metallic like gold, her look of greed, are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

And, behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of war, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of

The second torch bears the flame of bigotry and hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

The third torch is that of the law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger world of literature, art and statesmanship.

The great conflagation will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of south-eastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields.

But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the north—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little military training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe

The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the old world. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the

After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without moral feeling.

But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by

And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. relation between woman and man is of the sexes. Art has become realistic

Political and religious partnership have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations.

Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. By then, in the middle of this century, I see a heroine of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians, the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious.

It is the light of symbolism that will outshine the light of the torch of commercialism. In place of polygamy and monogamy of to-day there will come a poetogamy—relations of the sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life.

And I see the nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring woman of their destiny is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and body.

I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of commercialism, and a new history begins.

My articles on the subject of prophecies of the war would not be complete without some reference to Mr. Sinnett's forecasts, an article in connection with which appears in the Vahan for October. In March, 1911, Mr. Sinnett gave a lecture in the Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, London, W., embodying certain communications with regard to the outbreak of war in Europe, which he had received psychically a month or two previously. Though the lecture in question did not appear MR. SINNETT in print, the notes of the information he received were taken down by him at the time, and these are AND THE recorded in the Vahan for the benefit of Theoso-WAR. phical readers. I take the liberty of reproducing, with acknowledgments, the most important of these, to complete my notes on the subject in the pages of the Occult Review.

There was (said Mr. Sinnett's psychic informant) at that time a thickening force, a gathering on the lower astral plane which could not fail to have terrible effects on the physical plane when it bursts. The Masters were trying to soften its effects. The present German plan was not to annex Holland, but to attack Belgium. There would ultimately be a general war in which Germany, including Austria and the Turks, would be opposed to Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy. The German Emperor was the centre of German hostility. He had some regard for his English kinsmen, but was the bitter enemy of the race. . . . It was decreed that the issue of the great war would be on the side of the Allies, who would finally crush the Germans. It would be terrible for the German people. At the close there would be a great redistribution of European territory. 1913 would be the year of the war, but there would be diplomatic mutterings much sooner.

It is curious that here, again, we get the same mistake that was so constantly made in predictions, that 1913 and not 1914 would prove to be the critical period. Mr. Sinnett, it appears; had a further communication in April, 1913, as

follows: "Germany was holding back, knowing the complete preparations of the *Entente* Powers. If war began we should send 200,000 men to France to operate with the left wing."

Again in this prediction we find Turkey indicated as one of the Powers involved in the European struggle. The more than doubtful neutrality of that country may well WILL land it in an untenable position before the winter TURKEY is out, and in the strong set of the tide of victory BE against the Germanic nations, the Allies may be INVOLVED ? disposed to show towards the Sublime Porte but scant consideration, in the event of further pin-pricks. The predictions of the Greek patriarch, Kosmas, who lived late in the eighteenth century, may perhaps have a bearing on an Eastern crisis following in the wake of the present war. These predictions, which have been long current, have relation in the main to the interests of his own country, and to the bearing of the European situation upon these.

The Ionian Islands (he declared), will be delivered from the Turkish yoke before Epirus. The Christian Kings will unite and drive the Turks from Europe, when the fleet goes forth. When you see the thousand ships assemble near the coasts of the Grecian Peninsula, then children, women, and old men must escape into the mountains in order to fly from the sword of Antichrist, until the moment when the allied armies march upon Constantinople. There blood will flow in such abundance that a lamb might swim in it. Happy will be those who shall live after these occurrences. The Turks will be divided into three parts. One will perish in the war, the second will retire to Asia, and the third will be converted to Christianity.

As such a very general interest has been shown by the public "PROPHECIES with regard to predictions about the present war, I have taken the opportunity to bring out a little AND OMENS book entitled Prophecies and Omens of the Great OF THE War, at 6d. net. This covers much of the matter GREAT WAR." which has appeared in this and the two preceding issues of the Occult Review. There are also some further notes and additional prefatory matter which have not appeared in this Magazine. The idea has been to include the whole subject within the limits of a single booklet. The book will be published almost simultaneously with the appearance of the present issue, and will be divided into an introduction, and three chapters entitled: "Prophecies of the War," "Omens of the War," and "Astrology and the War." Readers to whom the subject is of interest may like to keep it in a concise and handy form, and the book will doubtless be valued by many who are not regular

readers of the magazine. A further reason for the publication of this book lies in the fact that the October issue of the Occult Review was entirely sold out, and is now unobtainable.

I must conclude this third series of notes on prophecies of the War with the expression of the hope that I have not tried my readers' patience too far by inserting so large an amount of matter on this particular subject. The unique circumstances of the time, and the curious and striking character of the evidence which has reached me, is my only excuse. Next month I hope to strike out on an entirely new line of thought.

The next issue of the OCCULT REVIEW will be the usual Christmas number. On this occasion it will be published in celebration of the tenth birthday of the Magazine, which occurs on January 1, 1915. The occasion will be commemorated by the appearance of five beautifully coloured full-page illustrations of psychic art of the present day, which should, I think, prove a uniquely attractive feature. In addition to this there will be included a further experience of "Dr. REVIEW " John Silence" which has never so far appeared in · CHRISTMAS print, by the well-known author, Mr. Algernon NUMBER. Blackwood.* The great success of this remarkable book has given Mr. Blackwood the premier position among authors of psychic romance, the knowledge shown of occult forces and their effects in this book being far ahead of anything which has yet seen the light in first-class fiction. Probably most readers of the Occult Review have already made the acquaintance of this remarkable work. If not, I should strongly urge them to do so. The story of the Witches' Sabbath has a weirdness and uncanny atmosphere almost without parallel in English literature.

I am asked to state, in connection with the review of *The Romance of the Stars*, published by "Modern Astrology," Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C., that the price of the book is not 3s. 6d., but 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 9d.). The number of pages also should be 201.

^{*} John Silence. By Algernon Blackwood. Eveleigh Nash, Library Edition, 3s. 6d. net. Macmillan & Co., 7d. net.

ROGER BACON: AN APPRECIATION

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc., F.C.S.

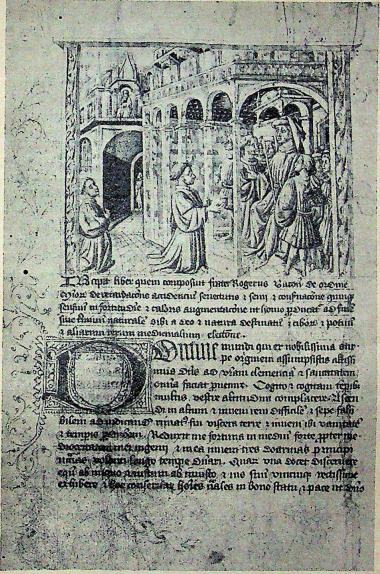
IT has been said that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." Thereto might be added "and in his own time"; for, whilst there is continuity in time, there is also evolution, and England of to-day, for instance, is not the same country as England of the Middle Ages. In his own day, Roger Bacon was accounted a magician, whose heretical views called for suppression by the Church. And for many a long day afterwards was he mainly remembered as a co-worker in the black art with Friar Bungay, who together with him constructed, by the aid of the devil and diabolical rites, a brazen head which should possess the power of speech—the experiment only failing through the negligence of an assistant.* Such was Roger Bacon in the memory of the latter Middle Ages and many succeeding years; he was the typical alchemist, where that term carries with it the depth of disrepute, though indeed alchemy was for him but one; and that not the greatest, of many interests.

It was not until the publication, by Dr. Samuel Jebb, in 1733, of the greater part of Bacon's opus majus, nearly four and a half centuries after his death (which occurred circa 1294), that anything like his rightful position in the history of philosophy began to be assigned to him. But let his spirit be no longer troubled, if it were ever troubled by neglect or slander, for the world, and first and foremost his own country, has paid him due honour. His septcentenary (he was probably born in 1214) has been duly celebrated this year at his alma mater, Oxford, his statue has there been raised as a memorial to his greatness, and savants have meted out praise to him in no grudging tones. Indeed, a voice has here and there been heard depreciating his better known namesake Francis,† so that the later luminary should not, standing in the way, obscure the light of the earlier; though for my part I would suggest that one need not be soone-eyed as to fail to see both lights at once.

* The story, of course, is entirely fictitious. For further particulars see Sir J. E. Sandys' pamphlet referred to below.

[†] For example, that of Ernst Dühring. See an article entitled "The Two Bacons," translated from his Kritische Geschichte der Philosophie in The Open Court for last August.

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Photograph by Oxford University Press.

ROGER BACON PRESENTING A BOOK TO A KING.*
From a Fifteenth Century Miniature in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

^{*} There is no contemporary portrait of Bacon known, so that the authenticity of every one of the portraits alleged to be of him is open to doubt. The two reproduced here are probably the oldest extant, and are therefore most worthy of respect. That from the Bodleian Library is reproduced by kind permission of the authorities and is, I think, the earliest known portrait of Bacon. The Knole Castle portrait is by an unknown artist, probably of the Elizabethan period; it is reproduced here by kind permission of Lady Sackville.

To those who like to observe coincidences, it may be of interest that the septcentenary of the discoverer of gunpowder should coincide with the greatest war under which the world has yet groaned, even though gunpowder is no longer employed as a military propellant.

Bacon's reference to gunpowder occurs in his Epistola de Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ et de Nullitate Magiæ, a little tract written against magic, in which Bacon endeavours to show, and succeeds very well in the first eight chapters, that nature and art can perform far more extraordinary feats than are claimed by the workers in the black art. The last three chapters are written in an alchemical jargon of which even one versed in the symbolic language of alchemy can make no sense. They are evidently cryptogramic and probably deal with the preparation and purification of saltpetre, which had only recently been discovered as a distinct body.* In chapter xi, there is reference to an explosive body, which can only be gunpowder-by means of it, says Bacon, you may, "if you know the trick, produce a bright flash and a thundering noise." He mentions two of the ingredients, saltpetre and sulphur, but conceals the third (i.e. charcoal) under an anagram. Claims have, indeed, been putforth for the Greek, Arab, Hindu and Chinese origins of gunpowder, but a close examination of the original ancient accounts purporting to contain references to gunpowder, show that only incendiary and not explosive bodies are really dealt with. But whilst Roger Bacon knew of the explosive property of a mixture in right proportions of sulphur, charcoal and pure saltpetre (which he no doubt accidentally hit upon whilst experimenting with the latter body), he was unaware of its projective power. That discovery was, in all probability, due to Schwarz.

Roger Bacon has been credited with many other discoveries. In the work already referred to he allows his imagination freely to speculate as to the wonders that might be accomplished by a scientific utilization of nature's forces-marvellous things with lenses, in bringing distant objects near and so forth, carriages propelled by mechanical means, flying machines . . . but in no case is the word "discovery" in any sense applicable, for not even in the case of the telescope does Bacon describe means by

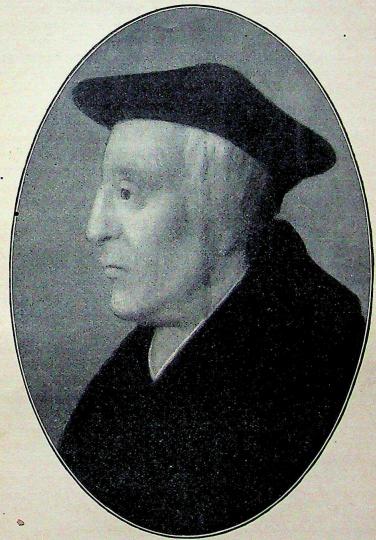
which his speculations might be realized.

Roger Bacon's greatness does not lie in the fact that he

^{*} For an attempted explanation of this cryptogram, and evidence that Bacon was the discoverer of gunpowder, see Lt.-Col. H. W. L. Hime's Gunpowder and Ammunition, their Origin and Progress (1904).

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discovered gunpowder, nor in the further fact that his speculations have been validated by other men. His greatness lies in his secure grip of scientific method as a combination of mathematical reasoning and experiment. Men before him had experi-



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ROGER BACON.
From a Portrait in Knole Castle.

mented, but none seemed to have realized the importance of the experimental method. Nor was he, of course, by any means the first mathematician—there were a long line of Greek and

Arabian mathematicians behind him, men whose knowledge of the science was in many cases much greater than his,—or the most learned mathematician of his day; but none realized the importance of mathematics as an organon of scientific research as he did; and he was assuredly the priest who joined mathematics to experiment in the bonds of sacred matrimony. We must not, indeed, look for precise rules of inductive reasoning in the words of this pioneer writer on scientific method. Nor shall we find these even in the works of Francis Bacon. Moreover, the latter despised mathematics, and it was not until quite recent years that the scientific world came to realize that Roger's method is the more fruitful—witness the modern revolution in chemistry produced by the adoption of mathematical methods.

Roger Bacon, it may be said, was many centuries in advance of his time; but it is equally true that he was the child of his time: this may account for his defects judged by modern standards. He owed not a little to his contemporaries, for his knowledge and high estimate of philosophy he was largely indebted to his Oxford master Grosseteste, whilst Peter Peregrinus, his friend at Paris, fostered his love of experiment, and the Arab mathematicians, whose works he knew, inclined his mind to mathematical studies. He was violently opposed to the scholastic views current in Paris at his time and attacked great thinkers like Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, as well as obscurantists, such as Alexander of Hales. But he, himself, was a scholastic philosopher, though of no servile type, taking part in scholastic arguments.* If he declared that he would have all the works of Aristotle burned, it was not because he hated the Peripatetic's philosophy-though he could criticize as well as appreciate at times—but because of the rottenness of the translations that were used. It seems commonplace now, but it was a truly wonderful thing then. Roger Bacon believed in accuracy, and was by no means destitute of literary ethics. He believed in correct translation, correct quotation, and the acknowledgment of the sources of one's

^{*} For a good account of Bacon's knowledge of, and attitude towards, Aristotle's work, see a pamphlet by Sir John Edwin Sandys, entitled Roger Bacon, recently published for the British Academy by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C., at 1s. net. The present year has seen the publication of a considerable quantity of Roger Bacon literature, The Journal of the Alchemical Society being first in the field with an article from the pen of Mr. B. Ralph Rowbottom (already favourably noticed in the Occult Review) in the March issue. I have not, therefore, thought it necessary to give an outline of Bacon's life here, as so many accounts are already available.

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quotations—unheard-of things, almost, in those days. But even he was not free from all the vices of his age: in spite of his insistence upon experimental verification of the conclusions of deductive reasoning, in one place at least he adopts a view concerning lenses from another writer, of which the simplest attempt at such verification could have revealed the falsity. For such lapses, however, we can make allowances.

Another and undeniable claim to greatness rests in Roger Bacon's broadmindedness. He could actually value at their true worth the moral philosophy of non-Christian writers-Seneca and Al-Ghazali, for instance. But if he was catholic in the original meaning of that term, he was also catholic in its restricted sense. He was no heretic, and the Pope for him was the Vicar of God, whom he would wish to see reign over the whole world, not by force of arms, but by the assimilation of all that was worthy in that world. To his mind—and here he was certainly a child of his age, in its best sense, perhaps,—all other sciences were handmaidens to theology, queen of them all. All were to be subservient to her aims: the Church he called Catholic was to embrace in her arms all that was worthy in the works of " profane" writers—true prophets of God in so far as writing worthily they unconsciously bore testimony to the truth of Christianity—and all that nature might yield by patient experiment and speculation guided by mathematics. Some minds see in this a defect in his system, limiting its aims and outlook; others see it as the unifying principle giving coherence to the At any rate, the Church regarded his views as dangerous, and restrained his pen for the greater portion of his life, keeping him in confinement some part of this period.

Roger Bacon may seem egotistic in argument, but his mind was humble to learn. He was not superstitious; but he would listen to common folk who worked with their hands, to astrologers and even magicians, denying nothing which seemed to him to have some evidence in experience—if he denied much of magical belief, it was because he found it lacking in such evidence. He often went astray in his views, he sometimes failed to apply his own method, and that method was in any case primitive and crude. But it was the *right* method, in embryo at least, and Roger Bacon, in spite of tremendous opposition, greater than that under which any man of science may now suffer, persisted in that method to the end, calling upon his contemporaries to adopt it as the only one which resulted in right knowledge. Across the centuries let us salute this noble and great spirit.

STRANGE STORIES ABOUT GHOSTS

By F. CREECH JONES



THERE are many kinds of ghosts, just as there are many kinds of men. Some ghosts will not appear without appropriate setting, as for example a pale misty moon, a broken shrine, or an ancient castle. These are the proud, the ceremonious ghosts. But, on the other hand, there are ghosts who do not mind, who do not trouble about ceremony. Any time and any place will suit them. Even the house need not be ancient, and June is just as promising as the raw, cold sleet of December. Some of these ghosts are even very poor. A friend of mine once saw a spirit clothed only in a bathing suit, whilst I have seen one dressed in a rough shooting coat and an old felt hat. It is with this class of ghosts, the humble ghosts, that I wish especially to deal.

Literature and history abound with irrefutable evidence of the intrusion of the phantom world into the affairs of men. Who has not heard of the wraith of Samuel, or the ghost of Hamlet's father, or the spirit of the poet Byron which visited Sir Walter Scott? Of course it must be granted that many so-called "ghost stories" can be explained away on the lines of brain hallucination. Mysticism and religious ecstasy will certainly account for the great number of "appearances" of saints and ressurrected saviours which were so common in the Middle Ages. A recent case in point is of a Roman Catholic priest upon whose dressing table stood the statue of the Madonna. Night after night, he told me, the figure came to life and stood beside his bed, crowned with a halo round her brow and holding at her breast the Holy Child. But all ghost stories are not of this order and cannot be so explained. Men of undeniable common sense tell us that they have seen ghosts, touched ghosts, talked with ghosts. It is too universal a phenomenon to repudiate as moonshine. The tendency of modern science is undoubtedly towards an acceptance of these stories. Some of our greatest living thinkers, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes to wit, are of the opinion that man is on the verge of vast discoveries and that the future will yield up secrets of which we have as yet hardly dreamed.

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I propose to outline in this article certain incidents which have come from time to time under my own personal observation. All have been narrated by men of unimpeachable integrity, and I have attempted as far as possible to repeat them in their own words. In some cases it will be found that the "ghost" appears in definite and tangible shape, whereas in others his presence is manifested only by his actions and the sense of inexplicable terror which pervades the atmosphere. The following instance is one which belongs to the second of these two categories.

A few months ago I had an appointment with a market gardener of my acquaintance. A keen materialist and a hard-headed business man, he was not a person whom one would credit with having too much imagination in his makeup. After business had been disposed of, the conversation drifted into a discussion of Psychical Research, and he narrated to me the following story.

"As you know," he said, "I often stay up late into the night to make up my accounts. One night, the family having gone to rest, I sat down to write. There were on the writing desk before me two blank sheets of foolscap. Suddenly an invisible power seized me by the hand, held it in a grasp of iron, and swept my pen with lightning speed across the paper. How long I wrote I do not know, nor was I conscious of anything but the awful terror that bent over me."

"And what was written on the paper?" I interrogated.

"Ah, that is the curious part of it," my friend exclaimed.

"Right across the foolscap in quaint and scrawling hand-writing was a list of all the shady deeds I had committed in my lifetime. Now, the greater number were things which had happened many years before and had passed altogether out of mind. The style of the handwriting, too, was different from my own. You know my writing; it is large and heavy and has a decided slope towards the right. This on the contrary was weak and badly shaped and sloped towards the left. I did not go to bed that night," my friend added, "my nerves were too unstrung, and for many nights following, when I went up to my chamber, I felt certain that behind me in the darkness of the corridor was a silent presence dodging me like a shadow."

More often the ghost appears in actual bodily form so that he can be recognized by the beholder. Such a case was told me by a veterinary surgeon who is the very incarnation of the traditional John Bull, big and powerfully built with nothing dreamy in his mental development—just the man who would not easily be "taken in."

In his early manhood he lived at Bridgwater, where he was engaged to a young woman. The marriage was at the last moment broken off, but, though he removed to Bristol, he continued to pay frequent visits to his late fiancée's mother, by whom he was looked upon almost as her own son.

He retired to rest one evening and slept, it seemed, for some hours. All at once he started up with a presentiment (such as all of us have perhaps felt at some time in our lives) that all was not well. The moonlight was streaming through the windows,. and, standing in its misty rays beside the bed, he could plainly discern the form of a woman. At once he recognized her as his sweetheart's mother. She was fully dressed, and the form and face were both clearly delineated. For a moment she stood motionless, then bent down, kissed him on the cheek, and with the words, "George, I am going now, good-bye," faded away into the moonlight.

My friend tells me that the spirit was quite tangible, and the imprint of her lips upon his cheek as plain as anything he has ever experienced. Needless to say, he could not compose himself that night and continued to be haunted by a feeling of evil. The very next morning he received a telegram which ran as follows: "Come down at once. Mrs. W- passed away

at 2 a.m. Her last thoughts were of you."

It was two o'clock precisely, as he had noted by the watch which hung beside his bed, when the spirit had appeared.

Stories of this type are very general. It certainly appears that, by the operation of some laws which we only dimly understand, a person who is dying can communicate his "ghost" to some dear friend or relative at a distance.

The two incidents above quoted plainly belong to the category of the Unintelligible. There is a class of phantom manifestation, however, which may be capable of a more natural interpretation. A theory which has gained wide acceptance maintains that the animal body emanates certain chemical and gaseous waves. An instrument has lately been invented through which may clearly be seen an aura of many coloured lights floating above the human head. Supposing on this thesis that a person has inhabited a house or castle for many years, enough electricity will have soaked into the walls and furniture to build up, under given conditions, at that person's death, a similar body. This will explain why Cavaliers who walked a gallery centuries

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ago have frequently been seen attired in their flowing feathers, velvet breeches and silver-buckled shoes.

It may be mentioned that darkness is not a necessary condition for the appearance of this class of spiritual phenomena. I have myself talked with a countryman who, walking through a glen one morning, beheld a gallant knight in glittering armour, attired in the gold and purple of the age of pageantry. The following story may illustrate this view. It will be understood that the location of the building mentioned has been withheld for obvious reasons.

On the outskirts of an old-world village in Somerset stands a quaint, mediæval manor house, covered with evergreen and ivy, and nestling in the shadow of an Early English abbey. At the present moment it is tenantless, for family after family who have leased it have been compelled to leave in terror by reason of a certain monk, who, with a cowl drawn close about his face, paces up and down the old oak halls.

The tradition runs that in the sixteenth century the mansion was inhabited by two brothers. Both loved a beautiful lady, the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman. One midnight, at a game of cards, the brothers quarrelled, and, mad with jealousy and wine, the elder drew a knife and stabbed the other to the heart. He buried the body beneath the stone slabs of the vault. Shortly afterwards, stricken with remorse, he retired to the local abbey, where he took the vows of celibacy and chastity. On the same night that he died, his wraith was seen walking along the oaken corridors. Since then his spirit has incessantly appeared.

An account of how an attempt was made to run the monk to earth was given the present writer by a friend of the family which owns the building.

"Accompanied," he said, "by two companions, we entered the mansion at nightfall. Neither of my companions would be accused of having any large amount of credulity. One was an army major and the other had all his life been associated with the turf. We took with us a bulldog and a pocket camera. Having fastened the great doorway, we prepared to pass the night seated in the banquet hall. This was littered with broken furniture, which we soon demolished and lighted on the hearth.

"For some hours we saw nothing; then at 12 o'clock precisely a bright blue light began to hover over the chamber. The villagers had told us about this; it was always the herald of the ghost.

"Exactly on the stroke of 2 a.m., my dog began to whine and to gaze intently into the further corner of the room. We watched breathlessly and presently there passed into our view the figure of a Franciscan monk. The moon, shining behind the diamond lattices, and the red glow of the dying embers, gave emphasis to his face. It was much like the face of Dante, long and thin, with the dark eyes and straight nose which are so characteristic of sixteenth century paintings. The expression for sheer horror baffled description.

"The monk passed silently across the hall and passed through the closed door in the panelled wall. We threw it open immediately, and were just in time to see him walk along the corridor leading to the basement. After the space of a minute or so, we reached a great stone archway which was walled up. Into this the monk passed, and though we waited until dawn

did not appear again."

Such is the outline of the story. My informant is quite definite in his description and states that he saw the monk on two subsequent occasions. The second time a photograph was obtained by means of a lighted magnesium ribbon. The dagger

in the right hand can be discerned quite clearly.

The case has been investigated by a Roman Catholic priest and a canon, who sought to make the monk confess his crime. Both are emphatic in their evidence. Arrangements are now being made to have the archway broken down. Perhaps behind it, the legend that has frightened the villagers for so many generations will be unravelled.

There is a class of phenomena which, though not directly connected with disembodied spirits, has its roots in the supernatural. I refer to the token. Who as a child, when a picture has fallen to the ground without the cord breaking, has not heard some one say, "Ah, that's a token"! Among rustics this particular belief is almost universal. The sound of smashing china, the howling of a dog, a black cat, the mysterious opening of doors, all have their various meanings. The incident narrated below was told me at a Christmas party many years ago. Though I have long lost sight of the narrator, I can personally vouch for his veracity. Perhaps his own words will lend it more significance.

"It was a few weeks before Christmas, and the wind was bitterly cold and piercing. We were living at the time in a small villa I had purchased just after our marriage. One morning my wife stated that, feeling rather unwell, she would remain in bed.

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"Perhaps," she said laughingly, "I shall be myself again tomorrow." I have some knowledge of medicine and gave her a cursory examination. Not deeming her condition serious enough to send for a doctor, I waited on her and did my best to make her comfortable.

"Now the curious part of the whole matter is just here," said my friend, gazing abstractedly at the table for a few moments.

"That same evening, somewhere about 9 o'clock, I had occasion to go downstairs to get some coal for the fire. All at once, as I reached the foot of the staircase to come back, I heard a voice call, 'Jim, Jim, I want you.' I started, for it was my wife's voice. Bounding up the steps, I rushed into her room. But nothing was the matter. My wife was calmly reading, and when I asked her if she had called my name, she smiled and said, "No, it must have been your imagination."

." The next day my wife was feverish and I called in a doctor. But would you believe, that same night, at precisely the same hour, I again heard my wife call me. It was her voice right enough, and very clear and emphatic. 'Jim,' she said, 'I want you.' But again I was mistaken, for she had not called me.

"You know the rest of the story," said he, turning to our hostess. "The same voice I had heard on two occasions, called me again on the third evening. The next day my wife died. I shall always believe that the voice was a token preparing me for her death."

When he had finished there was a dead silence for a few moments. We watched the snowflakes as they whirled against the window panes, and listened to the wind shrieking amongst the pine tops. Then it was we recognized that the statement of Hamlet is immortally true, that there are more things in the world than are dreamed of in philosophy.

Spiritual Phenomena certainly present a strange and curious problem. The incidents I have narrated have been chosen from among many, and can be equalled by anyone who cares to make ever so small an inquiry among his intimate friends. Around us is, undoubtedly, a vast world of sights and shadows of which we know nothing. Man who has bridged chasms, dammed back oceans, and harnessed the lightnings to his chariot, has yet to conquer the problem of his own being. The stories told around the yule log at Christmas Eve for countless generations are not "old wives' tales" merely. The "cold moon" and the "ruined battlement" are eternal symbols. They have their roots deep down in the experience of the race.

THE ETHEREAL PLANE

By HELEN BOURCHIER, Author of "The Crown of Asphodels"

II. THE CHAPEL OF POWER

THE Chapel of Power, which I have also heard called the Chapel of Action, has its place in the Hall of Learning in what, in a Cathedral of the physical plane, would be called the south aisle, at the upper end nearest to the altar. It has this peculiarity, in common with most of the places on the ethereal plane, that when you first enter it you see the whole of it quite plainly and distinctly, and yet there are many important details which only become apparent, which indeed seem only to come into existence later, on subsequent occasions.

Thus, the first time I opened the door and passed from the Hall into the Chapel of Power, I was only aware of a plain, bare room with a long table down the middle of it, set round with chairs; on my left hand a high and wide window with a window seat; and opposite me a low narrow door. While I looked at it, the door opened and there came in one, whom I will call "the President," who had left the physical plane some years before. Behind her I could see a very narrow, pebbly beach and a wide, dark ocean. Although it was bright daylight in the Chapel, there was the darkness of twilight over the ocean. On the beach there was a little boat, in which the President had come from the distant shore whither she had withdrawn. She took no notice of me nor of the fellow-disciple who had entered with me, and I do not know whether she was aware of our presence. She went and sat in the window-seat, reading a book she had brought with her.

We two went out on to the narrow beach and looked over the ocean. As far as we could see on every side there was nothing but that dark, sullen water, which was all the more amazing in that, as far as we had seen, the Hall of Learning stands in the midst of a vast plain.

We became very familiar afterwards with that narrow beach and the dark river, and the explanation of it that we gathered, as time went on, was this: The Hall of Learning and other places to which we were taken, are on the ethereal plane, but the souls of those who have left their bodies do not dwell on the ethereal

plane. There is a more remote region to which they belong, where we are not able to follow them. But they can come to the ethereal plane to meet us, as we can go there to meet them. And that dark ocean, which we cannot cross, lies between the ethereal plane and the plane beyond, to which we cannot pass while we have still a physical body.

On the second occasion when we entered the Chapel the fellow-

disciple asked me, "Do you see anything in the Chapel?"

"Yes," I said, "there is an altar in this corner behind the door, and above the altar there is a white crucifix."

" That is what I have seen," she said.

Then we saw that the room was full of people, sitting round the table. At the head sat the Master whose disciples we are. On each side were some whose faces we knew, and some strangers. We took our places on each side of the table; next to me was the one whom I have called the Seer. The President sat on the window seat, reading always in her book. Before each of us on the table, there was a tall, stemmed cup out of which we were to drink some bitter draught of sacrifice. What that sacrifice was we knew and understood in our higher consciousness, but we were unable to bring it down to the physical plane. And it was with a great shrinking and reluctance that we compelled ourselves to drink that bitter draught.

After that, for some considerable time we went every day to the Chapel of Power and sat round the table and were taught by the Master. Sometimes the Old Master came there and taught, the Master of the School of Love.

And the President sat always in the window and read in her book. Till one day we were told that we had to read that book, and bring it through on to the physical plane. We knew that in the years before she laid aside her body, the President had often talked of a certain Scroll which she was commissioned to bring down on to the physical plane. She had tried to do so while she was still alive, but she had never been able to do so. She had seen the Scroll, but she had never been able to read it. The time had now come when it was to be written on the physical plane, and so great was the effort required to get it through that it took the determined concentration of seven people to accomplish it.

The seven met every day in the Chapel of Power, for the writing of that Scroll; the Master, the Seer, the President, a man whom we did not know who came always dressed in a barrister's gown, who at that time was alive, but has since died; the fellow-disciple and I, who had to write down the words as we read them

on the Scroll; and the seventh, a certain monk whose face we never saw, but only the back of his tonsured head, as he knelt always, with bowed head, before the altar.

To these seven was given the task of bringing through the mystic teaching of the Scroll, from the ethereal plane to the physical. The whole seven were always present at all the séances where we took down the words of the Scroll, but there were only four who took an active part in the work, so far as we were able to see and to understand. Either the Seer or the barrister held the Scroll before our eyes, while we, the fellow-disciple and I, read in turn what was written therein. What was the special work of the other three, beyond the influence of their presence, we did not understand, and it was never explained to us.

The difficulty we found in reading the words written in the Scroll was incredible, we could never read more than a few words at a time, one reading, and the other writing down what was read, standing there in the Chapel of Power. And part of the difficulty was this, that we wrote of things we knew nothing of.

and did not understand.

But in the end the book was written and was given to the world under the title, "The Scroll of the Disembodied Man." This is the true history of its writing.

It was after the writing of the Scroll that I first became aware that over the altar in the Chapel of Power, there was a staircase that went away up out of sight, and on it there were sometimes figures moving. One of the first I saw there was an old lady, a relative of mine who had been dead for some years. She came down into the Chapel, and she seemed much distressed, but she was unable to communicate with us, and after a time she went away again, up the staircase. From that time she came continually, till she became an obsession. Then one day we asked the Master what was the reason of her coming, and he told us that she came to try and find out from us what she had to do, but she was unable to make herself understood by us. "Ask her," he said, "has she been through her ordeal?"

When she came again, I asked her, as he had directed. She stood staring at me for a moment and then turned and went upthe stair in great haste. She had apparently found what she wanted, for she never came afterwards to the Chapel, nor did we ever meet her in any of the places that were shown to us in

On a certain day I was bidden to go up that staircase. It rose straight up to a great height, and at the top there was nothing. I seemed to be standing out into space. I turned round and looked behind me; far down I saw a dark and gloomy sea, under a heavy and lowering sky; in the sea, half in the water and half out of it, there floated a round, black mass. I have never seen it since, but I shall never forget the impression it made upon me, of gloom and desolation. And I knew that it was the earth on which the human races dwell who elect to be reincarnated on this plane.

I had sat many times at the table in the Chapel of Power, listening to the teachings of the Masters, before I became aware . that at the side between the altar and the low door out on to the beach, there was a dark opening like the mouth of a tunnel, from which half a dozen steps went down to what looked like a canal. At one side of the steps there was a statue of Buddha, in black marble, always dripping with the water of the canal; the steps, which were also of black marble, glistened with the same moisture. Standing on the steps one could see only a long black tunnel, with now and then shadowy boats passing down it. Where they were going or from whence they came has not yet been explained to me. But once, at a time when I was going through a rather serious illness, I went down the steps into the canal. The water was icy cold, without any current, and as I swam down it, I could see that there was a faint light at a great distance, which I took to be the end of the tunnel. But I never reached it. After a time I lost count of my surroundings and then I was back again on the steps and in the Chapel of Power. Whether that chill way leads to some mystic initiation, or whether it is one of the ways of what we call death, I have not yet learnt.

The latest discovery I have made in that mysterious Chapel of Power, is the discovery of the door which opens into the Chapel of Fire: the fire of great physical pain and suffering. This Chapel has the appearance of a small, empty stone cell, and the whole of one side is a flaming furnace. Before that furnace the disciple receives the initiation of pain, which is one of the great mysteries.

Besides the door opening out of the Chapel of Power this Chapel has another door into the Hall of Learning, which is the one most commonly used by disciples. I was witness to a strange incident in connection with this Chapel of Fire. I was one day in the Hall with the fellow-disciple when we saw a figure come up the Hall, whom we both recognized as an old friend of mine whom I had lost sight of for some years, a woman whom I had not known for a disciple. She came past us without appearing to see us, and went in at the door of the Chapel of Fire.

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"What can Mrs. A. be doing in the Chapel of Fire?" I asked, greatly surprised.

"You know that it is the Chapel of Physical Pain," the fellow-

disciple reminded me.

On three different occasions we saw her passing up the Hall, hastily, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but going

straight to the Chapel of Fire.

Some months after the fellow-disciple met an acquaintance of Mrs. A. and she mentioned, casually, that Mrs. A. had been through a very serious illness, and had undergone a severe operation. I wrote then to Mrs. A., and in her answer to my letter she said: "I had no idea that any poor mortal body could go through such pain." She had always been a woman of extraordinary courage and strength of character, but whether in her physical consciousness she was aware of the Chapel of Fire and her passage through the Hall of Learning, I never had an opportunity of asking her. I mention this incident as a strong corroboration of the fact that those things which we have seen on the ethereal plane were not effects of our own imagination, as some have thought, but had as real an existence as any happenings on the physical plane.

I have gone minutely and at some length into the details of these places which I have seen on the ethereal plane, so that they may be recognized by those disciples who have also travelled in that little known country, and that our experiences may serve them as corroboration of the truth of what they themselves have

THE PASSING OF A WORLD

BY GERALD ARUNDEL

CAN any object be destroyed? As physical science clearly demonstrates the indestructibility of matter and the changeless continuity of change, we cannot believe that anything will ever pass away within the limits of Time. So far as sentiment and material life is concerned, even the most infinitesimal atom cannot cease to be. All the forces of all the universes combined cannot annihilate a single molecule in Time. They can compel it to pass through numberless conditions, and undergo changes beyond imagination's utmost reach; but they cannot murder it. Within the boundaries of Time, real destruction is an impossibility. When we use the word, we mean simply sudden change, a change in far-reaching conditions—the change of a solid into a gas, of a gas into a liquid, of one phase of mind to another.

But is not matter merely an illusion—a trick of thought, if we may so express ourselves? If it is nothing, why speak of it as something, and something that is indestructible. To say that it does not exist, and then to add that it undergoes changes but cannot be destroyed, would be to state a highly absurd contradiction in terms. How can we combine an idealism more ethereal than that of Berkeley with the mercilessly positive logic of Locke, some of the most abstract doctrines of Kant with the theories of Condillac and the teachings of modern biologists? How can we make Metaphysics and Materialism shake hands? How can we accept at once the eozoön and the psychic elemental, blind force and individual volition?

Let us explain our position as clearly and as concisely as possible. The matter that we know is something, so far as sentient life is concerned; but it is nothing, so far as mind alone is concerned; and this proposition is not affected by the old statement that we never see matter apart from force or force apart from matter. The solid, liquid and aeriform in their various combinations and conditions are mere phenomena or appearances. Beneath or behind each phenomenon or appearance is the noumenon or Thing-in-Itself. This Thing-in-Itself may be called an Idea, since there is no other word to express it.

Thus the Idea is the central Fact, and the universe becomes a collection of ever-shifting symbols, symbols which would cease to be, were it not for the persistence of conscious Being. So long as Mind is, it will necessarily create, and, to manifest itself, will necessarily cause and make use of symbols. The Thing-in-Itself, being an inseparable part of Time, continues with Time; the phenomenon, being an inevitable expression of the Thing-in-Itself, is but a condition. In everyday life, however, we cannot help looking upon the phenomenon as an independent article, and thus looking upon it, we say that it is indestructible.

Outside of Matter and Time, the subject assumes a different aspect; for very probably there are phases of Mind that do not involve the Thing-in-Itself with its various manifestations. Unspeakables, in which both noumenon and phenomenon cease, but in which higher and unimaginable symbols appear. Such suggestions, however, are beyond the reach of language—they defy the powers of even the most accomplished dialectician. Taking all this into consideration, we must say that, in the ordinary sense, matter is indestructible, for it is an essential part of existence; in another sense, matter being only a condition, the

question of indestructibility loses all its meaning.

What, then, is the passing of a world? If the uncompromising evolutionist is right, the eozoon and the foraminifera were the only ancestors of all our animal and vegetable life, and the ancestor of the eozoon and the foraminifera was a nebula of gaseous matter mingled with meteorites wandering vaguely in vague space. Everything we know, and we ourselves, have come from that gaseous matter and those meteorites. All the elements of nature, all forms of life, all the results of human effort, tangible and intangible, the works, the thoughts and feelings of all the poets and philosophers, of all the writers, inventors, discoverers, architects, painters, musicians-vast London and brilliant Paris and gorgeous Cordova-the sandy wastes of Sahara-the massive buildings of New York-the extensive forests-the cloud-scorning mountains—the storm-vexed oceans—all earth, all humanity and all that humanity has ever done, were once nothing more than yonder mass of gaseous matter. In that strange unconscious thing lies the protoplasm in its primitive form. There you have the nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, the sulphur, lime, silicon and phosphorus which are the basis of earth-life. Hence, the killing of a man becomes nothing more than the crushing of a microscopical spermatozöon mixed with a little ova; and, if any person had the power to destroy

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the earth as it is now, and should make use of that power, he would be simply destroying a nebula of gaseous matter with some aerolites in a highly developed stage. This must be the unavoidable conclusion of the uncompromising evolutionist.

But the true thinker knows that the uncompromising evolutionist would be wrong; for he sees and feels that there is something more. Perfectly aware that he cannot be sensibly cognizant of the principle at work in that nebulous matter, and of the principles at work behind that principle, he comes to the reasonable conclusion that all the truths of physical science are relative, and that physical facts themselves are relative; nay, he may believe that even psychical truths and facts are relative when regarded from a super-transcendental point of view. That nebulous matter, then, is merely a form, a condition—a symbol, and all the present varieties of life are forms, conditions—symbols. If the symbol is indestructible, that which it expresses must certainly be indestructible likewise; but if the thing symbolized continues for ever, it does not necessarily follow that the symbol also continues for ever. Earth can be resolved into its primitive elements; it can be converted into vapour; it can be burnt to ashes; but would this destruction involve the cessation of mind? To make something out of nothing is considered an impossible task; but is it not equally impossible to make nothing out of something-to cause existence to cease to exist? To unmake a single fact would necessitate the unmaking of millions.

There are various ways in which, as it seems, our earth can come to an end as a planet. We will mention one or two of them. The continuous decay of vegetation generates ammonia. As many scientists have said, there is more ammonia in the atmosphere now than there was ten thousand years ago, and considerably more than there was a million years ago. Fresh supplies are added year after year, so that in a future day there will be an exceedingly great quantity of it. Now ammonia hasa combustive property. If the atmosphere should get laden with it, a universal conflagration would be inevitable. The outbreak of a volcano, or a flash of lightning, would be sufficient to cause - the circumambient air to ignite—all space would become a mass of raging flame which would boil the rivers and seas, converting them into hot vapours, which would devour all living creatures, all forms of vegetable life, would bake the earth and perhaps burn it to cinders.

Destruction by a comet appears even more frightful. The

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shock would probably smash the earth to meteorites, scattering the rude fragments in all directions—a thrice-beautiful, an awful, a sublime spectacle to any possible onlooker—a vast, an unrivalled display of wild fireworks in space compared with which the burning of a Moscow might appear like the tiny blaze of a match. The earth could be converted into smoke within a second; it could be hurled out of its course and made to come into dreadful collision with another planet; or, thrown dangerously near the sun, it would be drawn by the wonderful solar attraction into the fiery bosom of that bright monarch of the universe. We should not feel the heat, however, for the first shock would have destroyed every breathing creature in an instant.

The horror of such a catastrophe appears unspeakably great -something from which the startled imagination recoils and staggers. And yet, after due reflection, we must admit that the prospect is sublime rather than horrible. Anticipation of an intolerable pain is worse than the pain itself. A human being is capable of pain up to a certain degree only, as also of pleasure up to a correspondingly high degree, and no more. Nay, one person is capable of more suffering and more enjoyment than another; and it is altogether a fallacious notion that there is as much agony when a fly is crushed "as when a giant dies." Now often, after long and dismal anticipation of a tragic event, we have found at the last that the anticipation outran the reality! This is caused, not only by the quickness and resourcefulness of mind, but also by the circumstance that we cannot bear more than a certain measure of pain and affliction. The day may come when a sort of psychometer will have been invented, which will register the degree of pain and the degree of joy that any individual person may have in each important crisis and each blissful moment throughout his life. Then, too, it must be remembered that as every extreme causes its opposite, as a white heat gives -a sensation of cold, as frost can burn like fire, as laughter can end in tears and tears in laughter, as wisdom sometimes subsides into folly and the jester will utter the sayings of a sage, so excess of pain may end in a sort of thrilling pleasure, and this may account for the sudden ecstasies of martyrs under torture. Moreover, even if the pain and panic inseparable from earth-destruction be inexpressibly great, it could bear a very favourable comparison with the slow tortures of cancer in the abdomen, the poignant pangs of an abscess near the brain, the hopeless anguish of a breaking heart. The passing of Earth, then, would not cause

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so much human pain as is generally believed. It would probably be nothing more than the sudden awakening from an outgrown condition of being. "When they awoke in the morning, they found themselves dead men"; but as they were capable of seeing that their past selves were dead, they were then more truly alive, and must soon have been able to make the distinction between their neglected fleshly garments and their identical selves. It was indeed an awakening.

A far more saddening prospect than that of earth-destruction is that of the gradual extinction of mankind or of all animal life while the planet is still in its heyday. Disturbing influences in elemental nature, causing changes in every climate and consequent changes in vegetable life, might, by weakening the generative cells, lead to the barrenness of the ova and the impotence of the spermatozoa. This, of course, would be fatal to new births, and the existing generation of mankind would obviously be the last. What a strange, deep, inexpressible feeling of dejection would take possession of the rapidly dwindling human race! No prospect of a grand posterity-no wonderful forecasts born of hope and aspiration and the passion for progress! Nothing but the sad, silent end of the drama of Man, now in the last scene of the last act-blank despondency, broken at intervals by the wild, half-stifled cry, "Behind the veil-behind the veil!" Better the sudden dissolution of Earth than this dreary lingering decay of an impotent humanity! Better far the pure and cloudless blue than that the planet should be a meaningless cipher—a blot on the fair page of the Infinite!

Is it likely that the earth will come to an end very soon? Neither the astronomer nor the geologist furnishes us with sufficient data from which to judge satisfactorily. The astronomer cannot assure us that no new comet will suddenly appear in our system at any particular time and approach the orbit of Earth, he cannot assure us that the whole cosmos will not have to face very perilous situations in the course of its progress; he cannot even explain the meaning of motion; nor has he ever suspected that there may be counter-motions in the systems of systems to nullify the motions of each revolving sphere. The geologist, again, cannot possibly forecast the results of the present rock-system; he cannot say what the next system will resemble; what destructive forces are at work underneath the Archæan system, and what other forces are silently engaged in counteracting their effects. He has not yet succeeded in explaining the possibilities of radium, in this connexion; nor can he tell us

whether there are other substances in earth the properties of which are more far-reaching than radium-heat.

To be able to make any reasonable conjecture or sound suggestion, we must look at the subject from the mental or moral point of view. If we regard the earth as an expression of the Unknown, and consider its various stages of development, from the first rude forms of life on the bed of the primeval ocean to the rise and progress of paleolithic man, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that our planet is in its youth, perhaps even in its infancy, that it has not yet fulfilled the purposes and accomplished the designs within and behind it. When we compare the age of the earth, as geology gives it, to the completion of sixty minutes by the finger of a clock, dividing each period into so many minutes and seconds, what do we find? The first two stages, apparently the most unproductive—the Archæan and the Laurentian-have lasted about half an hour; the others, from the Cambrian to the end of the Pleistocene, which is part of the Quartenary, have lasted about twenty-nine minutes and a half; and human existence has lasted, up to now, only about thirty seconds. The sixty minutes are complete, and man has not yet had a single minute for himself. It seems clear enough, then, that if there be any purpose, any design connected with Earth and Time, man has yet to continue tens of thousands of years before he reaches his goal as a planetary being. What changes will take place within and around him before the day of his full maturity as a biped and a reasoning entity, we need not now inquire. It is our conviction that there have been many changes in the race within eight thousand years, that faculties and instincts once active have become dormant; that others, hardly noticeable up to the present, are being slowly but surely developed. We are also deeply convinced that the Future belongs to Mind and Soul, that every fresh marvel disclosed by physical science will be out-marvelled by a fresh revelation in psychics.

But the observation may be made that it is a mistake to speak of the present geological period as the most fruitful, to speak of the Archæan, Laurentian, Cambrian and other systems as less wonderful, less startling, than the system that has seen the birth and development of man. It may be urged that though the Devonian Age, seen by the physical eye, would indeed have been the age of sea-scorpions, diplocanthi and other strange fishes, we do not know, we cannot say, what marvels lay beneath those manifestations of life. It may be urged that we do not know what the algæ signified to the comprehension of some higher, non-sentient

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THE PASSING OF A WORLD

being, and that there might have been uses and meanings in the megatherium which the scientist does not remotely suspect. Furthermore, it may be observed that the inherent superiority of man does not necessarily indicate a very lengthy duration. Ten thousand or fifteen thousand years may be the exact length of time sufficient for his full development, and the transition to a higher stage of existence may necessitate the destruction of the planet and the re-combination of its component elements. Be this as it may, the true philosopher looks forward to ever higher stages of progress, and, confident in the unceasing triumphs of Mind, shrinks not even from the contemplation of world-destruction.

When the passing of Earth shall have taken place, what will be the subsequent destiny of its inhabitants? Will a new planet arise out of the wreck of the old, and a new race of dominant creatures appear in the course of time? If a planet die, shall it live again? Like enough, the various fragments, whether altogether gaseous or partly in a state of solidity, will serve as expressions and symbols of new phases of Being-new forms of consciousness, new individualities; and it may be that after due progression, a new planet will be born, and will pass through better systems of growth, systems corresponding in some way to those of the former existence—the Archæan, Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, Garboniferous, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous and Quartenary. Like enough, there will be once again the ancient conflict between Good and Evil, perhaps on a higher scale, and in creatures more beautifully developed, whose lives will show greater intelligence, greater intents and purposes. It may be supposed, on the other hand, that the new planet will have to endure all the experiences of the old one, in accordance with the laws of the Eternal Harmony unexpressed and inexpressible in terms of human speech.

The true spiritualistic philosopher can contemplate the passing of this planet without any feeling of dread or fearful apprehension. Deeply conscious of his own indestructibility, and the impotence of matter to annihilate mind, knowing that he is superior even to the Thing-in-Itself, stronger than a comet, more durable than a sun, more significant than the signs of the zodiac, he sees in the physical shipwreck of a world a change of garments for eternal Mind,—the consummation of an old order of things,—the twilight preceding the dawn of a new Day. Friend and student of unnamable Verities, he may say, reversing the famous saying of Luther, "Destiny itself cannot doom me to

death." He continually has fresh and glorious vistas before his mind's eye—unexplored regions of marvels—and so he grows younger instead of older from year to year. In one sense, everything is old; in another sense, everything is young; but in the highest sense, nothing is either young or old, but everything is; and Past, Present and Future are but different aspects of the same essential Substance and Fact.

SABINE

SABINE, you are a Serpent-Queen
Whose passion smites my soul with sound.
I visualize the Dark Unseen;
I penetrate the Deep Profound.

You fill my soul with orange light;
The crimson lilies in your hair
Burn thro' the sable gloom of night
Until the very gods despair.

Your beauty burns me like a flame,
Your body is music and rich wine;
Your soul is like your serpent-name,
Your words are sleepy snakes that twine

Around the roses of my youth

That perfume all the star-sown night,
Singing the Song of Love and Truth,
Drunk on the Ecstasy of Light.

MEREDITH STARR.

PREMONITIONS

BY H. A. DALLAS

AMONG those who are convinced of the genuineness of psychic phenomena, and even of the reality of communication from the other life, there are many who still hesitate to admit the possibility of premonitions.

Without impugning the correctness of the reports of these experiences, they consider that they may be explained without having recourse to an hypothesis which seems to them open to grave objections. These objections are of an ethical and philosophic character, and they are certainly weighty. If it can be proved that all future events can be foreseen and predicted in detail, a fatalist view of history and of human destiny seems inevitable. Such a belief involves consequences of a most serious nature, for it threatens to paralyse initiative and to weaken the sense of moral responsibility. A notable man, who has widespread influence, once said, in the hearing of the present writer, that although he felt logically compelled to accept predeterminism as true, he dared not teach it, since the outcome would be injurious to human character. The fact that a thoughtful man, a moralist, and a religious teacher, could express this opinion, should give one pause. Is it in harmony with nature that any fundamental fact of the universe should be so paralysing and so great a hindrance to progress? Are we driven to believe that man must conceal truth in order to further the highest development of the race? Can a doctrine which involves such an anachronism be true?

If everything that happens, including all human thoughts and activities, are part of a pre-ordained plan, inevitably fixed in all its minutest details, human responsibility is a mere illusion and morality a fiction. There can be no moral character without choice; if we are only automata we deserve neither praise nor blame. In that case much of life's experience seems to be altogether devoid of purpose and significance. Many things become intelligible if we may regard the evolution of character as an object of real worth; then struggle and pain, doubt and effort and failure are all capable of justification, as "toil co-operant to an end." The human intelligence cannot, ought not, to

readily forego the only clue which we seem to have to the meaning of this suffering world. Moreover the human mind is constituted with an innate belief in purpose, and although men often take short-sighted views of the universe when seeking to discover the purpose of events, the search itself accords with the demands of reason. Reason demands that everything should have an adequate cause and an adequate result. It is of no avail to argue that this demand cannot prove its right to be made; it is as instinctive as the recognition that two and two ought to make four. It may be disappointed and baffled many times, but it will crop out again and again. The man of science is a searcher for causes, and is forever discovering results; and great is the delight when some flash of insight shows him the wherefore of any special phenomena in nature. An interesting chapter in Alfred Russel Wallace's autobiography describes how the theory of the origin of species and its results as "a self-acting process" which "would necessarily improve the race" flashed upon him with satisfying conviction. The satisfaction was just one more instance of this innate instinctive desire to find adequate causes and adequate results.

It is because the acceptance of pre-determinism seems to disappoint and to contradict these aspirations that the idea is so repugnant to reason. Those who share this feeling will be interested to know what are the conclusions which have been reached by an expert psychical researcher, Signor Ernest Bozzano, who has devoted special attention to this problem, having collected and analysed numerous well attested cases of premonitions. Articles recording his studies and their results appeared in Annales Psychiques, and these have been issued within the last few months as a separate volume under the title Phénomènes Pré-monitoires.*

Those who already know the writings of this clear-sighted author will be prepared to find that he treats his subject with admirable fairness and lucidity. Case after case is passed in review and classified, and the hypotheses by which it might be explained are fully discussed. The writer does not allow himself to be tempted by the natural desire for simplification into forcing all facts under one interpretation. He believes, he cannot help believing, that premonitions are facts; but he is also convinced that they do not all originate in one and the same manner. He

^{*} Published by the Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris: Boulevard Péreire 175. 5 francs.

admits frankly that some of the theories with which he started his study have been to some extent abandoned before the close; it is in the last chapter that he gives us his final conclusions, so far as any conclusion can be considered final in the mind of a student of this type, one who is for ever learning and ready to readjust his ideas to include results gained by fresh research.

A theory frequently suggested as a possible solution of the mystery of pre-cognition, namely, that there is no past or future, but that all events co-exist, Signor Bozzano does not consider to be a solution at all; he dismisses this suggestion as "philosophically inconceivable, psychologically absurd and practically unsupported by facts," and he endorses the view of another writer, Signor Vincenzo Cavalli, that it involves the "annimiation of all movement." In so far as it does this it obviously runs counter to the tendency of modern philosophic thought as presented in the teaching of Professor Bergson. The sentence with which he concludes his work Matière et Mémoire embodies essentially the idea of movement in the universe. He says: "Ainsi, qu'on l'envisage dans le temps ou dans l'espace, la liberté paraît toujours pousser dans la nécessité des racines profondes et s'organiser intimement avec elle. L'esprit emprunte à la matière les perceptions d'où il tire sa nourriture, et les lui rend sous forme de mouvement où il a imprimé sa liberté "(p. 279).

The theory that there is no progressive movement in evolution presents us with determinism in its most pronounced form. Signor Bozzano is not a determinist in this absolute sense. His studies have indeed convinced him that the general lines of the events of life are prearranged, but not with such rigidity as would invalidate the possibility of human initiation and choice.

After carefully comparing the premonitory phenomena analysed in his book, he expresses his conviction that they afford reasons for believing "that events in the histories of peoples and individuals are subject to cosmic laws in which necessity and liberty are harmoniously associated together, and that this is for a purpose which, although inscrutable, yet permits us to catch glimpses which indicate that the trend is upwards from Necessity towards Liberty." He sums up his conclusion thus: "Neither free-will nor absolute determinism are the prerogatives of the spirit during its incarnate existence, but conditioned Liberty."

Before expressing this final conclusion Signor Bozzano faces the other alternative and points out that if it were incontro-

vertibly proved that as far as this life is concerned we are all under a law of absolute pre-determinism, such a conclusion would point inevitably to a pre-ordaining Intelligence. He quotes the classical formula: Si divinatio est, Dii sunt (If there is divination, the gods exist), and he adds that so marvellous a scheme presupposing so marvellous an Intelligence behind it must be a scheme with a purpose. "So purposeful a plan in universal life, a plan of such grandeur in its inflexible rigour, must have a final end and aim, which can only be fulfilled in the spiritual ascension of individuals; it follows that the fatalist law controlling humanity (if this alternative must be accepted) must have a raison d'être, and be of advantage to the race in the present phase of incarnation. And this conclusion would not prevent our believing that the spiritual ascension of humanity must be from Necessity towards Liberty." So that even in this contingency Signor Bozzano finds the study he has made as reassuring.

But he hastens to add that in his opinion there are indications that this fatalist view is not the complete solution of the problem; that it should be modified by recognizing that within strict limits man has liberty of choice and consequently responsibility for his actions.

It is reassuring to know that this conclusion has been reached by one who has made so extensive a study of cases of premonition, but probably the problem is itself beyond our power to solve, and we shall never during this mortal state be able to logically harmonize Pre-determinism and Free-will, because the factors which we require in order to even state the problem correctly are as far outside our range of mental reach as is the parallax of the distant fixed stars. Without finding this parallax the relative distances of these stars cannot be measured, and, figuratively speaking, we are not in a position to find the parallax of this problem; it is beyond us. What then ought we to do? If we decide that, logically, absolute pre-determinism seems to be forced upon us, and commit ourselves to this hypothesis, we must ignore and disregard the reasonable and innate conviction, based on experience, that in certain matters we are responsible for our decisions, that we can and do exercise choice; thus we sacrifice one kind of experience in order to accept another, that is to say, we sacrifice the conclusions which reason draws from experiences of liberty to adopt the conclusions which reason draws from experiences of premonitions. This is not just or wise; it is surely better to hold on to both kinds of experience

and to await further light upon them, believing, as Signor Bozzano believes, that they are capable of being harmonized and that we are actually living under the control of a vast scheme in which both liberty (within limits) and pre-determinism (within limits) are operative, not contradicting each other, but together educating the human spirit and fulfilling the purposes of an Over-ruling Mind and Will.

We will now turn from the general problem to consider some curious experiences and the interpretation which Signor Bozzano suggests may reasonably be applied to them. In certain cases it seems as if the predictions were made and fulfilled by the same agency. A simple case in point is quoted from Dr. J.

Maxwell's interesting book Phénomènes Psychiques.

A young girl was annoyed by an importunate lover, who, finding himself repulsed, vowed that he would revenge himself. The communicating intelligence wrote: "Do not let this girl go out all day. I will free you from this dangerous man soon by suggesting to his mind the desire for a journey from which he will not return." Two or three days later the girl heard that this man had gone to Algeria. If the writing had merely predicted the departure of the man, this case would be classified as an unexplained premonition, but in this case the unseen communicator who predicted plainly indicated that the fulfilment was brought about by his own suggestion. This interpretation may doubtless be applicable to many occurrences which seem mysterious, and Signor Bozzano considers that we should find in it the clue to many of the apparently trivial premonitions which find fulfilment. He quotes a remarkable case from Proceedings (vol. xx, p. 331), where Mrs. Verrall records a strange premonition of this trivial kind.

On December 11, 1901, she received the following in automatic writing: "Nothing too mean, the trivial helps, gives confidence. Hence this. Frost and a candle in the dim light—Marmontel—he was reading on a sofa or in bed—there was only a candle's light. She will surely remember this. The book was lent, not his own—he talked about it." After this appeared a fanciful attempt at the name Sidgwick. No meaning was conveyed to Mrs. Verrall by the above script.

On December 17 Mrs. Verrall felt disturbed by a wish to write, and taking a pencil the following came: "I wanted to write Marmontel is right. It was a French book, a Memoir I think. Passy may help, Souvenirs de Passy or Fleury Marmontel

was not on the cover—the book was bound and was lent—two volumes in old-fashioned binding and print. It is not in any paper—it is an attempt to make some one remember—an incident."

Mrs. Verrall had no conscious knowledge of having heard of Marmontel before this; but on December 25 she saw an advertisement of Marmontel's Moral Tales. On March I she received a visit from a friend, Mr. Marsh, and asked him if he knew Marmontel's Moral Tales. He replied that he knew the Memoir, and then proceeded to tell her (after she had explained the reason for her curiosity) that he had taken the first volume of this book (borrowed from a library) to Paris and read it on February 20 and 21 by the light of a candle, whilst he himself lay on two chairs. The weather was cold, though not frosty. Marmontel's name was on the cover of the book. On February 21 he had been reading in the Memoir a passage describing the finding at Passy of a panel, etc., connected with a story in which Fleury plays a prominent part. Thus the script occurring two months before these incidents mentioned them in detail and with almost complete accuracy. Mrs. Verrall points out that the name of the reader was omitted, she adds that this would have been the most conclusive evidence; but would it? Had that been given, Mrs. Verrall might have written at once to Mr. Marsh to inquire whether he could understand the script and the plan would have been spoiled. The omission seems of itself to indicate a careful plan and an intelligent agent behind it.

This is the view taken by Sir Oliver Lodge, who recognizes that the incident bears the character of a preconcerted plan involving a prediction of events, which prediction was deliberately fulfilled by suggestions made by some unseen intelligence. With

this view Signor Bozzano entirely agrees.

It is easy to see that if this sort of experiment is being engineered by spirits, many occurrences which seem to support a fatalist hypothesis will have to be reconsidered; they may only show that our actions are largely influenced by unseen agents who suggest ideas to our minds and induce us to accept them. If the question is asked, With what object might they wish to try an experiment of this nature in connection with trivial incidents of the above kind? Signor Bozzano suggests that they might do so in order to arrest our attention and to impress us with the sense of their active association with our lives. These trivial incidents do, as a matter of fact, arrest attention. But they may have another object also. It is quite likely that those

who have passed over have to experiment as well as we; our psychical research experiments deal with quite trivial matters, attempts to transfer thought are made with cards and other insignificant things, and it is probable that they too are trying to exercise the power of thought transference towards us and they may find little insignificant things offer them opportunities for exercising this and for practising us in receptivity. This may account for many of the perplexing experiences of sensitives whose psychic susceptibilities are beginning to develop. We teach a child to write by making him form pot-hooks and round O's before we expect him to write words and sentences; and it may be that, in communicating impressions, those on the other side have to practise by simple experiments, and have to train the recipient to receive in a similar manner.

A failure is sometimes as instructive as a success. The following incident, describing an attempted premonition which failed, illustrates the above point. It was reported by Dr. Ermacora. He says: "I will first record a failure which proves that the mediumistic personalities also work by suggestion on the subject to bring about the fulfilment of the premonition. The personality B predicted a slight incident based upon a mistake which Mme Marie would make when preparing her linen. However, on the day preceding that on which the prediction was to have been realized, the personality B announced that the prediction could not be fulfilled, saying that she had not succeeded in influencing Marie to make the mistake" (quoted in *Phénomènes Prémonitoires* from *Rivista di Studi Psichici*, 1896, p. 330).

Apart from the light which these incidents throw on the problem of predictions, they suggest a very serious consideration, not, indeed, new but never sufficiently appreciated, namely, the openness of the human mind to influences from other minds. If our actions are liable to be instigated by seed-thoughts which are intentionally sown in our minds, they are also liable to be influenced by thoughts which float undirected in our mental environment. Hence the great importance of keeping the judgment on the alert, of challenging and sifting the thoughts that knock for admittance, the need also to take care that the thoughts that emanate from us consciously and unconsciously are healthy, and such as we should not be unwilling to encounter again in the words and actions of our associates.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the Occult Review.—Ed.]

THE NEW RACE.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

DEAR SIR,—There are certain passages in the letter from Mr. A. E. A. M. Turner, F.T.S., in your last issue, which call for some reply. The doctrine of the "worthlessness" of marriage for highly developed human entities is a very dangerous one, and capable of much perversion. We may grant that celibacy is important at certain stages of evolution, and that people have lived on earth-like the Master Jesus-so highly evolved that the experiences of marriage could teach them nothing; but to suggest that there are many people now living who have reached this point is a very different matter. Personally, I should say that even those whose personalities respond (as Mr. Turner puts it) to the "human consciousness," are very much further off Mastership than seven incarnations, and that there are, in any case, very few among them to whom marriage could not teach deep and valuable lessons. More important still, these really "human" people are needed-needed just now, perhaps, more desperately than ever beforeto provide suitable bodies for the hosts of incoming egos who are to form that New Race for which we are anxiously looking. In this crucial period of the world's history it is indeed a deplorable thing if the more highly evolved among us are going to take up the attitude of considering love and marriage "worthless to them, illusory, and perhaps revolting " (to quote Mr. Turner's own words). These people, who have made it their aim to practise "plain living and high thinking," who are pure in body and mind, are the natural parents of the New Race. They, and only they, can provide the necessary conditions, mental and physical, for its appearance on earth. Are they going to fail in this great task? Will they not rather show the world that the sex question, like all other vital questions, can be raised to the stars or lowered to the dust, according to the mental attitude of those who deal with it? and that the creation of a bodily habitation for an immortal soul is verily a symbol and a reflection of the creative energy of Him Who made the worlds? Of the sexual impulse a well-known writer has said that it is "the ultimate basis of the very highest, as well as of the very lowest, phases in human action and human feeling. . . . It is capable of rising higher and falling lower

than any other impulse we know. It gives wings or shackles; oftenest a little of both." Who are likely to soar with the wings and throw off the shackles more easily than those who have risen above the "animal" and the "child" stages of consciousness? If they refuse the honour that is rightly theirs, the shackles will grow heavy indeed, and it will be long before the egos of the New Race are able to come to birth upon this sad and pain-racked earth that needs them so sorely.

Yours faithfully, ANOTHER F. T. S.

THE PLANET URANUS: A NEW VIEW OF ITS ASTRO-LOGICAL MEANING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The fundamental significance of Uranus may be said to represent Instability. This clue when applied goes far to show the cause of the many strange effects found to be connected with the influence of Uranus, and demonstrates that these are but incidental manifestations of the one cause-instability. It figures as,a "malefic" because instability in affairs and relationships is far more liable to be unpropitious than advantageous, and this explains why its adverse aspects to the "luminaries" and to Venus are so unfortunate for matrimony. It is due to instability that it seems a planet (as said of it) of extremes and opposites, "ups and downs," may be manifesting as genius or as eccentricity (and so forth). Greatness and madness have been said to be closely allied, and that because both are the outcome of an unstable condition of brain. Growth must imply instability, but instability may imply disintegration and destruction. Uranus has been called "the planet of changes and of reform," which things are but the outcome of instability. "Research" has been suggested as a definition of Uranus; but that again is only the result of instability of brain applied to investigation. The same may be said of occultism (so much associated with Uranus), which is research extended to the finer forces of Nature (a line of argument which may be worked out indefinitely). Therefore it is suggested that much that has hitherto been held to be inherent in the nature of Uranus finds an explanation in the many effects of the one cause in manifestation. The writer holds Neptune to be the planet of striving, and Uranus of instability: two forces that play a considerable part in Yours faithfully, the underlying causes of evolution. E. FOUNTAINE.

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed the other day a reference in the Occurr REVIEW to the ancient superstition about the Sortes Virgilianæ. As I am a great believer in the truth of anything that has been, as it were, consecrated by solemn tradition and ancient usage, I decided to consult my *Virgil* about a fortnight ago with reference to the war. With all due ceremony, there being other witnesses or participators in the ritual present, I opened the book at line 136 of book ix.

"Sunt et mea contra Fata mihi, ferro sceleratam exscindere gentem,"

which might be translated, leaving out the contra which has merely a contextual significance, "And it is my destiny to extirpate a race that has defiled itself with the sword." I do not think that if I had read carefully through the entire *Eneid* I could have found a more apt passage.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

WALTER DUNLOP.

THE WHEATCROFT CASE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In the OCCULT REVIEW for November, page 261, is a reference to the Wheatcroft case. The case is given at length in *Phantasms* of the Living, p. 420. It is a very remarkable case, for the following reasons:—

By No. 9,579 of a War Office certificate, dated January 30, 1858, Captain G. Wheatcroft was certified to have died on November 15, 1857. In two different despatches of Sir Colin Campbell the same time of the death was given. More than a year afterwards the date was changed by the War Office to the 14th. These certificates can, doubtless, be examined at the War Office.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

WICK COURT, near BRISTOL.

THE HALL OF LEARNING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having read Dr. Helen Bourchier's article entitled the "Hall of Learning," published in the October number of the Occult Review, I take the liberty of sending you a remarkable personal experience of a dream which appears to be of a corroborative nature.

I found myself on a vast plain, absolutely alone, perfectly happy and contented. The perfect peace and beauty of the scene was indescribable, and I seemed to be the sole inhabiter of the universe. It was neither broad daylight nor night, but over all the land there was a soft evening glow. After wandering about for some time I came upon a very large building, in appearance like a temple. The doors stood open, and without hesitation I entered and discovered it to be full of people, people from every nation. In the body of the

building there were neither chairs nor pews, and the floor was highly polished, but of what substance I did not notice. I stood and gazed in wonderment. Presently a man, a stranger to me, came forward and informed me that they were all awaiting the Judgment. The people were all very calm and quiet; numbers of them were lying in rows on the floor, wrapped up like Egyptian mummies, just their faces exposed. The sight of all these people calmly waiting greatly distressed me for some unaccountable reason, so I turned and left the building with a great sense of relief to be free to follow my own course, but of what that course was I have no notion. alone on the plain (having left the building behind) was I impressed with the marvellous peace and beauty of the scene. Suddenly, far out on the horizon, I observed a wonderful light, and a glorious ray travelled over hill and dale in a direct line straight to my feet. I at once knew that that beautiful golden path of light would lead me straight to the Divine Power. Immediately, I commenced to traverse this Path, but, to my great disappointment, I had not gone many yards when I suddenly wakened up.

Have I visited the ethereal plane and was the building the Hall of Learning? Decidedly much can be learnt from a correct interpretation of such a dream.

I am, yours truly,

ISOBEL GREEN.

BOURNEMOUTH.

PSYCHIC HELP IN SHOOTING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The general explanation of Mr. Walter Winans' experience is as follows:—

All people who are interested, more or less keenly, in a sport or pastime or anything else for that matter-create a thought form or elemental which loiters near the implements used in the particular sport or pastime, and is in "attendance" when the same are used in practice. If one participates, in, say shooting intelligently for some time, this elemental grows to a fairly substantial entity, and is ever pressing or "interfering" so as to get its creator the fulfilment of the latter's desire. Further, it is possessed of almost exactly the same intelligence that its creator puts into his execution of the shooting, and when an important match or competition is on, the person's keenness or enthusiasm often vitalizes the elemental into remarkably intelligent activity. Now the very keen wish to make bull's-eyes belongs mainly to the astral or desire body of the human personality, and the elemental being composed of astral matter, and seeing the likelihood of the physical rifle-barrel being unsteady, simply seizes its (the rifle's) astral counterpart and steadies the physical barrel or sight on the bull's eye. People do not often enter keenly enough into such things, or they have no particularly definite burst of enthusiasm to create very

active or intelligent elementals. I may add that I know a man who, when he takes part in an important shooting match, does not even look at the target, and yet scores so well as to win medals!

The above subject is an extremely interesting line to investigate. The awful slowness of the average Britisher to come to anything in the way of a decision in business is in the main solely due to the indefinite and "underfed" desire elementals which are by him, while as many as nine active and definite entities "wait" on an American or German business man at times.

In closing I would add that if you think about some highly philosophical or metaphysical subject, with complete non-attachment, you can create an elemental entirely out of mental matter. I remember thinking for about five days in order to come to some successful conclusion as to the relation between the Absolute and the Logos, and I viewed the thought-elemental in various forms of completeness. Such an entity would not help you to accomplish, but would only represent a record of your own thought—not desire.

Yours faithfully,

T.

[This explanation is surely rather far-fetched. Cannot the intuition be capable of working without the aid of elementals?—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THERE is a sound of many trumpets in The Hibbert Journal, which has issued a memorable number on the all-engrossing subject of the time that is now with us. War and the duty of war, war and its peculiar ethics, the evil side, its iniquity and diabolism, certain deeper issues on the side of justification, the reason why of the present Armageddon, the prospect seen at the end from far away, and then last of all—as lying at the end of all the intellectualism, the philosophy, the inverted Hegelianism, the Fuerbachs, the Karl Marxes, the "faith in brute force," with a counterblast to one tendency of the moment in a sort of apology for Nietzsche, by a study of the elements of "love and pity" in his works. It is Field-Marshal Earl Roberts who speaks to citizens of our kingdom on their "supreme duty" in the crisis: this is summed up by a sentence when he says that "all alike must place everything at the service of the State." The Bishop of Carlisle considers war in itself and the ethics comprised therein. He reminds one of Saint-Martin the mystic praying that "the star of peace and justice" might rise over his country and his life: that was at the war of revolution, with France in the furnace. The Anglican prelate sees, or thinks that he sees, in the present "tremendous war," though rooted in "insatiable ambition and ruthless envy," a "burning light which will pierce the conscience of humanity as it has never been pierced before." But more and much more than this, he calls it "rich in the promise of a brighter world in which peace shall reign among men of good will"; it is "the herald of a new rising of the Star of Bethlehem," the "final ringing out of the Herods and a fresh ringing in of the Christ." There is fascination in the prophetic picture, but men of goodwill in the midst of "a raving world" have not found their peace so far in outward things, and whether their small number will be increased by this or by any war remains to be seen. Professor Jacks writes with full grasp of his subject on "Mechanism, Diabolism and the War," the title intimating his standpoint. As to ourselves, he says that behind all "there is the consciousness of a nation which has kept its word." He also is on the side of optimism, looking for a change which will herald the star of peace and justice, though he does not speak of its rising. The future lies with us; the war forced

upon us "may be converted into a great moral opportunity," like any other evil in the world. But the condition is that of Lord Roberts-if the "faith required of us" is "attested by an immediate and absolute self-sacrifice to the State." Sir Henry Jones voices the universal conviction that "this war has been forced upon us as a Duty," though in his case he distinguishes between duty and rightness. Our position was one of tragical option between two great evils, and we have had our part in bringing this alternative into being, for "it has taken all the nations of Europe in the past to make the war inevitable, just as it will take them all in the future to make it impossible." He looks to "the restoration of the authority of the moral powers" to bring peace, being the only possible peacemakers. . . . One is perhaps more in sympathy with Professor Gilbert Murray, speaking of "the nightmare doctrines of Bismarck and Nietzsche and Bernhardi," than with Mr. W. M. Salter in his qualified apology for the author of "Thus spake Zarathustra." Though he has done his work ably, it brings no conviction with it, except towards the personal care of the apologist. The "nightmare doctrines" gleam more redly against the light streaks of that something in Nietzsche which is here called "love" and that other something called "pity." Presumably, we think in our hearts that they are unholy counterfeits.

The Quest is for once an antithesis of its co-heir in things of the mind and "the goal of thought"; for at the end of all its articles there are a few words only on the great crisis. These are on the part of the Editor, who writes of "A World in Travail." Mr. Mead also thinks that "the present is an opportunity such as never has been for men," because "a new order of things has come to birth." The whole world has for the first time become a conscious rather than a vegetative organism. Unlike any other war, this one has instantly affected all nations. There is a crisis within as well as without, and the writer looks later on for a guarantee of international security by "governments that place the welfare of humanity above their selfish national interests." In other respects, The Quest continues the tenor of its illuminating way, as if there were neither wars nor their rumours. Professor Emile Boutroux says suggestive things concerning the subliminal self in the course of a summary of the subject on its historical side. For M. Boutroux, "the subliminal self is the theatre of communication between man and God," and it is therefore that almost unexplored part of our nature which has been in the past, and may become again in the future, a field of mystical

experience. It is from this point of view that historical mysticism calls for reestudy apart from doctrinal considerations, whether in the East or West, and apart from the question whether doctrine on either side has helped or hindered the experience. There are naturally some points on which it is difficult to follow the writer, and one questions whether he has always expressed his meaning. The definition of God as an intuition is perhaps the worst that has been offered, if indeed it was written intentionally that "the intuition of the identity of understanding and act, of being and perfection, is what is called God." Again, speaking of science, M. Boutroux says that it is an imperfect summary of observation and "it cannot guarantee that we shall never establish anything that does not come within its limits." But obviously such "anything" will come, if once established, within those ever extending limits. . . . We know that according to the Zohar every man at death beholds the face of Shekinah, and the analogy hereto in Christian theology is that glimpse of the Blessed Vision which comes to every soul on its passage hence, to the "lost" even as the "saved." Dr. Abelson shows the Rabbinical and Talmudic origin of the Zoharic notion and concludes by affirming that many of the Rabbis were mystics, though probably unaware of the fact. As much might be said of most Christian mystics, for the word is of late introduction in Latin theosophy. From the days of pseudo-Dionysius they knew of that infused grace of experience which is called mystical theology and was, according to the Areopagite, a thing secret—to be kept secretly.

... We note with satisfaction that Dr. Evans continues in this issue his valuable translations of Eckehart—which were begun some time since in Mr. J. M. Watkins' "Porch" series of pamphlets. We possess now in English the German mystic's views on the Blessed Vision; and if he tells us little of the state in which it is reached we can glean significant intimations as to certain doctrinal positions that caused the charge of pantheism to be preferred against Eckehart. It is not, however, possible to dwell upon the subject in this place.

The New Age extends the particulars which have reached us from other sources concerning a Masonic movement, which it characterizes justly as a great work, in Iowa, U.S.A. This is the inauguration of a "Study side of Masonry," in comparison with which the efforts of the London Quatuor Coronati Lodge—during a number of past years—are but partial and tentative. Indeed in this case several of the proposed objects have not been carried into effect. Under the auspices of its Grand Master, the Grand

Lodge of Iowa is establishing a Lecture Bureau, Clubs for Study, Classes for Masonic Jurisprudence, and what is called Travelling Libraries, meaning a process of circulation. There are valuable Masonic libraries in Great Britain, but a student in London must journey to Edinburgh if he would consult archives in the Grand Lodge of that City, and a Scottish Mason must make the same pilgrimage to take advantage of London resources, either at Grand Lodge or at the *Quatuor Coronati* Library. The American proposal is therefore a great advance. An important monthly magazine as official organ of the movement will be established in January, 1915, and is expected to reach at least 50,000 readers.

The records of the past in prophecy and the forecasts based on astrology are about us on every side. Such things are on their trial, and, whether or not the prevision of the ages stands with them in the court of inquiry, there is a certain duty devolving on those who believe in the powers of the soul that they should keep the subject in sight, so that values may be determined hereafter. Modern Astrology has issued a number devoted entirely to the war and things arising therefrom. As regards the German Emperor, "he will ruin his country financially . . ., will close the royal dynasty for Germany and will be the direct cause of a revolution that will bring a republican government to the seat of power." Then as to the Emperor Francis Joseph, "when his cup is full we shall know that the royal dynasty of Austria-Hungary is ended. Austria also will set up a republican government if it is fortunate enough to escape the rulership of another power."

The editor is also moved to ask himself two pertinent questions which will bear quoting here: (1) "Are the kings and rulers over nations representative men embodying the moral status of their nations? If so, we know the moral status to which certain civilized countries have arrived." (2) "Is there no Divine machinery behind the national scenes, working to restore the world's moral balance? If not, then might is right'indeed, and there is no Divine Power Who worketh all things for good." After dealing with the subject of national astrology and the horoscopes of the rulers of the respective nations involved in the present crisis, Mr. Leo passes on to a consideration of the Mundane Maps for 1914, and deals successively with ten interesting questions affecting the interests of England and the metropolis. The whole number makes interesting reading, and should appeal on this occasion not only to astrological students, but to those even whose knowledge of the subject is of the vaguest.

Another little monthly paper, edited by Mr. de Kerlor, makes its appearance in troublous times, but comes with the message of peace, and bears the name of OM, compounded of the initial letters of the Occult Messenger. It is issued at the nominal price of 2d., and contains some interesting astrological articles on Lord Kitchener and the German Kaiser, the conclusions of Astrology being emphasized in a remarkable way by the Graphological readings of their respective characters as indicated by their signatures, which are reproduced and analysed for the benefit of readers. The November number, we may add, is to contain the horoscopes of General French and Admiral Jellicoe.

Whilst on the subject of prophecies, which seems to be now very much "in the air," we may be permitted to draw attention to an ingenious work by Mr. F. L. Rawson, M.I.E.E., A.M.I.C.E., entitled How the War will End, in which the present crisis is identified with the Armageddon of Revelation, and the Biblical prophecies in regard to the "final war" are skilfully worked out. Germany is identified with "Assyria," and it is suggested that the Austrians are the "Egyptians." Various texts are selected as indicating the probable course of events. This method of interpretation is necessarily a very debatable one; but many will be found with intuition sufficiently developed to concur in Mr. Rawson's opinion that the war is the result of the final attempt of the powers of Darkness to stop the coming wave of spirituality which is about to flood the world with light. Students of scriptural methods of divination will find in the booklet a great deal of interest. It is published by the Crystal Press, 90 Regent Street, London, W., at a shilling net.

Our contemporary Light not only maintains its interest, but has increased it in several respects by many prudent observations, in editorial notes and in leading articles, on the great crisis, how it may be best understood and how met individually by men and women of spiritual aspiration and experience. It has been much concerned also in old forecasts and prophecies, the number of which seems legion. Outside such matters, we have read with appreciation a recent article on "Time and Space," characterized as "the twin enigmas of mortal life."

REVIEWS

MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS. By William Hope Hodgson. London: Eveleigh Nash. Pp. 303. Price 6s.

THE "creeps" may not be the highest tribute that can be paid to art, but the art which produces them may justly lay claim to a publisher's respect, for it is predestined to popularity. Mr. Hope Hodgson, in his latest collection of tales, provides several specimens of creepy fiction, of which the most thoughtfully horrible is illustrative of the theory that "the Life-Force is both as fiercely urgent and as indiscriminate as Fire—the Destructor." Another story dealing with the transformation of two human beings into the likeness of fungi is admirably abominable, thanks to something better than the originality which imagines new diseases.

What I have said may incline some readers to shrug their shoulders; but I am happy to assert that the book contains one story, masterly both in construction and grace of fancy, which is worth any number of nauseating freaks of sensationalism. The story is called "The Sea Horses," and is about a diver and a little boy, who possessed a toy steed on which he rode from faith to anguished scepticism before he became a happy submarine ghost. Mr. Hodgson is an impressive describer of picturesque phenomena; witness his narrative of a voyage through a cyclone.

W. H. C.

How to Create Joy; and The Legend of the Radiant Monk. By Jules Fiaux. (Translated from the French.) 5 in. × 7½ in., pp. 64. London: The Power Book Co., 58 & 59 Bank Chambers, 329 High Holborn, W.C. Price (paper cover) 1s. net.

THERE are some people, writes the author of this delightful little book, who "dream of an eternal winter." But he is not one of them, and he would have us transmute, by the alchemy of mirth, the whole year of our life into a spiritual spring. There is a proverb which tells us that "the loud laugh shows the vacant mind"; but, fike most proverbs, it expresses but half the truth. Sadness is the sign neither of wisdom nor virtue. Sadness, like cold, contracts the mind, whilst joy causes it to open out and become active. Joy and work are twins, born of activity and health. Only the wise know how, and only the virtuous can afford, to laugh the laugh of joy, and not the superficial snigger of hypocrisy.

Let us no longer distress ourselves over that which is past, for either it is irremediable and regrets are futile, or else it can be remedied, in which case let us be up and doing. In any case it is action that is called for, action that is both virtue and joy, not tears of futility. Do rightly and laugh with the joy of it. That is Jules Fiaux's ethic. I trust the book may have a wide circulation, and succeed in its wholly beneficent mission.

H. S. Redgrove.

AFTER DEATH. New and enlarged edition of "Letters from Julia." Pp. 164. London: "Review of Reviews" Office, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Or the re-published matter in this volume it is not necessary to say much, except that the now famous "Letters" lose none of their interest on a second reading, and remain a striking testimony to the survival of human personality. But the book's value is greatly increased by the new matter added to it. The preface (written by Mr. Stead in 1909) is an extremely characteristic and convincing piece of writing. Few will deny that his experiences were such as to carry weight even with the most sceptical; while the fifteen new letters from "Julia" supplement and explain the earlier ones to a quite remarkable degree. As Miss Stead says in her Foreword, "they open up new lines of thought and show how in some matters Julia has changed her views as she has gained more knowledge of the life across the Border." Between the first and second series of letters there seems to have been a gap of about eleven years, and it is particularly interesting to note that the theory of reincarnation, which receives only a brief and passing mention in the first, is fully dealt with in the second series. Julia's views on this subject should not be missed by any of those who see in reincarnation the only explanation of the difficulties and inequalities of earthly life. Indeed, the book is one which should stand side by side with the Letters of a Living-Dead Man on the shelves of all who seek to know the truth concerning the other side of so-called "death."

MAN: THE PROBLEM OF THE AGES. A Theo-Philosophic Treatise. By "Homo." $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., pp. xv + 113. London: Francis Griffiths, 34 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

ONE is not disappointed with little anonymous books of a quasi-philosophical nature, because one expects nothing from them. The present volume, however, is better than most of its class. The author writes well, and though he is rather overfond of quoting, his quotations are always apt. Indeed, there are one or two sections, e.g., that on "God in Nature," that are sufficiently good to make me wish that they were longer. The author is a spiritual pantheist, who regards God as a transcendent personality as well as immanent in man, the latter aspect receiving greater emphasis. As such I can follow him a long way, but not the whole way. For in the last analysis he seems to teach a doctrine more difficult of apprehension than the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity-not merely three persons in one God, but I know not how many billion persons in. one God. What he fails to grasp is that distinction is essential to selfconsciousness: I am self-conscious just because I am aware of the distinction between the self and the not-self. But distinction is not necessarily separation. Effect and cause (I use the latter word in the sense of source, though it is persistently confused with occasion) are perfectly distinct, though they are certainly connected by the closest bond, and may exist simultaneously in time and space (e.g., matter and ether). The organi of thought which really reconciles immanence and transcendence need at with by "Homo," is Swedenborg's doctrine of continuous and discrete RESGROVE. . H. S. degrees.

THE DIM DIVINE. By E. Richardson. London: A. C. Fifield.

DESPITE its mystical title, this little book of verse is easily reviewed and takes its place amid countless other minor efforts. Like all these, it has its decided virtues and vices, but lacks the passion and appeal to lift it from the ranges of the commonplace. Occasionally, as in "The Elusive," we come across an ugly line like:

All that dimly passes by the dullened ear.

"Dullened" is a very ungainly adjective indeed.

But the poet has his more beautiful and occult moods and moments. If pieces like "The Quest" fail, the title-poem, "The Heavenly Staircase," "To the Unknown God," and "The Eyes of the Soul," have their spell. In "Invocation," particularly, is a touch of glamour:

What have I done that the things that watch dwell not in my garden? What have I left undone that has lured not, or driven them away? Surely apart from the world where peace here dwells and contentment, Surely in this green spot they should linger and love to dwell!

This is a question most of us ask, and yet receive no answer to the Eternal Why.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

- OUR FUTURE LIFE: WHAT WILL IT BE? By a Bible Student.

 London: Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1914. Price 6d. net.
- AM I JMMORTAL? A QUESTION FOR EVERYBODY. By Lt.-Col. F. Roberts, late Royal Artillery. London: Elliot Stock, 7 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3d.

THE anonymous author of Our Future Life writes from the theological, not from the psychical standpoint, but so far from endorsing the orthodox conception of an eternal hell he maintains as ardently as any enlightened spiritualist that a doctrine so horrible is absolutely contrary to the nature of God as manifested in Christ. Love, not fear, is the alchemy by which unregenerate humanity may be transmuted into the likeness of its divine Saviour. The punishment of sinners "will last as long as the present age in which we are now living, either here or in the Unseen World that lies so close to us beyond. But at any moment salvation may come with the same lightning rapidity that it came to the penitent thief." Readers who find the narrow limits of strict orthodoxy unsatisfactory, yet who shrink from plunging into the ocean of Psychical Research, will derive much comfort from this extremely interesting little book, which is evidently the work of a thinker. Not so reassuring is the pamphlet Am I Immortal? A Question for Everybody, by Lt.-Col. F. Roberts, who, after a long array of arguments in support of his views, concludes that "Christianity alone proclaims the fact that life-eternal vitality-is obtained through a saving faith in the atoning death and resurrection of the God-man. It alone teaches that man's condition by nature is not one of unending life as ordinarily assumed, but one of impending death and corruption -the destruction of both soul (psuche, life) and body-the result of sin. . . " Yet what of the promise, "I will draw all men to Me"? EDITH K. HARPER.

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